PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FO

SEPTEMBER 1974 $1.25

EXCLUSIVE:
THE LUCKY LUCIANO CONFESSIONS - PART ONE

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

ALICE COOPER:
Uncooped

BLAZING SADDLES:
The Sensuous Superbikes

VIETNAM VETERANS:
Losers in a Paper War

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Would you offer this man a boring cigarette?

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King Size.
Long Size.

Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out.
Always rich . . . always smooth . . . always exciting.
Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

New Viceroy Extra Milds.
Now get a taste of excitement
in a lowered tar cigarette.

13 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Extra Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

The small car that's all car.

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Aluminum alloy, liquid-cooled. With pistons set in a unique, "horizontally opposed" design for less wear and smooth performance.

Over 27 Miles Per Gallon.

In a recent nationwide survey, conducted by National Analysts, owners of 1974 Subaru models reported over 27 miles per gallon.

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Plenty of room, luxury appointments, and fully reclining bucket seats that adjust to 17 positions.

"Extras" Built In.

Like a pushbutton radio, tachometer, electric clock, and more. At no added cost.

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Melts snow and ice and clears your view with a flick of a switch.

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Superior braking power when you need it. Even when wet.

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The wheels that power the car, steer it—for unsurpassed road-holding. The weight of the engine is right over the drive wheels, for extra traction when you need it.

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Safe. Solid. Durable. A sturdy one-piece body with reinforced side panels.

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For better handling, better control, better mileage.

Fully Independent Suspension.

For a smoother, more stable ride. If only one wheel hits a bump, only one wheel reacts to it—without bouncing the rest of the car around.

New. Unlimited Mileage Warranty.

Effective May 15, 1974, every Subaru sold is guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship for a full year. No matter how many miles you drive.

Front Drive Subaru

You could buy it for gas mileage alone.
But there's so much more.

See your Yellow Pages for the dealer nearest you. Or call, toll free, 800-447-4700. In Illinois 800-322-4400. Subaru automobiles manufactured by Fuji Heavy Industries, Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. Imported by Subaru of America, Inc., Pennsauken, New Jersey.

Make the Fingernail Test

If it shows ugly signs of dandruff

Switch to Denorex® Medicated Shampoo

Denorex cleans away dandruff like nothing you ever felt before.

Compared to the leading medicated shampoo—Denorex is extra-strong. It has 50% more of a doctor recommended scalp medication for problems like dandruff, seborrhea, psoriasis. You can feel Denorex tingle as it works to relieve itching, control flaking and scaling.

Use Denorex for your next shampoo. Then try the fingernail test again. You'll see—*Denorex cleans away dandruff like nothing you ever felt before.*

PENTHOUSE

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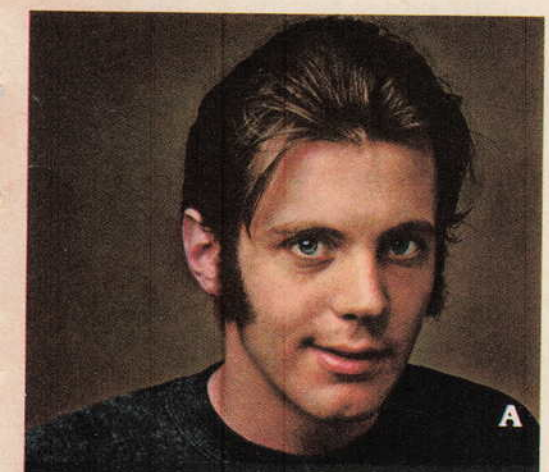
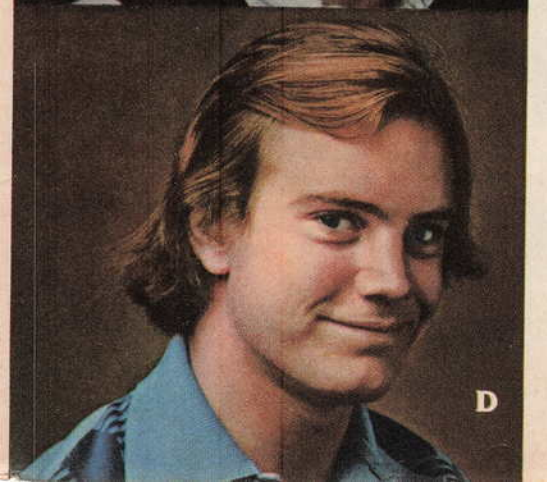
BRYLCREEM SAYS DON'T MEASURE YOUR SEX APPEAL BY THE LENGTH OF YOUR HAIR.





NOT SEXY **SEXY**

A. Sideburns too long and too wide. End result: not too terrific. We said goodbye to sideburns and let his hair grow 1½ inches all over. Then gave it a layered cut.

Also recommended: frequent shampooing with Brylcreem Once A Day Shampoo to condition the hair while washing away excess oil, dirt and loose dandruff.

B. This guy was fighting natural curl with a cut that was too closely cropped on sides and back. We let it grow for two months and shaped it.

Because curly hair is porous and tends to dry out quickly, we used a dab of Brylcreem to condition while helping to keep the hair neat and manageable all day.

C. Too much hair, too little face. We took off 5 inches. Gave him a scissor cut, parted on the side to add more width and fullness to the top.

When hair goes through this change from very long to short, it needs about a week to lay right. Help it along with Brylcreem Power Hold, a specially formulated control hair spray that provides real holding power all day.

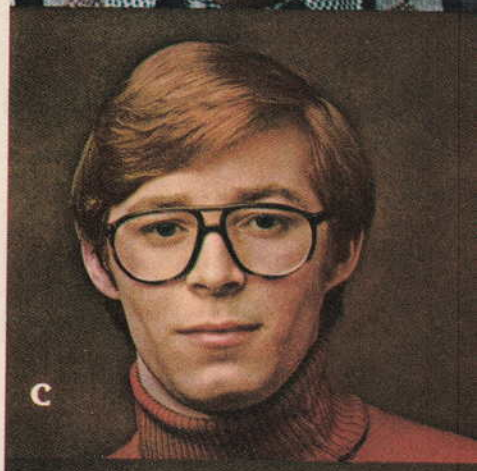
D. This guy's hair was all wrong for the shape of his face. Too long in back and too much of one length.

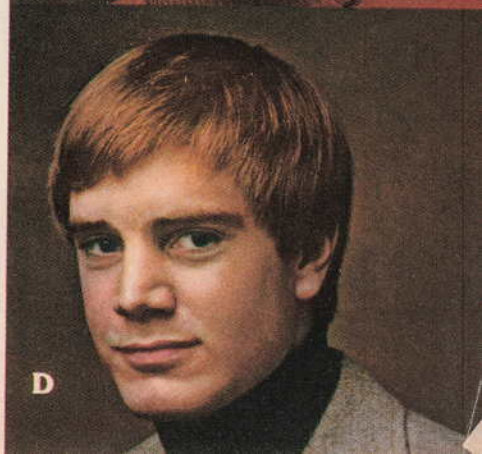
We cut off 2½ inches in front, 3 inches in back. We layered it on top for more body and gave him a geometric cut along the edges for the New Short look.

Brylcreem believes that sexy is as sexy does. And when your hair really does something for you, then you've got sex appeal.

The Brylcreem group.

We've come a long way since "a little dab'll do ya."





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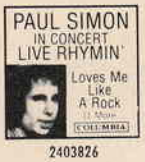

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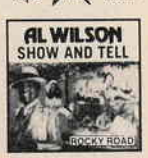

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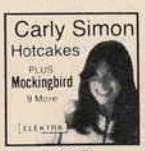

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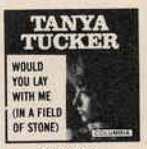

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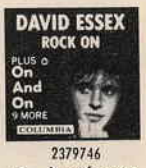

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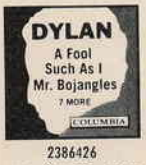

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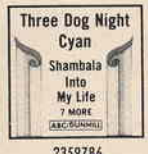

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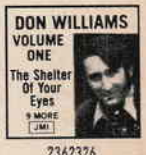

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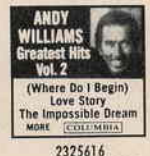

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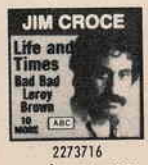

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Horatio Alger had nothing on Salvatore Lucania, an impoverished young immigrant who came to America from Sicily in 1906. Salvatore impressed the right people, made the right connections, and moved up in the business world. But he had little time for the "honest buck." His business interests ranged from larceny to loansharking, with bootlegging his specialty; and rather than hard work and clean living, his methods were violence and corruption of the powerful. As **Lucky Luciano**, he ruled a criminal empire second to none in the world.

Until now the picture of the man who organized "organized crime" has been based largely on legend. But in *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano*, a book to be published this fall by Little, Brown and Company, **Martin Gosch** and **Richard Hammer** tell the inside story of the creation of the Syndicate, the first revelations by a Mafia Don of its inner workings.

Luciano told it all to Gosch in the early 1960's with the understanding that the information be withheld for ten years after his death, which occurred in 1962. Gosch, also now deceased, turned the material over to Hammer, who molded the story into its final form. In this first of three exclusive excerpts from the book, *Penthouse* details the growth of what Luciano called his "outfit."

The work represents a switch for author Hammer, a former *New York Times* reporter whose books include *One Morning in the War* and *The Court Martial of Lt. Calley*. He also wrote the screenplay for—and narrated—the Academy Award-winning *Interviews with My Lai Veterans*.

Though Luciano was a man who perverted the American Dream, there are those who continue to believe in its truth—even though it's getting tougher. They are the independent truckers, driver-owners who are fiercely proud of running their own businesses and just as proud of their country—their rigs emblazoned with the "Love It or Leave It" credo. But now the truckers are upset about high prices, heavy-handed government regulations, and heavier taxes—in fact, a general screwing, most of which they attribute to one Richard M. Nixon.

Working on *Revolt on the Turnpike*, **Tim O'Brien**, the *Washington Post* reporter who wrote *If I Die In A Combat Zone* (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1973), lived, rode, and drank with the truckers in shaping this profile of ruggedly individualistic men who may be the last of a peculiar breed.

The truckers are not alone in their anger. Vietnam veterans are also contending with a phantom government they feel is cheating them, but which always seems out of reach. In *Losing the Paper War*, **William Greider**, a *Washington Post* staffer, details the frustrating and debilitating efforts of returned servicemen to get what was promised them from the Veterans Administration—rather than double-talk and checks that never arrive.

In this month's interview, journalist **Ken Kelley** discovers that the real **Alice Cooper** is not your average rock 'n' roll idol—unless you consider a Marquis de Sade in drag average. Onstage, Cooper is guillotined, wrestles with a boa constrictor, and does battle with a giant walking toothbrush. "Offstage," says Alice, "I'm Ozzie Nelson." In this issue Alice discusses this dual personality which is eloquently reflected in his new movie, *Nice to See You Again, Alice Cooper*, now in general release. Muses Alice, "It's so fucking silly that it's refreshing."

Douglas Kent Hall traveled for four years on the rock circuit as a sort of intellectual groupie, digging into what makes rock stars tick. *Rock Rape* is an excerpt from Hall's book on his experiences, *Rock and Roll Retreat Blues* (Avon, 1974) and centers on a rape—by a female and at knifepoint—of two strung-out instrumentalists. Wild? Sure, but what can you expect from a dude who won an Academy Award for best feature-length documentary for his screenplay *The Great American Cowboy*?

Our other fiction entry, by former priest **John L'Heureux**, is *Answered Prayers*, a macabre tale of a priest killed in an auto accident whose spirit returns to occupy the already troubled mind of his nemesis, a tough, raunchy cop. Turnabout, in this case, is foul play.

To round things out, humorist **F. P. Tullius** gives advice to the perplexed Ping-Pong player much in the manner of our own **Xaviera**. In the guise of Dr. Hip Pong, Tullius, a past contributor to such magazines as the *New Yorker*, *Atlantic*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *Rolling Stone*, tells his imaginary correspondents how to score points with finesse in *The Sensuous Ping-Pong Player*. Have a ball.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Vietnam aftermath

Being a former combat infantryman and a Vietnam veteran your article in the April issue, *The Unstrung Heroes*, rang true—particularly for me. I was "strung out"—that is, addicted to heroin for almost my entire tour of duty overseas. It is about this that I would like to comment.

During the entire thirteen months that I spent in Vietnam, I (along with everyone else) was constantly advised of the army's "more lenient attitude towards addiction"—to be more specific, the Drug Amnesty Program. Under the terms of this program, any soldier who wanted to get off drugs could turn himself in for treatment and get clean. Furthermore, no judicial action would be taken against him, and no record would be kept of it other than medical records which were to be destroyed upon his DEROS (when he rotated back to the States). Also there was to be no prejudice against him from the officers and NCOs upon his return from treatment. Sounds nice, but unfortunately I know this was not the case.

Shortly before my return from Vietnam I decided to turn myself in. I had no desire to come home in the shape I was in. Things went well during my period of "detoxification." I didn't even mind the barbed-wire-topped fence that surrounded the Convalescent Center, as it was called, or the fact that I was litter-carried all the way back to the army hospital at Fort Benning, despite the fact that I was in better shape than I had been the last six months I spent on duty.

But the real slap in the kisser came the day I was returned to duty. The first thing I found out was that an entry had been made into my DA Form 20 (a permanent record of all activities, duty stations, awards, etc.) reading: EM hospitalized for drug abuse, 27 August 1971. A clear violation of the terms of amnesty.

Next, I found out that all the time I had spent in the hospital was considered bad time and that I would not receive any pay for that period. Furthermore, I would have to make it up before I could get out. Sound like "no judicial action or punitive measures" to you? It didn't to me! And the clincher came when I reported to the battalion commander at my new unit, who in no uncertain terms advised me that a junkie, which apparently included the post-addicted variety, was the lowest animal on earth, and that it would be his extreme pleasure to nail my ass to the wall the first time I made a mistake—any mistake. He also assured me that no one in his unit was going to be prejudiced against me just because I was a no-good yellow dope addict. He would see to that, yessir. No prejudice here.

I don't think I need to describe the rest of my military service; it doesn't take a weatherman to tell which way the wind is blowing.

But the really sad part of it all is the fact that I wasn't alone. And some even had it worse. I only know that the detox wards were full when I got there and worse when I left, so we couldn't have been *that* small a minority.

In closing I would like to thank you for not forgetting us, and for giving us Viet vets a chance to tell our side publicly at last.—*Name and address withheld*

Referring to your May issue's veterans article, it is impossible for most Americans to comprehend what drugs meant in Vietnam. For those of us who had to endure it, it meant living in harmony with those who were addicted. That meant sleeping near them, pulling guard with them, and simply living with them. Could you risk testifying against them? Would the army relocate you if you did? What if you were "asked" to be a material witness in a drug bust? Children tried to sell it to you. You were just a soldier trying to complete your military service, and you couldn't escape drugs. They were for real and you come back and the VA tells you your problem is within yourself, not with the war. But can we tell them?—*R.S., Mt. View, Calif.*

My husband is a veteran who served twenty-six months in Vietnam. No one can deny the very real problems Vietnam vets face. I applaud your efforts to bring these problems to light, but I must disagree that these returned vets are the forgotten men of Vietnam.

The *completely* forgotten men of Vietnam are the 1,300 Missing In Action—including fifty-four known POWs. In this nation's haste to forget the war, it is these vets who have been completely abandoned and left to rot. They are the ones that are being written off—swept under the rug—and are not even worth the bother of bringing home, dead or alive!

All of America's soldiers did not come home from our longest war! These men can't write letters, seek support, give interviews, or fight for their rights. The ones who are still alive can only languish forsaken, because the government they fought for prefers to write them off as dead, rather than admit the possibility that some men were left behind.

Meanwhile, the families of these vets continue to exist in a barbaric state of limbo, never knowing if their loved ones are alive. We owe something to these families and all the vets who served this country honorably. We owe them the right to come home, to take their earned place in society. And those who died for this country should be brought home to rest in the soil they fought for. Their families should not be sentenced to a lifetime of never knowing. Let's end the war for all Americans!—*Donna Long, Jacksonville, N.C.*

In response

Martin Long's letter (June 1974) has motivated me to write. His arrogance, contempt, and ignorance of the Vietnam vet's problems typifies the general reception the Vietnam vet receives when he leaves the service.

Our desire to obtain parity with World War II vets causes him to label us "Vietnam crybabies." His use of figures is impressive—in the same school as Nixon, the VA, and the Pentagon. I hope their statistics comfort the veterans who are still unemployed and the thousands working in jobs they hate because they can't get others. I'm sure the figures also help the thousands of vets who would like to use their VA education benefits but can't because they're so small. Long's absurd charge that most drug users had their habit before the service makes me want to question where he

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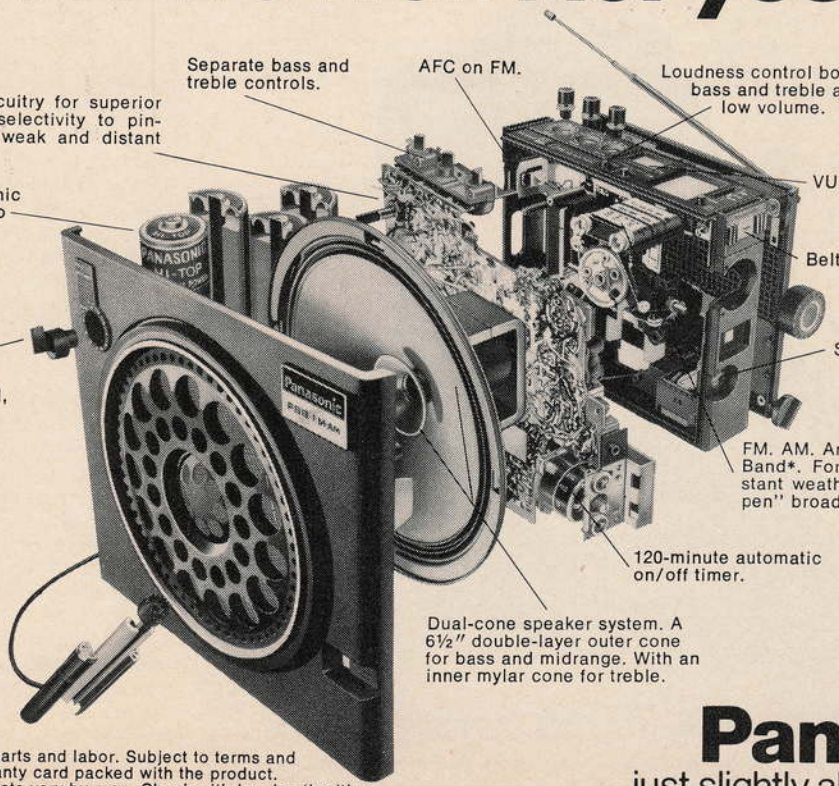
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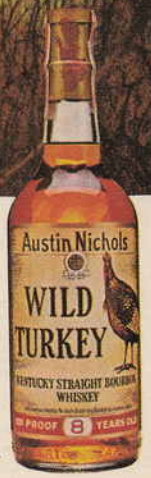

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got his information. This is a fact: 95 percent of my company in Vietnam used grass; 15 percent of these used opium joints (OJs); over one-half of my company were midwesterners and southerners who had never heard of grass, much less used it, before Vietnam. This was a combat armored outfit and use was even higher in rear units.

I was lucky—I have a job and it only took me seven months to find it. But I had a college degree and job experience before I entered the army. I was also a sergeant when I got out. God help the vet who has only his high school diploma or less and comes out a Pvt. or SP 4.

I want to thank you, *Penthouse*, for doing a great job and for the info on S2789. I intend to write and get my friends to write their congressmen.—*Richard Bach, College Point, N.Y.*

I just received my June issue of *Penthouse* and started right out reading the Forum. I was so totally floored by Mr. Martin Long's letter that I am writing this response before even finishing the magazine. To begin with, Mr. Long can cram his whole nine yards up his ass. True, not every Vietnam veteran gets the shaft and I was one of the few lucky ones, but the ones who do get screwed are far greater in number than the ones who don't.

Mr. Long refers to the "Vietnam crybabies." I take that as a personal insult and am sure that every other veteran feels the same way. Is it crying or just trying to get someone to listen? How many young men were drafted from good-paying jobs into the army? One day they're trying to make a start for themselves, the next they're off fighting in a war that they couldn't care less about. After being removed from their families and friends, they begin to form new ties with the people they live and fight with, only to watch these new friends get blown to pieces.

The American public deserves the blame. All the Martin Longs cried, "Get our boys out of Nam," and when we did there was nobody there to welcome them home, nobody to say, "Thank you" or "I'm sorry." Instead, there was more abuse, and we were called drug addicts, murderers, hippies, and cowards.

"These young people should not be idling in congressional anterooms and hotel conferences and seminar meetings," says Martin Long. Well, what the hell does the man expect? Would it be better to get out the faithful rifles and grenades and say, "Damn it, listen to me"? I guess a few good riots and demonstrations would get more attention, but I think everyone has just about had enough of fighting and killing. If our elected officials won't listen to and recognize the problems of the veteran, another course of action must be taken. For the time being thousands of veterans must be content shining their beautiful medals and admiring their broken bodies, waiting for someone to get the message. No thanks to you, Mr. Martin Long.—*C.S., Clarkston, Ga.*

Constitutional questions

As of April 25, 1974 I have been out of the service three years, and it seems to me that things are really sad in this nation *of the people, by the people and for the people*. It also occurs to me that most of the veterans I talk to all feel the same. In fact almost everybody I talk to feels that way; apathy seems to have its claws everywhere.

In reading your articles on the Vietnam veteran it occurred to me, as it probably did to you, that a strong organization of veterans would have potential political power. I also feel quite strongly that something has to be done, and done *now*, or the foundations of this country will fall apart. It is the responsibility of every citizen to help America remain America—Land of the Free, and Home of the Brave.—*Daniel Gillis, Fairview, Ore.*

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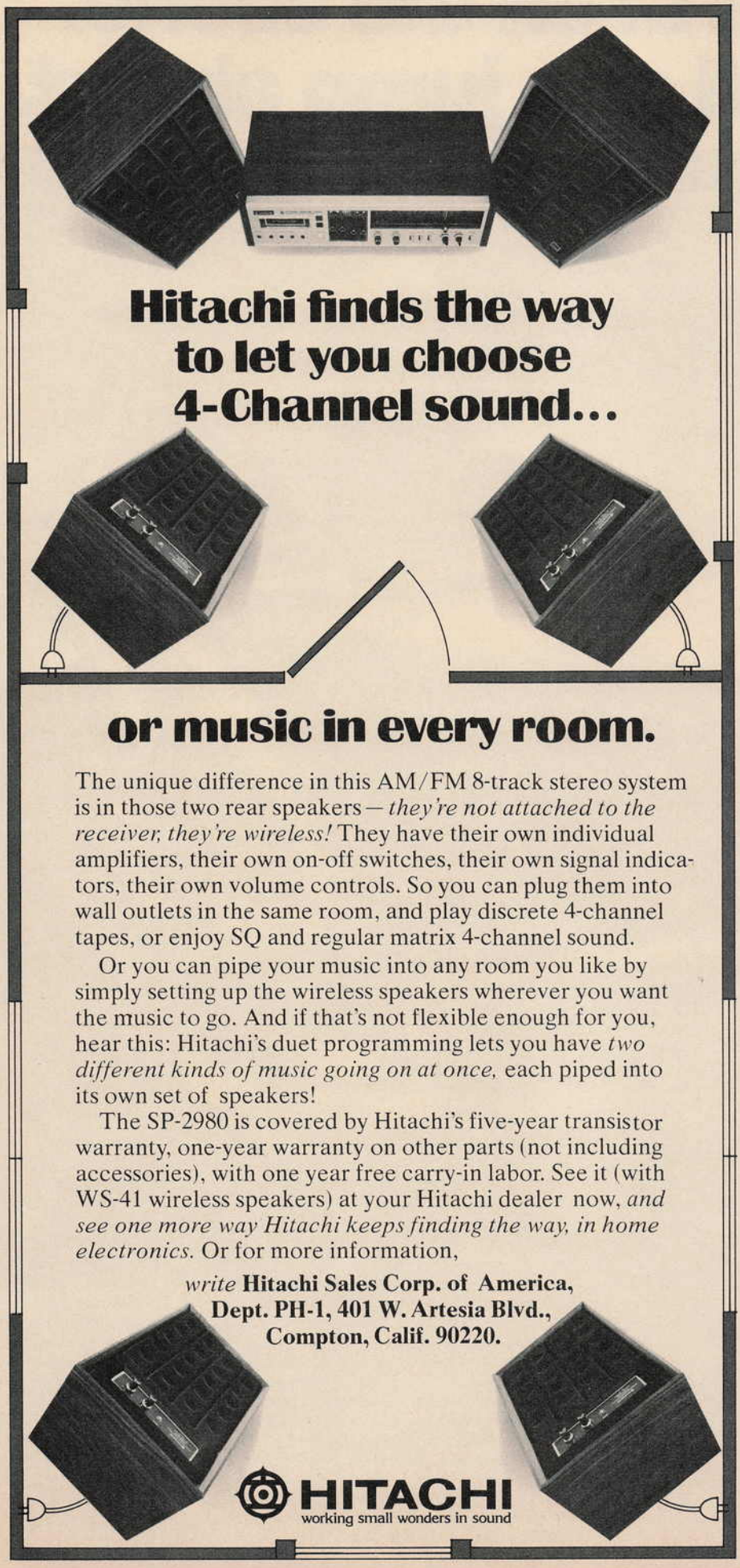
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This is a letter concerning amnesty; it is written by someone who considers himself qualified to do so, having been a veteran of both the Korean and Vietnamese "conflicts," and having served twenty years of honorable service in the U.S. Army.

The case *for* amnesty is this: Both the Korean and Vietnamese conflicts were unconstitutional; they took place because Congress was unable or unwilling to act, and the public was apathetic—being more content to stay at home and complain than to demand their Constitutional rights.

Next: Never before has a *free* people been drafted during peacetime; this was allowed by a rubber-stamp Congress; again, America looked the other way as its sons', brothers', and husbands' rights were being violated.

Next: Never before in world history has any nation fought a no-win war.

Consequently, the true patriots of the last two decades are *not* those who went and died on foreign soil for something they didn't quite comprehend; they are those few Americans who would not "go along" with the system when that system was wrong—who did not kill, destroy, or further mutilate a nation already torn apart.

I went to Vietnam willingly, not because I believed it was right, but because I was ordered there and a career soldier follows orders without questions. I did think we were fighting Communism at first but I wised up soon enough. For example: I began to wonder, why Korea and Vietnam, and not Hungary, Czechoslovakia, or Cuba, which is only ninety miles from our shores? More recently, I saw my people pay dearly for a large wheat gift to the Soviet Union.

I have therefore come to the conclusion that the guilty ones are not the patriots who would not fight, but rather Presidents Johnson and Nixon, the Congress, and, in the final analysis, the American people. It is the silent majority who doesn't care what happens across the nation, state, or street, as long as they are not personally involved—this is the real tragedy that is currently undermining our nation.

Unless we stop assuming the burdens of the world, unless we think of America as being by, of, and for Americans; unless all branches of our government rededicate themselves to the fine ideals and principles of our Constitution, unless we wake the hell up, we will continue to witness a deterioration of our country.

I say amnesty now! Let us recognize and admit our wrongs, and let us make sure the same mistakes are not duplicated in the future.—*R.B., Penacook, N.H.*

Pet partisans

Must offer my congratulations on your Pet choice for the February issue, Beatrice Vogler. She did more to enhance your magazine than many others I have had the pleasure of seeing lately. Not only is she generously endowed, but she has the one natural element that, to some of us, makes her pictures more erotic than most we see in ordinary centerfolds. While this may seem rather odd to admit, the most provocative part of the whole centerfold was the sight of pubic hair emanating from her anus. One can almost reach out and touch the dainty, flower-like beauty of this part of her anatomy. Visions of her *au naturel* stayed with me for days.

No doubt by now you have gathered that I am a *pygophiliac*, or worshipper of the female buttocks, and am unashamed to state that to me they are the most beautiful portion of any full-blown female. I find they are the ultimate in erotic beauty and, to the true connoisseur of eroticism, they are unique in their capacity to provide complete gratification for each of the five senses. Why should men be ashamed of their adoration of the female

posterior? In my opinion there is no good reason whatsoever. When boy meets girl, there is invariably one feature of her face or anatomy which claims first attention. With a lot of men it is the facial features that are of paramount importance, while with others it is the breasts or the legs.

Few intelligent people consider such preferences at all extraordinary, yet the man who honestly admits that he finds the posterior the most glorious and satisfying portion of the female anatomy is very likely to find himself dubbed a pervert. Why is this? I have given the matter much thought and have come to the conclusion that the reason is that the bottom has always been considered by civilized people as aesthetically taboo due to its close association with the function of excretion. Artists, however, tend to think differently. For example, James Joyce, in his innovative novel *Ulysses*, shamelessly states, "I have paid homage to that living altar where the back changes name."

I, too, must admit that I have paid homage like Joyce, and while the occasion does not present itself very often, the times it does more than make up for the long periods of waiting.—*J.D., Quebec, Canada*

I would like to compliment you on your fantastic magazine. I buy each issue and they get better each time. I particularly enjoyed your March pictorial of Suzanna Hayes. The photos of her holding her beautiful breasts were erotic. Unfortunately, you did not show more of her cunt. She seemed so feminine and nice. Her views on life were also interesting. I hope that you will continue to show more big-breasted women. I also feel that pubic hair is sexy. I enjoy your magazine and with me it will always be Number One.—*Name and address withheld*

I would like to congratulate you on the fantastic May issue. The Pet of the Month was actually the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. Of course, congratulations to Ken Marcus for such magnificent examples of photography, and also to Brande Howard. Keep up the great work!—*Stephen Wilcox, Pittsfield, Mass.*

To make it short and sweet, the most beautiful woman ever to grace your magazine is definitely Brande Howard. She's just fantastic. She's dynamite with her hair up or down and would probably be beautiful without any at all. Congratulations on a job well done, Miss Howard. A star is born. Good Luck, Brande!—*T.N., Chicago, Ill.*

Too much exposure

I just received my June issue in the mail and when I saw the cover I knew I had to complain. I will start by saying that I have read your magazine since it first became available and I think it is the best on the market. It has the best-looking and best-posed women, but I don't think they should be nude on the cover. In our area your magazine is sold in every type of store and it forces people who don't approve to come into contact with it. I think you should respect their rights and tone down the covers. I have three small children, and it is difficult to make them keep their clothes on when they see the naked girls on your cover.—*V.R., Holidaysburg, Pa.*

We share your opinion that Penthouse *has the "best-looking and best-posed women" in print. But we also believe that beauty is in the eye of the beholder—both inside and out.—Editor*

Secret life

In reference to the article on *The Secret Life of Plants* (May 1974), by Peter Tompkins and Chris-

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SEPTEMBER

topher Bird, in the Words section of View From The Top, I can't resist sticking up for the "scientific method." Science is not a "tight little game," and anything that can be proven by a reproducible experiment is within the realm of science. That the language of certain reports "does violence to the scientific method" perhaps says more about the absence of clear thinking in those reports than about the scientific method. Such a put-down of science is ironic in that these theories about plants would be dismissed by *Penthouse* and the general public as ridiculous if it weren't for the scientific methods that proved these phenomena worthy of the public's attention in the first place.—*M.W., New York, N.Y.*

Evel: pros and cons

After reading your candid interview with Evel Knievel (May 1974), I was deeply impressed by the man. Although I am not a bike enthusiast, I can only say that I can dig where the man is coming from. I like him for being himself and for being so real, instead of evasive like so many other celebrities. I only hope and pray that he succeeds in being a good father to his children, no matter what his faults may be. I also hope that he meets the upcoming challenge in Idaho. I feel that he will because I believe in him, both as a unique person and a true professional. I wish I could be there to see him. All I have to say is, Right on, Evel! I am in your corner with a few million others and we'll all be praying for you.—*Lishon Largé, Boston, Mass.*

I would like to compliment you on one of the most outstanding publications I have seen anywhere in the world. Your articles, interviews, and stories are of the highest calibre, and your magazine is intellectually and aesthetically provocative.

Being a bike enthusiast I really got off on Evel Knievel. He is a truly great man in his own way; a heroic figure somewhat out of place in an all-too-often mundane world. Owning and riding a fine motorcycle can be like equestrianship—the mastery of a proud war-horse. It is a fundamental experience of freedom and adventure even though I prefer the companionship of a liberated woman. This is where Evel would possibly take a swing at me during a conversation.

Your magazine, and a world full of beautiful ladies, is a real inspiration. Thank you.—*Tom Ruthford, Bothell, Wash.*

Last week I bought a copy of the May issue of *Penthouse*, which I enjoyed quite thoroughly. But there is one thing I want to mention: I was sadly disappointed by the interview section. I can't understand why all that space was wasted on an egotistical mental midget.

Evel Knievel is the type of asshole who gives not only motorcyclists but mankind in general a bad name. The caption beneath the Gorgeous George-type portrait acclaims him as "the greatest motorcycle stunt rider of all time." Bullshit!

Maybe he does some hairy stunts, but his actions are merely those of a fool, not those of a great man with a lot of heart. He doesn't ride for the sheer thrill of riding; he does his thing for the money. He prostitutes the biker image as well as himself. Also, it's mostly fools who want to fight when they're drunk, and Knievel admits he does. That doesn't take guts or brains; it just takes lots of bottle-courage and little sense.

He talks a lot of shit about the Hell's Angels, too. That doesn't take guts, either—according to him, they're all in prison, so there's little chance he'll have to confront them face to face.

Now that I've written this and thought over the article further, I'm no longer disappointed. In fact I'm glad you gave Knievel a chance to "pull his covers." I hope that when he jumps the Snake River he makes it . . . all the way to the bottom.—*W.C. Silver, San Quentin, Calif.*

I think calling Evel Knievel the "greatest motorcycle stunt rider of all time" is nothing less than a gross overstatement. "Greatest motorcycle jumper of all time" would be much easier to swallow. Knievel is greatest at one thing for sure, and that's promotion. But if you want to talk about "stunt" riders, talk about the likes of John De Soto (he did all the stunt work for the series *Then Came Bronson*) or Steve McQueen. Most motorcycle stunt riders are motocrossers or ex-motocrossers. —*Jerry Barton, Denver, Colo.*

Arkansas Traveler

I admire your magazine and read it every month. A story in your May issue sparked my curiosity —*The Arkansas Traveler*. I am from Arkansas and almost took your story as an insult to a beautiful state. I know when I mention Arkansas to people they at once think, "Hillbilly," and this is understandable after so many years of unprecedented rumors, but never in my life have I come across names of people like the ones you describe. So, my question is, was the story written for reading or was it contrived to keep all the folklore and rumors alive? Either way I think it accomplished the latter and I would wager to say that a good many other people from Arkansas think that too!—*John F. Doherty, Virginia Beach, Va.*

As two transplanted "Arkies," we must strenuously object to John Fergus Ryan's story, *The Arkansas Traveler*. This would not be such a bad story if it had only taken place in a state where the conditions described actually existed (such as Texas or Mississippi), but Ryan's story suggests that he's never even been to Arkansas.—*Al Scoggins, Harry McDermott, Waco, Tex.*

Recently while taking the ferry from Digby, Nova Scotia, to Saint John, New Brunswick, I read *The Arkansas Traveler* by John Fergus Ryan. That was the funniest article I've read outside of the *National Lampoon*. Ryan is a far-out author. Congratulations on such super good humor.—*Wayne Roblin, Nova Scotia, Canada*

Henry on hippies

In Henry Morgan's *Freedom: 1—Kids: 0* (May 1974), we get humorous but oversimplified generalities on the subject of the hippie subculture. Henry's humor is acceptable because he is capable of being impartial, as his past writing, radio shows, and recordings have shown. I was a fan of his way back when he was the only radio humorist who dared to kid his own sponsors.

His observations on hippies do not go beyond surface appearances and show no knowledge based on actual contact. Of course, there are brainless imitators in every subculture. But what about the imitators of long hair among the respectable people: the doctors, educators, salesmen, professional ball players, policemen, and truck drivers, who have adopted long hair and made it acceptable among their peers?

Among the longhairs you will find more self-confidence, calmness, and friendship than you will find among the short-clipped brilliantine boys. They are not afraid; they have the courage to dress as they please. You will find most all cases of sadism and brutality among the brave and close-cropped, in or out of uniform. Should a longhair be involved, it will be reported as such. Never will you hear or read: "Shorthair Arrested for Rape," or, "Crew-Cut, Clean-Shaven Cashier Arrested for Embezzling Million and a Half."

It is the short-clipped ones who have waged two world wars, the short-clipped who have built

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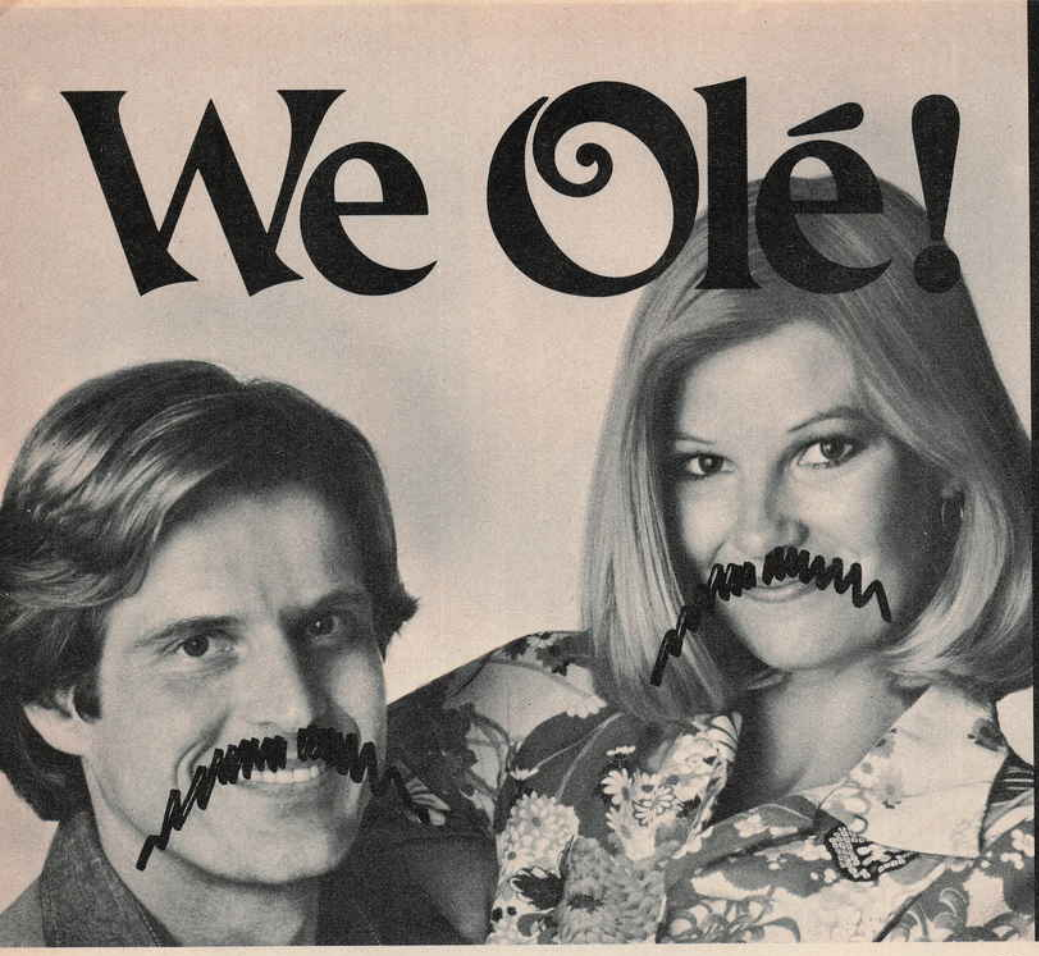

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slave camps. It is no wonder the longhairs are not the slightest bit impressed with all the precious, moralizing nonsense of the short-clipped ones. If the longhairs despise us it is because the world of the short-clipped is the greatest failure in the entire history of mankind. No wonder we fear the longhairs are anarchists.

That is why we hate them and laugh at their long hair and their fancy clothes and legislate against the drugs they enjoy and the causes they embrace. We are scared to death—because we are on the way out, and they are on their way in. The longhairs lay their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness on the line to protest genocidal wars and police-state secrecy. Get into a jam among strangers and you are more apt to get assistance from a longhair than from the "respectable" people who don't want to get involved.—*H.S., New Paltz, N.Y.*

Phthirus pubis

Recently, my boyfriend and I contracted phthirus pubis (more commonly known as "crabs"). This was rather surprising because neither one of us had had sexual relations with another person for at least three weeks, and that person had not contracted or previously had crabs. My friends recommended a product that could be purchased without a prescription. Having heard so often that these little creatures were almost impossible to get rid of, and being a lady with a most unfavorable disposition with regard to insects, I decided to call the doctor immediately. Within an hour, I had picked up the prescription, shampooed, and they were gone.

No one has been able to tell me how these creatures originate, how they can be contracted, how long after body contact they are apparent, and if this is actually considered a venereal disease. To my dismay, everyone I spoke to who had had them had never consulted a doctor and had ineffectively tried removing them with flea and lice remedies for animals.

I am sure that this gross ignorance is directly responsible for a widespread, undesirable crab population. Could you please help all those suffering silently and shed some light on the subject of crustacea?—*Name and address withheld*

Phthirus pubis, or "crabs," is not necessarily transmitted during coitus and is therefore not specifically a venereal disease. These creatures can live away from a human body for up to twenty-four hours and can, therefore, be picked up in some unusually unsanitary places—such as an extremely dirty rug or a filthy sleeping area.—Editor

It's all in the uniform

With all of today's antimilitary sentiments I thought I might pass on a story that would give people a new opinion of the military life. I am presently attending a military college in Canada, which is, needless to say, noncoeducational. And although we are supposed to be gentlemen, there is not a man among us who wouldn't jump at the chance to be balled by anything in a skirt. Now on to my experience.

Normally I feel quite conspicuous when wearing my uniform in town on leave, but last week it paid off. This day as I was walking along the street a car pulled up beside me and the girl driving asked me if I wanted a ride. To make a long story short it turned out that she really freaked on uniforms. Back in her apartment she undressed the both of us, leaving me clad only in my uniform tunic. She bent over the bed and begged me to flail her with my swagger stick, which is a part of the uniform I had previously thought to be a disadvantage. When her ass was a scalding red and her body was writhing uncontrollably she leaped from the bed and tore the jacket off me and put it on herself. I then lay on my back and she gave herself the wildest ride I have ever seen pumping madly on my tool. This episode left me and my uniform a little the worse for wear but it was quite worthwhile.—*Name and address withheld*

Pleasant surprise

My wife and I are both twenty-nine years old, and avid readers of *Penthouse*. We especially enjoy the *Penthouse* Forum, which contains what we think to be some fantastic reading, knowledge, and ideas. Lately, we have been reading quite a lot about mutual masturbation. Although we have never tried it, and never thought we would, it sounds exciting.

Recently, during one of our frequent sexual bouts, I had just finished bringing my wife "off" orally for the eighth or ninth time, and had gotten up to go to the bathroom. When I returned I was quite surprised to find my lovely wife lying on the bed, breasts heaving, legs spread wide, the fingers of one hand holding open her lovely quim while the fingers of the other hand were gently massaging her clitoris. Just from reading the articles I knew that watching a female in the act of masturbation would turn me on, but seeing my wife lying there working on herself was simply wild! I stood there speechless until she brought herself to orgasm. In ecstasy she arched her back, let out with a little cry, and came! I thought I'd pop right then and there.

After seeing a sight like this, I was unable to keep myself from her, and immediately went down on her again and brought her to yet another orgasm. As I came up for air she asked me if I would stand at the foot of the bed and masturbate so she could watch. With a bit of embarrassment I consented, got up, and began hammering away only inches from her face. It was plain to see that

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I think women are becoming a little more frightening to men these days. Maybe it's because we're freer to do the things we've always wanted to do.

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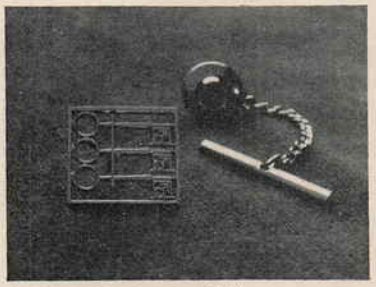

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she was enjoying every minute of it. Suddenly she laid back down, opened her legs and her honeypot once again, and started to give her clitoris still another workout. Watching her masturbate, while I was doing the same, was fantastic.

I stopped just short of orgasm, sat on the bed next to her, and helped her out by holding her furry patch open for her while she teased her throbbing clit with her fingertips. Within moments she reached what she says was the strongest climax of her life. Afterwards we united, and had the most glorious fuck ever.

Later that night we discussed what had taken place. We both admitted that we had dreamt of masturbation, and that we had kept our fantasies hidden because of embarrassment. We were in complete agreement that it was a fantastic experience, and promised each other that we would definitely repeat it often.

I myself find that now, after this experience, I want sex with my wife more than ever. I often find myself sitting at work daydreaming about her at home, on the bed, legs spread wide, masturbating alone, awaiting my return. At times like this I find myself with the most fantastic hard-on, which takes all my self-control to keep from hammering away at.

Long live masturbation! It has definitely brought joy into our lives, and has brought my wife and me even closer together than ever before.—*Name and address withheld*

Fighting females

I have noticed several letters in past issues dealing with fighting females. It's extremely exciting to me to watch girls fight and I have always been aroused by such a sight. In junior high school about six of us would sometimes skip football practice if we heard that girls were going to fight at the end of the day.

The best one I ever saw in junior high was between two cheerleaders who liked the same boy. The sight of those two dolls kicking, clawing, and pulling hair made me come in my jeans. In high school the fights were even better. The most memorable was when two girls almost stripped each other naked on the front lawn. Every guy formed a circle around them so no one could break it up. I join your other readers in requesting that you occasionally include material on girls fighting. Maybe a photo essay or something like that.—*G.P., Council Bluffs, Iowa*

Young love

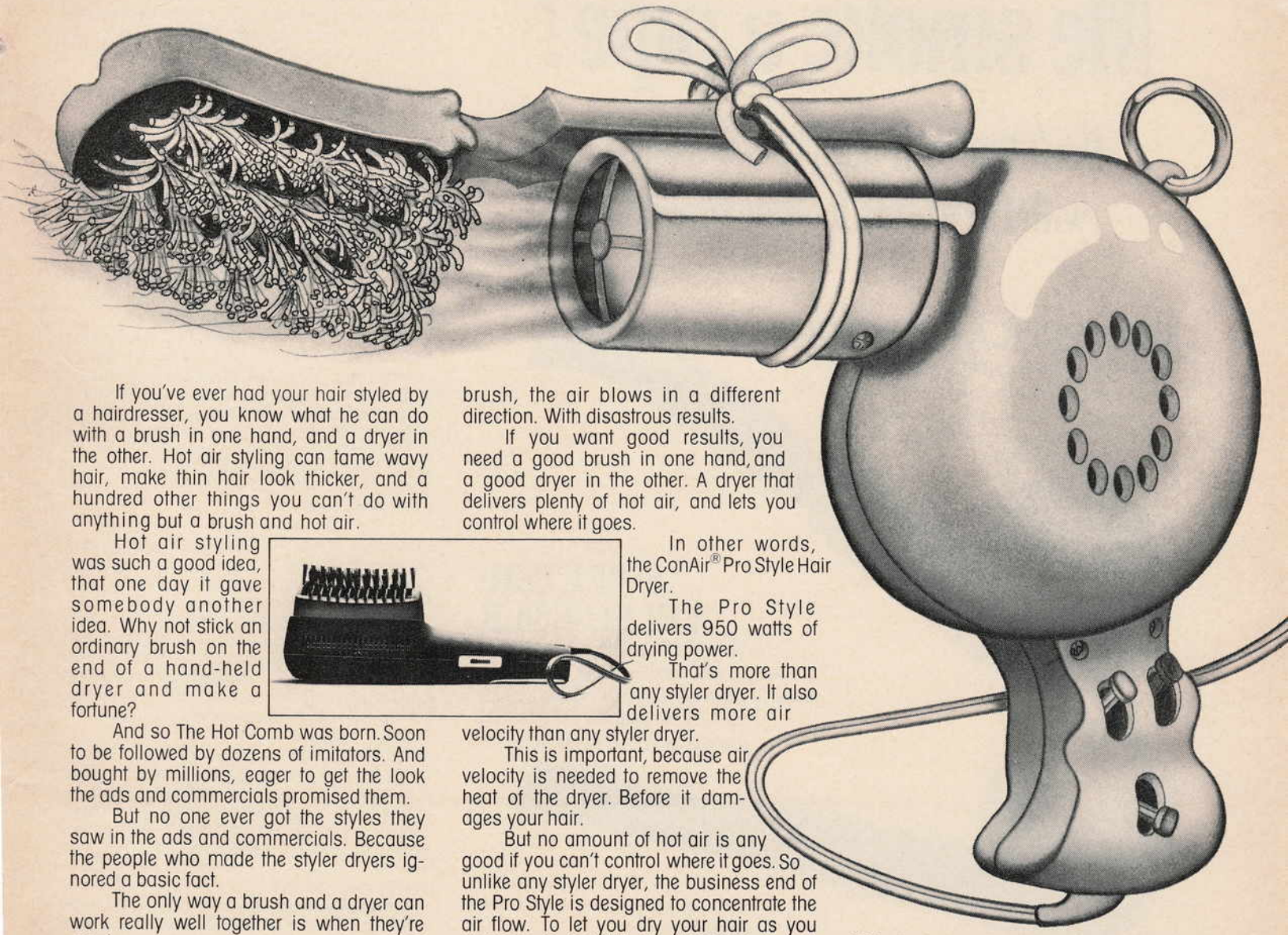
I am a fifteen-year-old boy. I like to look at the pictures in *Penthouse*, but I hardly ever read the articles. I did read *Teenage Love* in your April issue, though. One day I had a date with a girl and we went to the movies. In the middle of the movie she said she didn't like the picture and wanted to do something. We were in a corner all alone, so I unsnapped my pants and let her touch my penis. Then she opened her pants and I touched her cunt. The next day I went over to her house and for about an hour she sucked on my penis and I sucked on her breasts. It was a great experience. Now I wonder if I should fuck her.—*Name and address withheld*

Big breasts best?

My husband is a regular reader of *Penthouse* and I also enjoy reading your magazine. Though many magazines claim to be "liberated," yours is one of the few that can say this in all honesty.

However, my main object in writing to you concerns the attitude of many men who prefer small-breasted women to those of us who are more generously endowed. Though they are apparently few and far between, it is my opinion that these men have some stupid notion that women

USING A BRUSH AND A DRYER TOGETHER WAS A GOOD IDEA. PUTTING THEM TOGETHER WAS A MISTAKE.



If you've ever had your hair styled by a hairdresser, you know what he can do with a brush in one hand, and a dryer in the other. Hot air styling can tame wavy hair, make thin hair look thicker, and a hundred other things you can't do with anything but a brush and hot air.

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Most important, the styler dryers don't let you put the hot air where you need it. Every time you turn the brush, the air blows in a different direction. With disastrous results.

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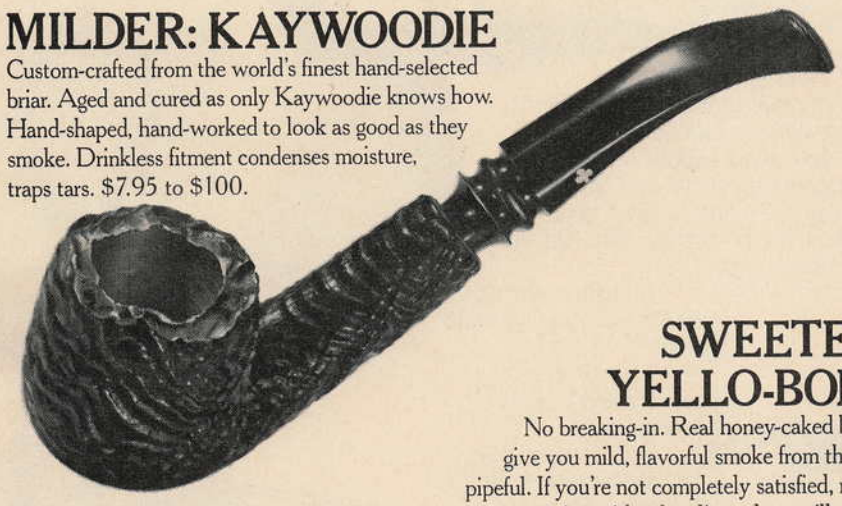

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with large breasts have less feeling in them than those with smaller breasts. I have discussed this with a lot of men I know, and you'd be surprised how many of them actually believe this fallacy! Have I got news for all you guys who believe that crap! I wear a 36C bra and I get just as much (or more) excitement and sexual stimulation from having my boobs fondled and caressed as anyone else. I know for a fact that women with big tits have just as much sensitivity in their nipples and breasts as the chicks with little tits! Thanks for letting me sound off.—*B.M., Warrensburg, Mo.*

Sibling sex

In regard to your editorial comment about the letter headed All in the Family in the May *Penthouse* Forum, there are usually two sides to any subject. While not lucky enough myself to have enjoyed sibling sex, I do really enjoy the few letters that you print on the subject. Any teenaged brother and sister naturally have sexual urges. Experimentation between them protects the sister from the loose talk and gossip that quite often follows relationships with outsiders, and this, coupled with the privacy of the home, would usually tend to enhance the experience.

This would, of course, be under mutual consent. If the sister were bullied into the act it would be a different matter. The letters you have printed have been from both women and men, and as I recall they have all expressed pleasure and enjoyment from their experiences. Please continue to print those letters which you receive on this subject and maybe we can hear from some of those to whom it was not so pleasant.—*Name and address withheld*

Incestuous behavior is extremely volatile by its nature—what gives pleasure one moment, may sour the next—due to social, physical, and/or psychological developments.

You get vicarious pleasure out of reading about incestuous experimentation. However, if you had any real experience, you might discover that worse things than gossip result from expressing these urges, and that more fulfilling relationships can be found outside your family.—Editor

Monopede mania

Living the past five years without legs, the result of a car wreck when I was eighteen, has not exactly been an enjoyable experience. On the other hand, it has not been the overwhelming tragedy I expected. With my wheelchair, a car equipped with full hand controls, and stump boots, I have retained my mobility.

The primary reason I have been able to be happy and content is that I am married to a wonderful man whom I met after becoming legless. He is, naturally, one of those men who are fascinated by female amputees and gets a great deal of pleasure from my two short stumps. I say naturally because, considering the importance of a woman's physical attractiveness to a man, I can't imagine a man voluntarily dating and marrying a legless woman unless he has a thing about her stumps. I know that my husband was initially attracted to me because of my lack of legs but, as time passed, a much more substantial basis for our relationship has developed. Now we truly love each other and my being without legs is only a physical characteristic that is sexually useful.

My attitude toward my husband's liking my stumps has also changed with time. At first, before we were married, I was repelled by his wanting to fondle and hold them. To me my stumps represented a painful and traumatic episode in my life that I didn't care to have emphasized, and the idea that they were sexually stimulating to a man was distasteful to me. Besides, I had the

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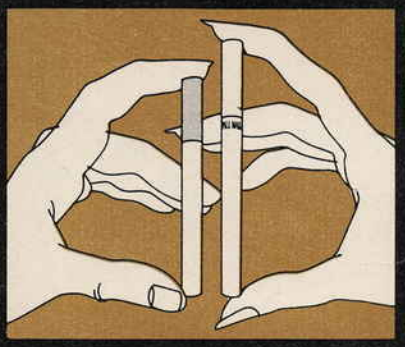
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21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MARCH '74.

other more conventional female parts that he was more than welcome to explore and fondle all he wanted. Gradually, I got over my reluctance to his use of my stumps for his own pleasure. When we make love, I hold him tightly with my arms, grip his hips with my stumps, and am truly grateful that some men do prefer a woman without legs.—*Name and address withheld*

As a lifelong devotee of above-the-knee amputees, I was surprised and delighted to read the many letters from and about female amputees.

I have a special interest in the subject because my wife is an amputee—her left leg is amputated at the hip. Since she lacks any semblance of a stump she is forced to use crutches for locomotion. She is an inveterate hopper and is able to perform most household chores on one leg, without crutches. When she has to carry things from place to place she sits on a high stool on which I have installed a set of casters; thus, the carrying problem is solved.

A one-legged woman, from the male viewpoint, is an erotic being. As a male I am especially aroused by the sight of a female monopede wearing slacks or a pantsuit; the pinned-up empty leg really gets to me. As my wife knows of my peculiar desire, and because she herself prefers to wear her pant leg folded and pinned up at the waistband, I am in a state of perpetual ecstasy.

I wish to thank *Penthouse* for publishing the many letters regarding female amputees. It is surprising that so many people have an interest in the subject. I will say quite frankly that a two-legged woman no longer has any appeal for me whatsoever. If I had not the good fortune to meet and marry the one-legged girl of my dreams, I would be, to this day, an unhappy celibate.—*W.S., Tewksbury, Mass.*

Pain and pleasure

I am writing to let D.H. of West Hartlepool, England (May 1974) know that she is not alone. I, too, spank my husband, and I have been doing so for most of the five years we have been married. Like D.H., I began spanking my husband in response to some very childish things that he had been doing. One day after he had done some especially bad things, I told him that I was so displeased with his misbehavior that I really would like to punish him. He asked me what kind of punishment I had in mind, and I told him I thought he deserved a good, hard spanking. To my surprise, he told me that, if it would make me feel better, I should go ahead and spank him. So I did. I sat down, and I made him take down his pants and undershorts. Then I made him bend over across my lap, and I spanked his bare bottom as hard as I could. That night he had to sleep on his stomach because his bottom still hurt so much.

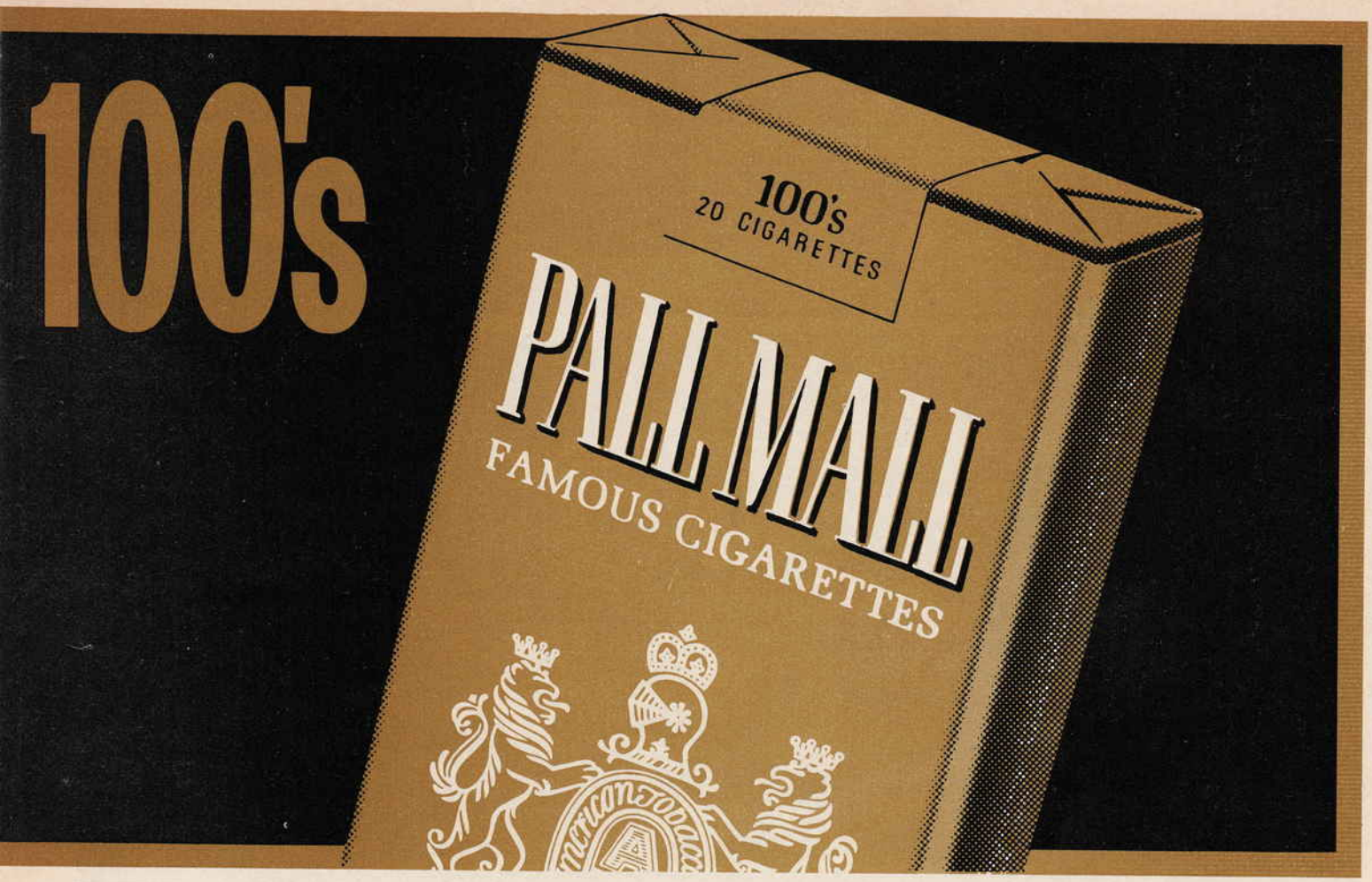
Like D.H., I enjoyed it. It rid me of all my anger, and gave me, instead, a feeling of excitement. After I had finished spanking my husband, I made him get down between my legs and do cunnilingus to me. As further punishment for him, I did nothing to satisfy his own sexual desire.

Since then I have continued to spank my husband whenever I think he has misbehaved. That means that he usually gets a spanking three or four times a week, but some weeks he gets a spanking every day.

Now when I spank him, I not only make him take down his pants and undershorts, but I insist he take off all his clothes. Then, as always, I make him bend over across my lap, and I spank his bare bottom. I start out spanking him with my bare hand, and, when my hand gets sore, I use the back of my hairbrush. When I have finished spanking him, my husband must get down on his knees between my legs and do cunnilingus to me until he has satisfied the sexual excitement that has built up inside me while I was spanking him. That sometimes takes half an hour or more. Afterwards, he must remain completely naked until I tell him he can put his clothes back on. If the spanking occurs in the evening, I often will not let him put his clothes back on until the next morning. Whenever my husband receives a spanking, he may not receive any satisfaction for his own sexual desires, and I watch him to make sure that he does not masturbate. As you can see, when my husband misbehaves, he is really punished.

Finally, like D.H., I must admit that I enjoy spanking my husband and punishing him in the ways I have described. It gives me a feeling of power that I like very much, and, sexually, spanking my husband's bare bottom excites me tremendously. In general, the sight of a man's bare bottom arouses me sexually, and the thought of spanking a man on his bare bottom and punishing him in other ways arouses me more than any other kind of sexual thoughts. As long as the man is willing, as my husband is, I see nothing wrong with spanking him and punishing him in other ways he deserves.—*Name and address withheld*

I am trying to figure out how to get my husband to spank me. I am not kidding and I am not crazy. I occasionally (especially before my period) would love my husband to pull me across his lap and spank my bare bottom with his hand. I hesitated to ask him to do it, until my husband brought your June magazine home. I read those letters and I imagined myself being spanked and began to get excited. Maybe I won't like it after the first time but I need to know. I have hinted but to no avail. Pretty soon, I'll give up and start spanking myself.—*Name and address withheld*



Enemas

As long as I can remember up to age fourteen, my parents gave me enemas for no reason. Most of the time only my mother gave them to me, but I can remember on two occasions over the years when my father gave them to me. For either of them, the procedure was the same. I would take off all my clothes and get down on my hands and knees facing the bathtub. My elbows would be over the rim of the tub and they would insert the black nozzle, not the regular short one, but the slightly curved one with the four sides coming to a rounded point with holes in each side.

As I got older I would give myself enemas and would be unable to understand why there was pain all the way through the procedure (not knowing that I had the bag hung too high). When I was thirteen I let my brother give me two enemas and they also were too painful to hold or even complete, and I still didn't know why. Then, when I was fourteen my parents gave me the last enema that they would ever give me. This one was different for two reasons—both parents were present, and second, the bag was not used. In its place was a sink full of warm soapy water and a squeeze bulb with a pipe on it similar to the one normally used, but longer. I was in the same position—on knees facing the tub, elbows resting on the inside rim—and the bulb was filled by squeezing it and letting it go while the nozzle was in the mixture. It was then inserted into me and squeezed several times. As a result, I received a terrific erection and felt very bashful and red in the face; my parents did not say anything and I was glad of that.

When I was about fourteen or fifteen years old, I experimented with enemas on myself. One time I weighed myself on the bathroom scales and wrote the weight on a piece of paper. I gave myself an enema and reweighed. I found that I had gained five pounds. After this weight, I emptied my bowels and decided to weigh myself for the third time. I was again back to my original weight. I do not know how much I weighed at the time, but I do remember the five-pound gain after receiving the enema and before expelling it.

Over the years, I found that by trying various positions and by draining the tube and nozzle to expel air, an enema can feel good if given properly.—*Name and address withheld*

Th' expense of spirit

One of the positive results of the sexual revolution of the Seventies has been the release of male contraceptives from solitary confinement. They are now openly advertised on store shelves and on the pages of a few enlightened magazines such as *Penthouse*. Nearly all of the pre-Seventies literature emphasized the alleged disadvantages of the condom and left the reader with the impression that it had best be reserved for the promiscuous as a preventative for VD.

Most men, I've found, are bashful and reluctant to discuss their contraceptive practices, but once the ice is broken a surprisingly large number admit to using rubbers either all, or most, of the time. Few, however, have taken the trouble to try various brands and styles to find one that suits them best. Dr. Selig Neubardt, in his book *Contraception*, states that the condom is the most widely used method of contraception. Despite this wide use there are still many myths that need to be laid to rest. I hope that we can now look forward to some open and intelligent writing about the advantages of this method.

First and foremost is the myth that condoms deaden sensation to an unacceptable degree. This may have been true at the turn of the century, but modern products leave nothing to the imagination. By the time I reach a climax I can't tell if I'm wearing one. On many occasions I've been convinced the rubber must have broken, but in twenty years I've never had one break.

Another myth is that foreplay must be interrupted at some crucial time. Why? One of the most thrilling feelings I know is that of my wife putting a rubber on me. I have also disproved the myth that a condom can't be put on a soft penis. I've put them on before retiring, while either soft or partly erect, and they stay in place until needed.

Since marriage my wife and I have tried and discussed nearly all of the available methods of contraception. Our doctor advised against the Pill and she rejected an IUD. Since she is slow to become aroused, the diaphragm and creams that require forethought on her part have proved unsatisfactory for us. Although some of our friends report they use the foams without serious interruption during foreplay, we have never been able to master this feat. We find the condom to be the least troublesome as a last-minute device.

In the past few years several "sex handbooks" have been distributed on college campuses. In reading these it appears that the current generation has recognized that there is nothing unmanly about taking responsibility for contraceptive protection, and that, in this day of sharing, the condom comes close to being an ideal method. We need to share this knowledge and experience with others.—*H.M., Kansas City, Kans.*

Clean or dirty

I am an avid reader of your great magazine, *Penthouse*, but I don't believe your Forum has ever discussed the problem that plagues my wife and me—I like to get into bed with my old lady —and feel about her with my hands (she calls it "raccooning"), but I wear *rubber gloves*! No, not

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because my lovely wife is dirty, but because I imagine my hands are rough—they actually are like sandpaper—and I believe that they feel like an alligator between her cuddly legs.

The only thing is this—she *likes* it rough, and when I go to put on my gloves, she sometimes pouts, and won't open up for me at all.

At one time I wrote a column for an underground newspaper concerning the antics of a "dirty old man," so I'm not naive, but people got the idea that I am actually a dirty old man, and they have intimated this to my wife—when it's not the truth at all. Sexually, I'm probably the cleanest man alive, not going in for sixty-nine, cunnilingus, sodomy, flagellation, cucumbers, chains, straps, or whips—nor fart-smelling, ass-sucking, or ninety-six—just plain old SEX.

But I like to work my wife up wearing rubber gloves.—*Name and address withheld*

Ninety-six?—Editor

Pleasing pressure

I have just purchased your magazine for the first time and enjoyed it tremendously.

Mrs. P.J. in your May issue told her partner to put rubber bands around her nipples to give her the sensation of having them pinched. The idea of this excited me so I could hardly wait to try it. I wound rubber bands firmly around my nipples and the sensation was tremendous. However, my breasts soon turned red and the nipples real brown and I had to remove the rubber bands.

I was so excited about the principle and kept thinking about it. Suddenly it hit me that spring clothespins would give a pinching sensation. At first I had to release the spring to make them looser. I firmly placed one pin on each breast. The nipples immediately tingled and I got so hot I masturbated furiously because I was alone and couldn't wait until my mate was with me.

I kept the clothespins on for hours experimenting by making my breasts dance around. This sensation was so unbelievable I can't describe it adequately. Then I tried jumping rope naked with the pins firmly affixed to my nipples. Again it was indescribable—the more my breasts bounced the more pinching action there was.

As soon as my mate came in I practically attacked him because I was so hot. He roughly tied me to the bed and took two new clothespins which were tighter than the ones I released. First he teased me and then pinched my nipples. I practically begged him to put them on and finally he did. The sensation was better than anything I had felt at my breast before. The delightful feeling enhanced the other joy he brought me with his hands and mouth in my vagina.

I was so excited I came the minute he started fucking me and just kept coming and coming all the while he was plunging in and out of my cunt. Finally he exploded in me. Afterward he unbound me and released the pins. We were both so satisfied. The pins added immeasurably to my excitement, and mine lead to his.—*Name and address withheld*

Tantalizing toes

I have considered writing requesting something you finally delivered in the May 1974 issue of *Penthouse* magazine—a beautiful woman's bare feet among intimate surroundings. Thank you.

In future issues I would like to see a great deal more of the Pets' toes. This could be provided if the women wore stockings less frequently in their poses and if their bare feet were not cropped out of the chromes as they sometimes are.

Since I met my old lady six months ago (we began living together one week after we met) we have been, and still are, very much in love with one another.

An important part of our love life is my kissing and loving of my woman's feet. I see to it that her body, especially her feet and toes, is soft and tender to my touch by using a frequent body-lotion massage. Following a rub-down I give her a pedicure (about twice a week) and I enamel her toenails. Her feet are pretty: perfectly shaped toes that do not overlap, with large, full, broad nails that I keep slightly long. Other men, also, find her toes pleasant to view. I notice this when we go for walks and, weather permitting, she wears revealing platform sandals. Her feet often get obvious stares. She enjoys the attention and so do I. If I find myself getting jealous (sometimes I do), I fondle her toes as soon as we get home. She generally removes her sandals in the car on the way home, anticipating my desire. Often enough, under the same conditions, I have also removed my pants, revealing my cock. When we must wait until we get home it normally leads to a rewarding, extended fuck.

Recently we have been feeding each other late-night snacks via parts of our bodies. My most pleasant repast recently has been eating honey off my old lady's toes. Her preference is peanut butter or jam which she licks off my balls, my nipples, my asshole, and/or my cock. The sensations are rewarding and quite sensuous.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to* **Penthouse Forum**, *909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

Penthouse—the challenger—the magazine that ended the monopoly in the American male reading market by telling it like it is instead of was. The international magazine for men that exposes physical beauty and political corruption—blends fantasy and fact—the surreal with the real. Progressive publishing month in month out. Is it any wonder it's so often a newsstand sell out? Send your name, address and check or money order for $10 (1 year subscription) to Penthouse Subscription Department, 155 Allen Boulevard, Farmingdale, New York 11735. You won't miss an issue.

A point to ponder?

Winners of the Triple Crown

Among the millions of people Secretariat thrilled when he won the Triple Crown was the eccentric head of one of the world's most unusual private mints

For months now twenty-three unusually skilled men and women have been toiling on one of the most incredible medallic arts offerings ever made.

Orders for other projects are backlogged. Tension runs high, for each medallion takes some twelve weeks to complete and even a tiny mistake means that the medallion will be cut in half and thrown back in the furnace.

Investors and collectors who have heard of the project and come to watch are shooed away—there simply is not time for sociability. As one venerable craftsman put it, "We haven't had anything like this since the first Roosevelt Inaugural Medal."

It all began when J. Gould, President of The Corinthian Mint, decided to watch the Belmont Stakes to see if Secretariat could win the Triple Crown.

A Memorable Victory

Secretariat's owner, Mrs. Penny Tweedy of Meadow Stable, acquired him only because she had *lost* a coin toss. The winner got first pick—a filly named The Bride. Mrs. Tweedy got Secretariat.

At two, he was Horse of the Year. If anything, he was better at three. He won the Kentucky Derby and The Preakness. But the Belmont, held at the classic mile-and-a-half, was the key test. Here's how Mr. Gould remembers it:

"It seemed close for awhile but by the time he came into the stretch turn there was no doubt he would win. Even so the crowd was screaming as if it would be a six-horse blanket finish. I stood at the finish line and as he ran down the stretch the crowd roar came snowballing toward me rolling along with the big horse until I was engulfed in the sound. Suddenly I realized I was yelling too. He won by 31 lengths but everyone kept cheering, even those who had bet he would lose. We had seen something special. I vowed I would remember it in a very special way."

A Signal Honor

What Mr. Gould did was to create a unique Limited Edition of Medallic Art honoring the nine great Thoroughbreds who have won the Triple Crown: Sir Barton, 1919; Gallant Fox, 1930; Omaha, 1935; War Admiral, 1937; Whirlaway, 1941; Count Fleet, 1943; Assault, 1946; Citation, 1948; Secretariat, 1973.

The sculptor selected to portray each of the nine great champions is Mrs. Charlotte Dunwiddie, famous among patrons of the Arts and the Turf alike. She has sculpted Queen Elizabeth, Pope John and General Patton. Her statue of Messenger at Aqueduct is incredibly life-like as is her bust of Bold Ruler. Her lengthy list of awards was capped in 1972 when she received "The Artists Fund Prize" from The National Academy—the highest award one can receive as a sculptor.

The Triple Crown Medallions are available in a Limited Edition of .999 fine silver (8% purer than sterling). The edition is comprised of nine medallions, one of each winner of the Triple Crown. This edition is absolutely limited to 3,500. It is priced at $252 per set.

A limited Edition of 1,500 in Gold Vermeil is also offered. The price of this nine medallion set is $333.

The medallions measure 40 millimeters across. Each bears the portrait of a Triple Crown winner from the original sculpture by Mrs. Charlotte Dunwiddie. (This is the first time Mrs. Dunwiddie has allowed her work to be sold in multiples.) The reverse of the medallion bears the distance of each race, the horse's final time, and the imprimatur of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations.

Various Warrants

Each owner of a complete set receives a Certificate of Authenticity bearing his name and special registration number. The Certificate also serves as a Warrant that when the last allotted set is sold, the molds and dies will be destroyed to further insure the limit of the edition. Each set is serially numbered, hallmarked, and registered in the sequence subscriptions are received.

Each set comes framed in solid mahogany with an engraved nameplate bearing the owner's name and Registration Number mounted in the center.

Please be advised that in light of the severe limit, subscriptions will be honored strictly on the basis of order of receipt, one only to each subscriber. We are sorry but there can be no exceptions.

Two Ways to Pay

The recommended method is to purchase the set complete and pay in advance. By doing so, you will receive the first five medallions in the series and

the handsome mahogany plaque bearing your personal nameplate. The remaining four medallions will be delivered to you as they are minted. And you will receive —as a bonus—a free First Edition consisting of one Troy ounce of .999 silver: The Corinthian Mint ingot.

Or, you pay for the first and last medallions in the series . . . Sir Barton and Secretariat . . . and receive Sir Barton and your personalized mahogany plaque immediately. Then you will be billed for each of the seven remaining medallions in advance of shipment.

You Are The Judge

There is little question that this unique Limited Edition will be sold out, even oversubscribed. But you are the ultimate judge of its worth.

Inspect the medallions (or medallion) on arrival. They will be sent to you fully insured. If they fail to measure up to your standards simply return them within ten days for a full and unquestioned refund with no obligation. We will even refund your return postage fees.

Corinthian Mint Ingot—Free

The Corinthian Mint ingot is a First Edition—the first ever offered by Corinthian. This bonus ingot is a collector's item in its own right. It will be mailed free only to those who decide to acquire the complete set now and pay in advance. In truth, The Corinthian Mint ingot is a Limited Edition within a Limited Edition!

How The Triple Crown Medallions Are Made

* The Sculptor, Mrs. Charlotte Dunwiddie, is world famous. Her half life-sized statue of Messenger at Aqueduct Race Track is one of the "must-sees" of The Turf. Each Triple Crown sculpture is the product of not one but as many as five distinct casts.
* The finished model is impregnated with wax and sensitized by fine copper platers dust applied with a very fine camel's hair brush.
* The model is then copper electroplated to ⅛ inch. With jewelry this takes a few moments. With the medallions it takes several days; a richer thickness is required.
* The copper electroform serves as the matrix for cutting the die. In order to reduce the work (about 6-1) the stylist must make three cuts. Each cut takes 20 to 30 hours.
* After heat treating at 1500° and quenching in oil, the die is tempered at a lower temperature to obtain the proper hardness of Rockwell 59 to 60 C.
* The dies are then placed in a press and the .999 fine silver planchet is struck the first blow at 400 tons of pressure. After annealing to expand the grain structure and soften the metal for restriking the planchet is restruck. Four distinct blows are required to express all of the fine detail.
* The full-struck medallion is carefully stamped with the hallmark and then blasted with very fine five hundred grit sand at low pressure.
* The medallion is oxidized and hand relieved on a buffing wheel with pumice and water as the media. When the desired patina is obtained the medallion is carefully rinsed in alcohol and a fine coat of Egyptian lacquer is applied.
* Since as many as 23 people work on each medallion the inspection process is constant—and critical. The final inspection is as demanding as the first. Even a tiny flaw means the medallion is consigned to the furnace.
* The gold vermeil medallion is made the same way. The vermeil is added when the .999 fine silver medallion is electroplated with 24 karat gold.

Enlarged by 1/5 to show detail

Some Interesting Precedents For The Collector or the Investor

A renowned artist, an enduring subject, and excellent execution are the essentials of the worth of a Limited Edition. So, too, of course, is the limit of the edition.

Recently the market for Limited Editions has attracted many prudent investors as well as collectors. And with good cause.

* Norman Rockwell's "Spirit of Scouting," issued at $117, is now selling for $240.
* Roberts' Birds, originally sold at $100 each series, now brings $250.
* A 1970 Christmas plate minted in silver and issued at $100 is already selling as high as $800.
* Some of the same craftsmen making the Triple Crown medallions also created the first Roosevelt Inaugural medal. Sold originally for $2.50, one fetched $600.00 at auction recently.

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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

JASON L., age 31, 6'2", 180 pounds. Dark hair, brown eyes. Jason has his own business. He is married and has one child.

TERRY B., age 24, 5'8", 125 pounds. Blond hair, brown eyes. Terry is single. She lives with her parents and works as a bookkeeper for Jason's company.

JASON'S STORY:

I'd already been married to Nancy for about six years before I met Terry. I didn't have children at that time. Oh, I might as well be completely frank . . . I can't have children. You see, I'm sterile. My wife had our child by having relations with another man, with my approval. As a matter of fact, I kind of selected the other guy. He's a very good friend. I asked him whether, as a favor to me, he would knock up my wife. And, of course, he thought it was a dandy idea.

Right after we got married I started my own business. In the beginning I wasn't making much money and for a couple of years Nancy supported us. She was taking birth-control pills during the whole time because neither of us realized I was sterile. When we tried to have kids we found that it wasn't working, so we had tests and found out I was incapable of producing children. It wasn't really very rough on me to learn I couldn't have kids. Oh, it bothered me, yeah, but I knew it had nothing to do with my virility so it didn't affect my relationship with Nancy. She accepted it as casually as anybody could be expected to. It's indicative of the kind of relationship we have.

We did want a child, however. But I got very

MICHAEL KANAREK

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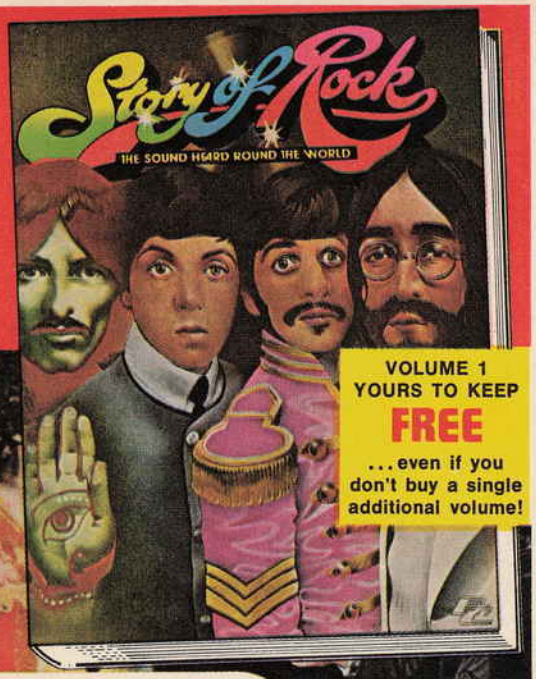

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frustrated in the course of working with adoption agencies because at the time we were trying to adopt I didn't have much money and the agencies wouldn't consider us. I got kind of mad at the world and said, this fucking society can go to hell. You see, I'd always been a civic-minded person, working on a lot of community projects and all that. I was bitter that society would reject me as a parent of an adopted kid. So then we decided we'd go the artificial insemination route. But that's a milking procedure—no pun intended. It's crap. Nancy felt the same way and one day she said to me, "This is no fun, it's a big damned pain in the neck, watching the thermometer readings and running for the doctor's office. And every visit costs fifty dollars." So she said, "What would you think if I got pregnant by somebody else?"

Well, I thought it was a great idea but I hadn't suggested it to her because I figured that maybe she'd be sensitive about it. Anyway, my friend fathered our child and I think it really cemented our relationship as a man and wife. She's a very considerate woman and a great mother. I love her and I'd say it in front of Terry because she knows how I feel.

So then why did I need Terry? Well, my sex life at home is not the greatest. My wife knows our sex isn't that good and so she's said, "Look, I'd much rather have you go and find it outside and come home happy—and be sure you're coming home—than have you walking around with your head hanging because you're not getting enough sex here."

I'm not saying Nancy doesn't enjoy sex. But she doesn't enjoy *oral* sex, at all. And that's my bag. Nancy can take it or leave it. She knows I've been with other women. She expects it when I go on business trips. But I don't think she'd be happy if she knew I had a real love affair on the side. But on the other hand, I don't think it would break her up if she found out. Well, it hasn't come to that, yet.

So far as Terry and I are concerned, all I can say is that I've had an awful lot of girls eat me but she's the best. With a lot of women it's usually a kind of condescending thing. With Terry, it's different. She digs it and I dig it and it's fabulous. It's nice to know somebody's eating you because they enjoy you and not because they feel it's a duty. But even the few girls I knew who did enjoy oral sex, well, their techniques just can't compare with Terry's. No way! I've never had a girl gobble me like she does. She's phenomenal. Just incredible.

I've never even had a one-night stand with any girl and not told her I was married. It's my own code of ethics. It's not fair to the girl. I don't have many morals as far as sex goes. Anything goes, almost. But it is important for each person to know from the outset if the other is married.

Terry and I have very few problems in our sex life together. But we do have some minor ones. Like I happen to really enjoy sixty-nine. So does she. But it's virtually impossible with her because she gets too excited. She erupts. She bites, man! It's a wonder I've got anything left. She has orgasms that are just out of sight and she loses her mind and doesn't know what she's doing. It's very hard to explain to your wife when you go home with teeth marks all over your cock. So we had to quit it.

Another minor problem is that the only time my wife seems to get horny is when Terry and I have just spent a night together and I've had about three orgasms. Then I come home and she wants some, too. That's rough.

Terry is over at our house a lot of the time and, as a matter of fact, she and my wife are really friends. It gets ticklish at times, but Terry has been very patient and realizes that there's no future so far as marriage is concerned. Not with me, anyway.

I sincerely doubt my wife and I will ever divorce or separate. I have a unique situation. My wife is a very considerate person. I try to be as considerate as I possibly can. I'm a good provider. I spend as much time as I possibly can with her and with our kid. Nancy may, in the back of her mind, be aware of what I'm up to. She's no dumbbell, that's for sure. She's probably far more intelligent than I am. She's probably smart enough to realize that something's going on and also smart enough to realize that it's to her interest not to fight it. She might just realize that to keep a dangerous situation under control it's best to keep an eye on it.

In a way Terry is a good thing for Nancy because our affair takes a demand away from her that she's not particularly interested in fulfilling anyway, except maybe once or twice a week. She knows I enjoy sex a lot more than that. If she thought it through she would realize that for the past couple of years, since Terry, I haven't been as demanding of her sexually. This should tell her something.

> I could see the headlines now: "Secretary Goes Down on Local Community Leader in Howard Johnson's Rest Room."

So far as Terry and other men are concerned, I've always urged her to go out and find somebody else because I feel guilty in many ways about our relationship. We love each other. There's no question about that. But there's also no question that I'm in love with two women.

I feel that eventually Terry has to get married—she should get married. She's going to make some guy one hell of a great wife. So I encourage her to go out but, unfortunately, she doesn't do it as often as she should.

If someone is going to get hurt in this relationship it isn't me. If Terry said to me tomorrow, "I've found somebody else and I don't want to see you anymore," I would be hurt. But it wouldn't be too bad because I've got somebody to fall back on. Terry doesn't. I don't think the time is going to come when I'll ever tell Terry to get lost. Hell, I feel almost like a father to her, in that I want to put my seal of approval on the guy when she finds him. I do love her and I want what's best for her and certainly what's best for her is a better situation than she's got right now. It's a fun situation for her, at this point, but it's not something she wants to be saddled with for the next twenty years.

She was getting kind of serious with a guy last year and it just so happened that I knew this guy very well and I knew she was getting into a bad situation. I did my damndest not to interfere. As it turned out the guy really treated her pretty badly. He almost beat her up. He was a real roughie. It ended up with her calling me to rescue her. That kind of thing. It was tough on me because I was home and had to make an excuse to get out of the house.

I saw it coming. This guy drank too much and he'd just gotten separated from his wife and he was a real hothead. Now, I never said don't go out with him. I never said you *may* not go out with him. God forbid! That would not be my right. I did try to discourage her by telling her some of the things I knew about him, but, you know, love is blind. I really feel that if I saw her going out with the right kind of guy I would keep my hands off and let it happen.

My background was very different from Terry's. Her family is uptight about sex. Mine was very open. My father and mother always urged me to tell them any problems that I had but, of course, I was never very enthusiastic about divulging my sexual activities to my parents. I think the first time my father and I were totally frank about sex was after I had been married for a short time and began having an affair with this girl. I got to the point where I was questioning whether I had made the right choice in a wife. So I had dinner with my father and I said, "Look, I'm having an affair and I'm uptight and I don't know what I should do. I don't think it's right to drop my wife. I don't dislike her, but I'm very enchanted with this other girl."

Then my father bared his soul and told me about relationships he'd had with women after he'd gotten married and, of course, I just didn't believe that my father could possibly have done that because I'd always thought he was a prude. In many ways, although he was open, I just felt that this was something that would have been kind of beneath him. But he even told me about a couple of the women, who are friends of my mother, that he'd had affairs with and I realized then that my father was a human being. I think it made our relationship much closer.

As far as the future is concerned, if my affair with Terry did end, I'd almost certainly have to find someone else. At this point, of course, I've got more sex that I can handle. I'm not getting any younger and it's not like I can still have fifteen orgasms a week. But I need more than I can get from my wife, that's for sure.

I don't think, if I were single, that Terry and I would get married right now. But if I were single—and had no attachments—I really think Terry would be the girl I'd marry.

TERRY'S STORY:

We first met when I was interviewed by Jason for a job in his office. I really liked him the first time I saw him, even though I noticed his wedding band. I gave him all the details—my name and home address and phone and everything—but that particular weekend I was staying with a girl friend and I told him I was. I couldn't understand why he kept asking for my girl friend's phone number. Pretty dumb of me, huh? He called me the next morning—which was Saturday—and

we had our first date that same night.

The first time we had sex was right after that. I wanted to go to this bar that had just been opened to women. Previously it had been for men only. We double-dated with two friends and, as it turned out, I didn't like the bar once we got there. So we left early and went back to my girl friend's apartment and she and her guy went upstairs to bed. So I looked at Jason and I initiated it. I said, "Let's go upstairs, too." And that was it.

I'd had several sexual experiences before but they had all been kind of one-sided. My first one was with Michael. He sort of brought me along slowly and, of course, since I only knew one way of sex with him it seemed just great. Then I went out with my next-door neighbor and he really got me into oral sex. For him, that is. I sucked him but he didn't reciprocate by going down on me. I really enjoyed oral sex right from the start, but he didn't enjoy giving me head that much.

After that I went to bed with other guys but there was really nothing great until I met Jason. The two of us just sort of hit it off sexually, physically, mentally . . . every way. I think the main reason, though, has to be our mutual attraction for oral sex. I know that personally I'd rather suck cock than have intercourse, any time. And I really enjoy the way Jason goes down on me.

I don't mind bragging. I think I'm better than Linda Lovelace. Jason and I looked at Linda in *Deep Throat* and I can tell you I can do better than that. I can take Jason all the way. We even play a silly game we call "Airplane," where I go roaring around the room making a sound like an airplane and then I just dive on him and eat it. I love it. And when he comes I swallow it. I didn't like it at first. The first time I got a mouthful of come it tasted so bad I just wanted to get rid of it. But now I like it. I want it. And Jason says it's like his gift to me . . . his love. I like that.

We have a lot of fun. We do crazy things: We ended up in a Howard Johnson's restaurant one night and we were eating ice cream and I told Jason I wanted to eat him, right away. He said, "Come on, there's just no way you can eat me here." Then he thought a minute and he kind of challenged me. He said, "Well, how about going downstairs and you blow me in the men's room." He didn't think I would, but I did. We finished our ice cream and started downstairs. Jason checked the men's room first to see if anybody was in there. We had to wait until it was clear and then we both rushed in and got in one of the stalls. It worked out pretty well except that we were both so goddamned nervous it wasn't really as much fun as it should have been.

I could see the headlines even as we were doing it: "Secretary Goes Down on Local Community Leader in Howard Johnson's Rest Room." Jason is pretty important in the community, you see. He's an officer of the fire department and he's with the chamber of commerce and he sings in the church choir. Boy! Anyway, I sat on the seat and kept my legs up and he stood up facing me and I sucked him right there. And, of course, all the while, men were coming in and out of the place—talking, laughing, going to the urinals, and so on. And there was Jason standing there as if he were getting ready to take the longest leak in history.

When we were through, Jason had to leave me there and check to make sure the coast was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

You've earned your stripe

...when you'd rather play touch football than watch the Super Bowl.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

...when you leave your car in the garage and walk the three blocks to the drugstore.

...because you've actually walked across the street to throw your Almond Joy wrapper in the litter basket.

80 or 86 Proof • Brown Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky., © 1974.

Salem refreshes naturally.

- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh, hot taste.

New crush-proof box.

Also in soft packs. King or Super King.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.
BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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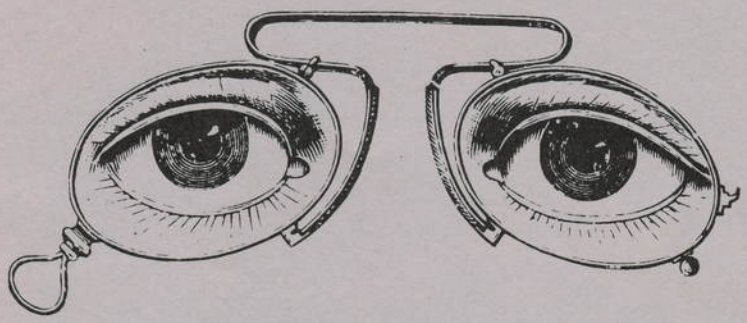
VIEW FROM THE TOP



PRIVATE LIVES

It's never easy going into public print like this to explain the breakup of a long-standing, intimate relationship. But the public has a right to know, as they say. And in announcing the end of the affair between the IRS and me, I can only hope you'll understand that I'm not the one to blame. It is their fault that it's all over between us.

I don't want to sound bitter. But, my God, when I think of all those years I remained faithful to Internal Revenue! Trusting it with all my most private secrets. Putting those secrets down on paper, no less. Sparing none of the lurid details about my income: how much I make, where I make it, how I make it. Naming names and everything—only to discover at this late date that I've been baring my fiscal soul to a blabbermouth agency. It hurts! Right in here, it hurts, believe me.

As recently as this past November, Internal Revenue Commissioner Donald Alexander told a *U.S. News & World Report* interviewer, "We in Internal Revenue try to maintain a strict rule of privacy concerning taxpayer information." Hah!

"We are legally required to do this," he went on, "and we think it is an excellent practice. Taxpayers are entitled to assume that we will do our best to preserve their rights to tax privacy." That's what I assumed all right.

Alexander continued, "No political influence has been brought upon me with respect to anyone's audit . . . and I don't expect that any will be."

So on April 15 of this year I sent IRS another sealed envelope containing what I thought was a confidential report of my ill-gotten gains. And on the very next day, I read in the *Washington Star-News* about the stacks of documents handed to three Senate subcommittees by Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut. The documents were collected during the course of the Watergate investigation and included White House memoranda.

According to the *Star-News*, these memos "showed that former members of the Nixon administration had no compunction about using agencies of the government, particularly the Internal Revenue Service, to do in political enemies and help their friends."

One of the alleged activities was the "use of IRS files to compile dossiers on political opponents," leading Weicker to observe that the IRS was "acting like a public lending library for the White House."

According to Weicker, a special White House team was permitted to collect IRS files on some 10,000 taxpayers between mid-1969 and August 1973. A memo was included among the documents warning that this activity should be kept from the news media because it "might embarrass the administration."

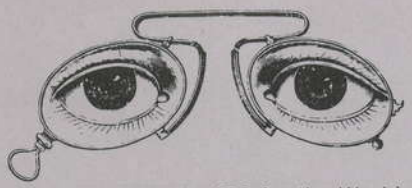
There were other juicy bits among the memoranda, including a note discussing the use of IRS to screw the producers of an anti-Nixon film entitled *Millhouse*. Another speculated on the feasibility of an IRS probe of the Brookings Institution's finances (a liberal "think tank" that the "plumbers" once tentatively targeted for a break-in and possible sabotage) as a way of discouraging anti-administration activities. And there was another whole set of memos indicating a White House interest in using IRS to help its friends—people like John Wayne and Billy Graham—with their tax problems.

There was a memo suggesting that President Nixon thought his staff should be permitted to examine former presidents' tax returns. And an executive order to allow the Department of Agriculture to examine the returns of three million farmers—an order that was rescinded only after the farm bloc in Congress got wind of it and shot it down.

It was all very illegal, of course. After action by the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation failed, the "leakers" at IRS should then have been prosecuted by our "law-and-order" Attorney General, John Mitchell. But he was too busy approving conglomerate mergers for campaign contributors and hassling ragged radicals in the courts on charges of conspiracy to disturb the war.

"All this," editorialized the *Star News*, "and who knows what else still to be revealed, is piled upon the most publicized finagling of all, involving the President's own tax return. After using every tax dodge that could be found to reduce his own taxes and after getting one clean bill of health from IRS, it was belatedly discovered that he really owned more than $400,000 in back taxes."

That clean bill of health, by the way, came in June 1973—along with "congratulations" on the correctness of the returns—from then dis-



trict director of the IRS for the Washington area, William D. Walters. Early this year, Mr. Walters was promoted to IRS regional commissioner for the Mid-Atlantic region.

IRS Commissioner Alexander concedes that "the Department of Justice has a right to call on us for tax returns when they need them for a specific investigation" and that section 6103 of the Internal Revenue Code "allows certain people in certain capacities to get certain information." Anyone at all can ask a district director whether you or any other individual filed a return in his district, and "that question will be answered."

Sorry. That's not my idea of a confidential relationship built on trust.

It's bad enough that, where the IRS is concerned, the courts have stripped us of such basic Constitutional rights as (1) the presumption of innocence, (2) the right to be secure in our papers and effects, and (3) the right not to be compelled to testify against ourselves. But when they can do all that and then hand over the information to other agencies without so much as a subpoena or court order, that's carrying it a bit too far for this taxpayer.

Next year, I'm thinking of sending only the money to the IRS, without the form. When they request the form, I propose to respond politely, "Gentlemen: The document you request has been filled out by me. But in view of the sieve-like character of your operation, I feel you have forfeited the right to retain this information in your files. You may, however, send a representative to my home to look at it for a period of no more than ten minutes. He will not be permitted, of course, to photograph or make copies thereof. Yours sincerely, etc."

Should I decide to yield the information to some government agency, maybe I'll send it directly to the CIA. Chances are, they'd get it eventually anyway, so I'd be saving the government the expense of a courier trip across town. Besides, maybe I can establish some kind of meaningful relationship with them. *—Fred Darwin*

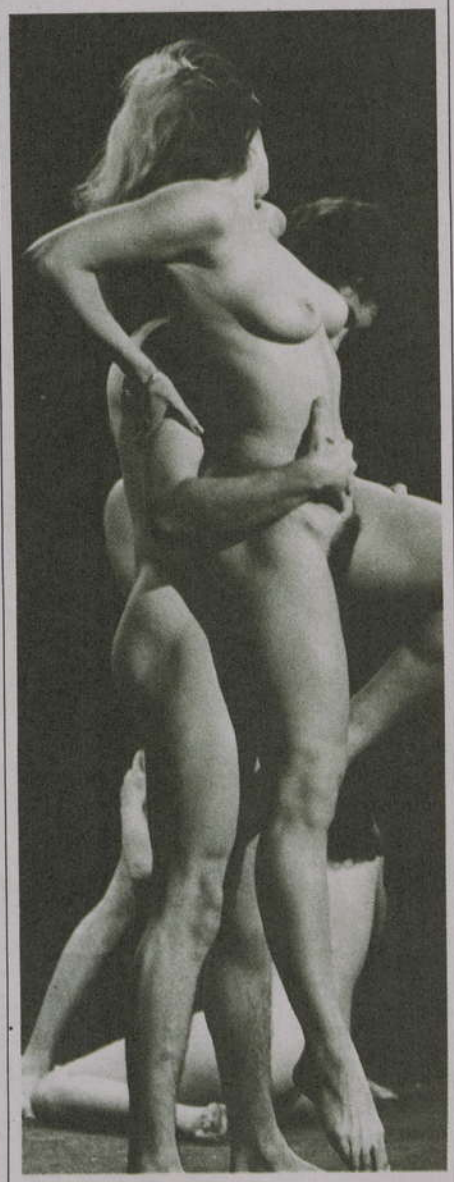
HAPPENINGS

LET MY PEOPLE COME

Let My People Come should have come and gone a long time ago, if quality and sophistication are what really make people go to the theater. But most people go to the theater for sex, nudity, and a touch of titillation, not for morality plays. And that's why *Let My People Come*—which modestly bills itself as "a sexual musical"—keeps packing them in at $9.50 a head in New York's Greenwich Village. With songs and skits like "Come In My Mouth," "Dirty Words," "He's the Cunnilingus Champion of Company C," and "Fellatio 101," *LMPC* has attained such popularity that by this fall additional productions will be mounted in Los Angeles, San Francisco, London, Amsterdam, Toronto, Houston, Chicago, and Israel, plus a U.S. touring company.

"The first week we opened the show in New York, I was certain the police would come in and arrest us all," admitted Earl Wilson, Jr., who wrote the soft-core show. But *LMPC* wasn't closed down. It's even attracted such community stalwarts as a state Supreme Court judge and the wife of a U.S. senator. The composer-lyricist (son of the famed show business columnist) doesn't foresee censorship problems when the sexual musical hits the hinterlands and international circuits. "The only reason to close down the show would be for political motivations," he claims. "Some guy might think he'll get votes for showing how moral he is by closing our show. But the obscenity laws are so up in the air, it'd be hard to make charges stick. I myself think it's clean."

Lots of people disagree with Wilson on that point. Throughout LMPC the cast runs around singing obscenities and dancing nude simulated-sex numbers that revolve around the theme of perpetual horniness. But the direction seldom rises above the level of a frat-sorority talent show, as one skit follows another in the most linear fashion. For the most part the songs are forgettable, with the lyrics coyly convoluted to cram in every known sexual reference. The youthful cast tries hard to feign exuberance with this material, but their obvious inexperience is frequently reflected in awkward, overblown performances. Although the audiences seem to love hearing every "cunt," "fuck," and "cock" in the text, the total effect is hardly erotic. In that sense, the show is "clean," as Wilson claims.



Let My People Come: Horny.

Wilson and producer-director Phil Oesterman say they didn't stage the musical revue to titillate. They were just two struggling theater people who wanted a hit show. "The producer told me, 'Nobody knows us. Nobody knows we've got talent,' " Wilson remembers. " 'We've got to show them we're alive. Let's do a sex show—a sex musical can't fail.' "

Oesterman told Wilson to start by writing "the most outrageous, erotic song he'd ever heard. He wanted to get a hard-on when he heard it," said Wilson. "So I sat down and immediately wrote 'Come In My Mouth.' Even I couldn't believe I wrote it. Our first reaction was hysteria and embarrassment, yet it was real and innocent and beautiful so why shouldn't the show be done? Of course, if we hadn't broken even the first week, we would've been in jail because all the money was borrowed." *LMPC* has not opened officially in New York because Oesterman and Wilson fear that a critical lambasting from the city's press might cut short the show's run. But with the intentionally provocative title, *Let My People Come*, audiences flock to the show's little theater.

LMPC draws a fairly conventional middle-class, middle-aged audience—typical New York theatergoers. "You can tell we get a class audience," said cast member Tobie Columbus. "They've only groped me three times. People don't walk out on the show either—but they do go to the bathroom an awful lot."*—Meridee Merzer*

SEX SUPERMARKET

The sign on the door reads: "Eye and Ear Hospital." All that you'll find happening in this San Francisco clinic, however, are abortions, vasectomies, sperm banking, tubal ligations, sex-change operations, breast implants, hair transplants, and face-lifts. The phony sign is just to keep the dignified neighbors from St. Mary's Cathedral at a respectful distance. The Pregnancy Control Center is the institution's legitimate name.

"We've brought together everything under one roof," says Ken Crutchlow, the Center's director, "the lab, physical exams, psychiatric staff, the doctors, and the surgery. The private physician cannot compete with us." For instance, patients can charge abortions and other hospital care on BankAmericard or Master Charge. Women who get tubal ligations along with their abortions have the abortion thrown in free. Out-of-town patients get reduced rates at a nearby motel. And men getting a vasectomy can have their sperm frozen and stored in underground, earthquake-proof sperm banks.

Cryobank was one of the first sperm banks in the United States, and the only one so foolproof that it offers $500,000 insurance to depositors for accidental loss. The bank is said to have over 2,000 depositors and claims thirty-nine artificially inseminated births.

"It's because of us that the number of men having vasectomies is increasing," says founder Bob Quinlan. "Our bank gives a man the chance to change his mind. He says to himself, 'If I have to have radiation treatments, if I have a dangerous job, if my wife dies or I get divorced, if my children die . . . twenty-five dollars a year to preserve my sperm is less than birth control pills.' "

In keeping with the hospital's novelties, Cryobank offers an extra service for an additional twenty dollars—a qualified female surrogate "to help him make the deposit."

Quinlan says that technological work is almost completed on separating chromosomes from the sperm so that clients who are artificially inseminated will be able to select the sex of their baby. This privilege will cost about sixty-five dollars and have 99 percent accuracy. Quinlan is so sure of the prognosis that Cryobank will offer insurance to pay all birth costs, prenatal care, and a flat fee if its sex calculation fails.—*Marlene Freedman*

BILLS OF DIVORCEMENT

Getting laid can be a problem for the newly divorced. A time lag sets in between the split and the resumed cruise. Libidinous commercialism, however, is claiming to make the coming-out stage a little less painful—if not joyful—for the divorced couple. Stationery stores in metropolitan areas are now pushing divorce announcements and various paraphernalia for divorce parties, showers, and ceremonies. What was once the domain of the attorney and courtroom is now being exploited by the merchant and church, and pop culture is again making kitsch and cash into affable bedfellows.

The divorce announcements are generally made to order, but firms usually carry two basic themes: the painfully amicable kind ("We are pleased to announce that Jane and Tom are getting divorced") and the joyfully vindictive ("Ms. Smith wishes to inform you that she is no longer the wife of . . .").

In Fresno, California, United Methodist minister Donald Fado is performing divorce ceremonies. They last about five minutes and use the same language as marriage ceremonies. The chic ritual is performed in Fado's study and he doesn't allow guests to attend. "The husband and wife release each other from their original vows and open the way for each to remarry."

The reverend adds, "I've never done one without tears. It's a very therapeutic thing." Per minute, his fee approximates a psychiatrist's bill, which is, perhaps, the point of the entire business.—*Marlene Freedman*

FILMS

CHINATOWN

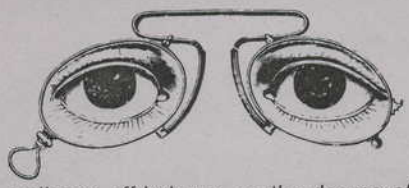
Roman Polanski is said to have screened a number of the Humphrey Bogart detective stories of the Forties to capture the appropriate visual style for his latest film, *Chinatown*. But Polanski's detective story is set not in the Forties but in the pre-Bogart depression era of the Thirties; and while it is visually reminiscent of John Huston's *The Maltese Falcon*, *Chinatown*'s pessimistic intellectual tone jumps ten years ahead to such films of the Fifties as *The Asphalt Jungle* and *Touch of Evil*. Aided by Robert Towne's brilliant and wry original screenplay, Roman Polanski has fused the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties together to document the decline of the American dream.

A proposed dam in the Los Angeles area is supposed to provide water for the drought-ridden city, but big-money interests act to surreptitiously divert the water for irrigation of their land in the valley. A divorce detective (Jack Nicholson) is unwittingly dragged into the controversy when he's hired by a woman to spy on her husband, an outspoken engineer on the project. When the detective comes up with possible proof of an affair, the woman vanishes, the real wife (Faye Dunaway) appears and sues Nicholson, and the engineer-husband is found dead.

Faye Dunaway in *Chinatown*

Chinatown is a highly sophisticated intellectual puzzle, but to the jaded eye of the nostalgia-ridden Seventies' film-goer, the entire plot line may seem beguilingly innocent, perhaps innocuous. Polanski's use of such a story, however, has a purpose other than the petty homage of Peter Bogdanovich's films.

Chinatown opens in Nicholson's office as he routinely exposes yet another banal case of marital infidelity to a suspecting husband. As the man erupts in a tantrum of humiliation, Nicholson sarcastically asks him "not to eat the venetian blinds"; and the husband obediently returns to his uneventful life. The scene is played for easy, broad laughs, but Polanski immediately sets out to destroy this normalcy, this feeling that the established order must be maintained. In a similar fashion, the film's opening credits—set against a faded black-and-white deco print, a soft sax in the background—prepare the audience for a easier, less-challenging film. Towne's detective plot line functions in the same regard—pulling the



audience off-balance, as the degree of violence throughout is repeatedly unexpected. Polanski's more successful films all begin with the quiet façade of everyday life: the young sailing couple in *A Knife In the Water*, the routine of the shopgirl in *Repulsion*, and the apartment-hunting newlyweds in *Rosemary's Baby*. But in all these cases, the everyday life is a fraud, existing only to highlight the characters' fantasies against a greater, violent reality.

In obtaining the appropriate visual look, Polanski has clearly opted for the highly intellectual and theatrical techniques of John Huston's films. The actor is central to both Huston and Polanski's view of existence, and in *Chinatown* the characters are presented as human objects placed in a moral vacuum, functioning against a one-dimensional backdrop that finally leaves them no choice but to submit to the amoral order. His characters are left with nothing to do but react off one another, and in Polanski's universe those other people are hell.

As the detective Jake Gittes, Jack Nicholson's usual flamboyance is restrained, to create a male machine that operates efficiently on call to the order of his vindictive clients. Faye Dunaway is an excessively mannered actress, but Polanski successfully contrasts her to Nicholson's easy, instinctual approach. Her occasional overacting is used to create the distance between her character's agitated emotional state and her dramatic, ethical position within the film—poses that fluctuate between that of a possible victim to one of a suspected murderess.

With Nicholson and Dunaway, Polanski has pulled off a casting coup that is central to the film's quality. In their completely opposing approaches to acting, Nicholson and Dunaway evoke a chemistry that could exist only in an environment of adversity in which opposites can be drawn together for a moment of deceptive calm.

As the film's central villain, Polanski has successfully cast his mentor, John Huston, as a grotesque millionaire land-developer. But smaller grotesqueries pervade Polanski's universe—Dunaway's waxen, masklike face; her aloof, overly protective Oriental servants; Nicholson's stitched-up, bandaged nose; and the darkened silhouettes of his assistants. In the background is an entire gallery of disfeatured human flesh: a pimply faced librarian, a mannish secretary, a bloated mortician—all unknowing, yet officious caretakers of corrupt, monied concerns.

The film's final shoot-out is staged in a Chinatown, a locale in which the exoticism of foreign decadence seems conducive to escape, but where domestic organized crime is in most lethal control—a nightmarish dead-end to the American dream of success. "Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown."—*Robert Hofler*

FOREIGN FILMS

Claude Chabrol's *Wedding in Blood* is the latest movie—and possibly the latest masterpiece—to reach us from the least appreciated of the important figures in the French New Wave. For some years now Chabrol has been making movies that look a lot like one another; that feature his wife, the marvelous Stéphane Audran; and that deal with the constraints and obsessions of contemporary life in the French provinces. Most of Chabrol's films are murder mysteries, though for some, like *Wedding in Blood*, the mystery isn't in the crime so much as in the springs of human nature.

Audran is the wife of an obnoxious small-town mayor and the mistress of the mayor's deputy, a decent liberal, decently played by Michel Piccoli. The lovers meet secretly and whenever and wherever they can, which for them is not enough. So one night he murders his sexless, hypochondriac wife (it looks like suicide), and not too long after they both murder her impotent husband in a well-faked car accident. And as a result, they cannot meet at all, for fear the townspeople will begin to connect their losses with their passion. But Audran has a teenage daughter from an earlier marriage, who adores her mother and discovers her guilt, and she finds a way to affect a union—though it must confirm for both the man and the woman that their love affair is also their doom.

Piccoli, Audran: Ironic grandeur.

There is a quality of perversity in *Wedding in Blood* as in all Chabrol's movies. (He once filmed a modern-day version of the Hamlet story, in which Claudius is innocent and Ophelia is the only one not to go mad.) In this case the perversity is largely carried by the clumsy sexual hunger of the lovers, at once touchingly real and perfectly unbelievable. Like the heroes and heroines of any recent Chabrol film (*La femme infidèle*, *Le boucher*, *This Man Must Die*, etc.) the lovers are fated. But they meet their fate with an ironic grandeur that makes their tragedy seem a kind of happiness—a successful submission to their own natures.

Everything in the Chabrol universe—the lush countryside (a glorious area near the Château of Valençay), the secondary characters, the dense background music of Pierre Jansen—conspires in the tragedy. But only a personality like Stéphane Audran's can raise it all into something so lucid and humane. I would say that her collaborations with Chabrol (*Wedding in Blood* is simply one of the best) are among the most exciting exercises in professional filmmaking that we have ever been offered.

As a filmmaker, the American critic and novelist Susan Sontag has, until now, been considered a thoughtful amateur. But her newest movie, *Promised Lands*, a documentary made in Israel since last year's Yom Kippur war, changes that. It is first-rate work: beautiful, sometimes terrifying, perceptive, balanced, and—when necessary—quite properly self-effacing. Since Susan Sontag's stock-in-trade has largely been a kind of intellectual pyrotechnics—rewarding, though a little flashy—the self-effacement may represent a very real victory.

Promised Lands does have a point of view—which I take to be pro-Israel and anti-war, but not anti-Arab. The film's principal spokesman, a left-of-liberal novelist named Yoram Kaniuk, sees the situation of the Jews and Arabs as the opposition of right against right, with justice on both sides and probably no solution for either. But I am more intrigued by what the camera sees—in the ritualized misery at the Wailing Wall, the knots of black-coated Hasidim making Jerusalem look almost as Jewish as New York City, the destroyed equipment and charred bodies in the desert, like instant ruins and memorials to death. Death truly pervades the movie—though it comes eventually to merge with something more elemental, like the idea of impermanence. The movie discovers in Israel just how tenuous a place man—even city man—occupies in the landscape on which he lives.

Promised Lands is in limited release. But, as a demonstration of how film can be a way of thinking and feeling, it is worth seeking out.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

BLUE MONEY

The dildo is legal—in case your great aunt is worried. Since the Nixon Supreme Court abandoned the First Amendment to local courts, however, nobody can be sure about anything else that may suggest sex to some country judge—from classic art and literature to the gynecological studies known in the pornography trade as split beavers.

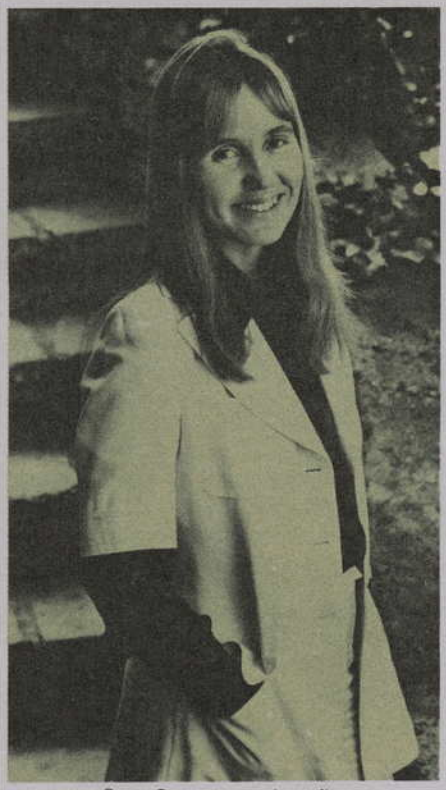
Dr. Carolyn See tells how the dildo escaped legal jeopardy in her chatty personal jaunt through the two-billion-dollar pornography industry, *Blue Money* (McKay, $7.95). "By diligent inquiry, attorneys found a melancholy veteran who had been castrated in a recent war, who was willing to testify that he would be lost without his dildo." Since the government is required to replace to the best of its ability any missing parts of disabled vets, a court ruled that the dildo had at least one legal purpose and therefore its sale could not be curtailed.

Dr. See is not a medical doctor, but rather holds a doctorate in American literature. She became interested in the sex-fantasy industry by testifying to the literary merit of some dirty books. It happened that the books—at least the first ones she mentions—did have literary merit. They were the products of Maurice Girodias's remarkable Olympia Press in Paris, which published Nabokov and Genet and brought literature to hard-core pornography by employing creative and skillful writers.

But she was not testifying on behalf of poor old Maurice, a full-time victim who has been cheated out of nearly everything he has ever done or owned. She was working for Burton Marks, one of America's smartest constitutional lawyers, who was representing Marvin Miller, one of America's most persistent pornographers. Dr. See sympathetically and amply documents Miller's career through a hell in which paranoia is reality. Miller has been harassed both systematically and capriciously by every level of officialdom from deputy sheriffs to federal officers. Government officials have used his employees, his competitors, his creditors, and have even tried to enlist his attorneys to frustrate his every move.

Blue money may be big money for a few, but it ain't easy money for anybody. "Nice work if you can get it," you may say as you're watching a guy balling a chick on the screen. But skin-flick actors are lucky to get fifty dollars for a long hard day. The women get more than the men, but the latter have it the roughest. A Hollywood grip describes the preparations for a scene: "One actor is sort of halfway jerking off, waiting for his big moment on the silver screen. It takes almost an hour to set up the shot. He doesn't want to come, see, but he's afraid he's going to lose it if he stops doing it. So he keeps on doing it while we're walking back and forth around him, putting wires under his feet, asking him to duck his head while we move in some lights." After his brief scene the actor goes on playing with himself, because "nobody felt like telling him to stop."

The problem of erection creates a double standard in all kinds of pornography, presenting an artistic as well as a practical problem. Any naked woman can be a sex object, because you can't tell by looking at her whether she's feeling sexy or not. However, a woman viewing a limp man not only gets the message that he is unexcited, but—since impotence can strike any man at any time—there is a nagging insecurity about whether he is even potentially a sex object.



See: On porn and profits.

This may be the reason that the last barrier in skin flicks was exposure of the male genitals, long after the split beaver was commonplace. And now there's a guy who screws a snake. "That's his living," the grip says with awe. "He makes his living screwing this snake. I mean, where did they find him? What agent did they call up?"

The snake routine was a cinematic bit from the fertile brain of Matt Cimber, generally regarded as the father of the public skin flick—made public by Marvin Miller with whom Cimber works from time to time when he isn't fighting with Miller over money.

Cimber is known in the trade as something of an intellectual for recognizing, in Dr. See's words, "that sex occurs first in the mind, that fantasies need feeding before anything much happens to erectile tissue."

Before Cimber there were, and still generally are, three kinds of skin flicks: features—about an hour long with minimal plot; shorts—with about twenty-three minutes of screwing and a bare two minutes of preparatory plot; and loops—just plain fucking run round and round through the projector.

At first, loops, known as beaver loops, didn't even have couples. In the words of Jim Holland, the "Dildo King," "It looked like the cameraman had set up a camera in front of a broad and then gone out somewhere for coffee." Certain that he could do better, Holland made his own beaver loop and launched a porno empire which may surpass even that of Mike Thetis of Atlanta, who at this writing had seven federal convictions under appeal, and had hosted a lavish three-day convention of "First Amendment" lawyers.

Holland owns a score of "adult" bookstores, sixteen movie houses (and movies to supply them), his own photo-processing lab, and two printing plants. And he also heads Sinep (penis backwards), the country's largest producer of dildos—by this account.

Blue Money is not an exposé with facts and figures to support its subtitle's claim that porn is a two-billion-dollar industry. It is, rather, an entertaining, personal attempt to show what makes a few key characters in the business tick.

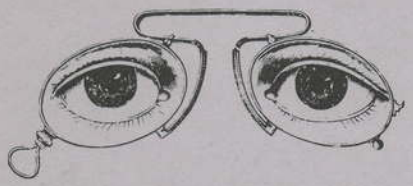
Dr. See found affection for all her characters. "I would like to think because I like them all," she concludes, "that they do no more than give America what it wants. They take a tidy profit, but so do the companies who make cornflakes, and my smut kings give more for the money."

It's certainly true we are all chasing the same American Dream. But must that dream be so shoddy? We'll never know the artistic possibilities of sexual fantasy until its representation is legalized.

RECOMMENDED READING

Conundrum by Jan Morris (Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, $5.95). This account by a forty-year-old father of five who finally realized his lifelong desire to be a woman is not a routine look at transsexualism, but rather a significant insight into the nature of sexual identity.

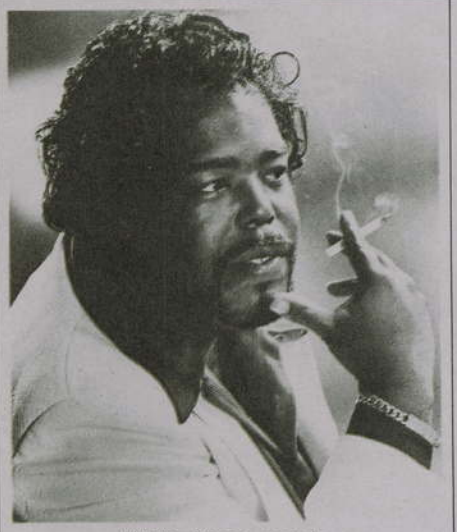
Joey by Goddard Donald (Harper & Row, $10). As good a portrait of a modern gangster as any yet, and Crazy Joe Gallo is easily the most colorful figure the Mafia has produced.—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

DANCIN' MACHINE

On the outside it's just one of the many anonymous gray loft buildings on a windy warehouse block in lower Manhattan. In the predawn hours of Sunday morning the rosy glow of a lone streetlight shines on a vividly arrayed crowd making its way to the private after-hours club upstairs. Inside is a scene out of a Middle American's vision of hell. Flashing, whirling rainbow lights reveal young faces by Giotto and Visconti dancing together in a mad frenzy of arms and legs. Sassy black women with licorice cotton-candy hair and close-cropped, T-shirted brothers gettin' it on. Style permeates the smokey air, along with the tingle of sexuality and the smell of "poppers" (amyl nitrate).



White: Disco sounds.

Paaar-ty! Paaar-ty! Ain't nobody straight here tonight, sugar. *Rock the boat, baby!* Blacks, whites, men, women, heterosexuals, homosexuals—the distinctions melt away as a room full of kinetic flesh is borne away on a cloud of nonstop music. *Hey, hey, boogie down!* The steps don't really matter. An occasional Funky Robot, and maybe a Bump or two, but mostly just folks dancin' their asses off. *Dancin', dancin', she's a dancin' machine!* Three, four, five, six o'clock in the morning. They party till they drop. And then they party some more. *Let's get it on, it's time to get down!*

The disco scene has surfaced again, nearly a decade after such trendy atrocities as the Peppermint Lounge and the Twist have faded into memory. Today's discos have little in common with the fads of the Sixties. No Frug, no Jet Set, and thank God, no "Killer Joe" Piro. The Seventies' discotheques come out of a different tradition—out of black, Latin, and gay subcultures, where dancing has always been an important part of the social scene.

In recent years the dance halls, juice bars, after-hours clubs, private lofts, and free-lance dance promoters have mushroomed out of this partyin' underground into highly visible, aboveground phenomena. This past year the number of discotheques in New York has nearly doubled, with new ones opening almost every week. The same is happening in Boston, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles. As a result of this growth, the discos have become a major influence on musical tastes and record sales.

The body-energizing, Afro-Latin accented, drum- and rhythm-based music played in the discotheques is the only bright spot on the increasingly dismal Top Forty charts. If it weren't for the R&B renaissance, sparked in some measure by the discos, the charts would look like an instant replay of 1963: singing nuns, foreign-language ditties, maudlin songs about death, and remakes of oldies that were bad enough the first time around. Top Forty AM radio has been reduced to playing twenty selections a week, with some weeks going by without any new additions to their playlists. FM radio, once a forum for the new and unusual, has become a showcase for album cuts by fading rock stars, in addition to the same hackneyed cuts being played on AM. Just about the only place where exciting new tunes are consistently being aired is on disco dance floors.

The top discotheque DJs take pride in discovering obscure album cuts and otherwise ignored singles that will get the crowd screaming for more. Always anxious to please, they may play a song over and over without a pause, turning a three-minute single into an endless boogie. Drawing on the immediate feedback of people voting with their feet, these DJs are far more sensitive to musical tastes than sales charts and radio play lists. Though many songs have been huge disco hits without ever making it onto the Top Forty lists, countless others might never have become popular successes if it hadn't been for the support of the discotheques.

When gold records were handed out for the million-selling "Love's Theme" by the Love Unlimited Orchestra, one award went to Bobby D.J., the disco jock who was credited with having introduced the song to dance audiences. He first played "Love's Theme" over a year ago at the Ice Palace, a tacky gay discotheque on New York's Fire Island. The lushly produced instrumental, once jokingly described as the theme music from the world's first $20-million black movie, was an instantaneous smash. Within a week, discotheques throughout the Northeast had picked up on the song. A couple of R&B stations also started playing it. When it failed to sell in the stores, it disappeared from the airwaves. But the discos kept it on.

Barry White, the tune's composer and arranger, began to acquire an underground reputation as the Orson Welles of contemporary R&B. White had discos in mind when he had "Love's Theme" flow uninterrupted into "Under the Influence," another hit of his *Love Unlimited* album. In late autumn, radio stations started playing the song again. By the beginning of this year, it was the top single on the national Top Forty charts. It was only natural for the record label to recognize the importance of the discotheques by giving Bobby D.J. the first gold record ever awarded a disco jockey.

Kendricks: Boogie down.

Even among the top discotheque DJs there are variations in style. Some prefer to turn their listeners on to lots of new records, while others rely more on current favorites. Some DJs make use of wild sound effects played over the music to build up the crowd's frenzy. In the black clubs, a DJ may get on the microphone to interject a hip comment or two. Yet across the broad spectrum of dance audiences, the music remains essentially the same.

The Philadelphia Sound has been riding high on the list of disco hits. "TSOP," the theme from the TV show "Soul Train," had been the biggest song on the disco circuit since the beginning of the year, and "Where Do We Go from Here?" by the Trammps emerged as the surprise hit single of the summer. The O'Jays, Harold Melvin and the

Blue Notes, the Spinners, and such female trios as the Three Degrees and First Choice always keep people partyin'. Motown still has the right sound with such winners as Stevie Wonder, Eddie Kendricks, the Temptations, and the Jackson Five. *Get It Together* by the Jackson Five has got to be the disco album of the year, as each cut overlaps the next, making use of everything from echoing rifle shots to an aircraft announcer's overhead voice to help create the dissolves. For good measure there's funky stuff by the Hues Corporation and Main Ingredient. But it's Barry White who continues to be the epitome of the disco sound with his lush instrumentals—from his first album, *I've Got So Much To Give*, to his more recent, *Rhapsody in White*.

With the revival of dancing in public places, it's just a matter of time before the wave hits house parties across the land. Flashing lights, fancy steps, and picturesque guests are by no means necessary, but music by any of the groups mentioned above certainly is. Take your pick, and then get down.—*Steve Ditlea*

YES TALES

"All that shit about playing your best music when you're lying face down in the gutter with no money is a load of rubbish," snaps keyboard master Rick Wakeman. "We're making better music now that we've got no financial worries hanging over our shoulders."

Wakeman and his group, Yes (Jon Anderson, vocals; Steve Howe, guitars; Chris Squire, bass; Alan White, drums), are playing to consistently sold-out houses only halfway through an eight-week American tour that is being carried off with greater logistical ease than previous treks. But a problem remains: How much of their recent four-sided album, *Tales from Topographic Oceans*, should be played onstage?

Wakeman and producer Eddie Offord are the only ones associated with Yes who have voiced any objection to performing *Tales* in its entirety. Wakeman claims that the three-hour show necessary to play the album, as well as the other numbers in their repertoire, is "physically crucifying" him. "Nothing," he smiles with relief, "made me happier than only playing sides three and four last night."

Based on the four-part Shastraic scriptures described in Paramahansa Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi*, *Tales* was devised by Anderson and Howe during an Asian tour. It is—in the Yes tradition—a long, involved piece of music welding together the diverse, yet distinct talents of the group's five members. With Wakeman coming from the Strawbs, White from the Plastic Ono Band, and the other members of the group from equally disparate backgrounds, it's a wonder they have been able to think on the same musical plane at all. But, explains Anderson, "It is the music that we totally base our involvement with each other on."

Their talents have blended together through six gold albums and finally in *Tales*, which has been called "a musico-spiritual offering that covers all fields of experience in a sophisticated blend of Eastern thought and Western acoustic/technological musical support." And Anderson insists that each of the four sections are intrinsically necessary to one another in a "never-ending cycle."

The five musicians walk onto a stage littered with oceanic debris as the final prerecorded strains of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* fade. Bathed in the startlingly effective colored lighting, Anderson perches before the microphone and belts out the lyrics to their hit, "And You and I."

The ribcage of a long dead sea beast catches your eye as Howe, grimacing in total concentration, whips off the licks to the title cut from the *Close to the Edge* album. Meanwhile, Wakeman is all over his keyboards—a hefty dozen composed of Moogs, mellotrons, organs, and pianos—while the lights flash off his gold sequined cape.

Wakeman: Presenting *Tales*.

After a short breather, Yes launches into tonight's abbreviated version of *Tales*. Though the piece has been cut in half—due to the late arrival of the road crew—the non-theater "theater" ("We believe in presentation as opposed to theatrics," says Wakeman) accompanying the piece is no less exciting than usual. The canopy over drummer Alan White becomes the head of a raging monster, its red eyes piercing the darkness. The attached oval slide projection screens form yet another part of the serpentine body and the beast's exposed ribcage flashes colors with every drum beat.

Yes exits to tumultuous applause and soon returns to play both "Roundabout" and "Starship Trooper."

Since their formation in London in December 1968, Yes has been making things work through an imaginative and highly innovative combination of sounds. Of the original group, only two members remain—bassist Squire and founder Anderson. Howe replaced Peter Banks after their second album, *Time and a Word*, and Wakeman joined after the departure of Tony Kaye in the summer of 1971. White, the band's latest addition, took over the percussion chores from Bill Bruford when the latter left to join King Crimson.

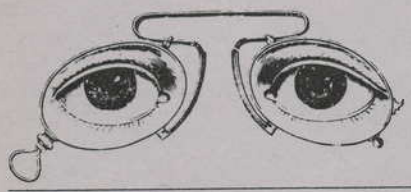
Their style and experimentation developed to the point where, last year, they released a three-record collection of live material called *Yessongs*. According to Anderson, it signalled the end of an era and the realization that his writing was progressing to more spiritual levels. The Shastraic scriptures, he felt, "lent themselves well to much of the music we had on hand and things we were yet to compose." *Tales* also made it obvious that Yes could no longer be satisfied with merely playing long pieces of music, that holding together a musical concept with a definite construction and arrangement was the next step in their evolution.

"You can't just fit things together and hope they work," says Anderson. "It's got to balance out. *Tales* helped us learn a lot about future possibilities." This, however, doesn't mean the next Yes album will necessarily be a two- or even three-record set. "It's going to be a single album," promised Wakeman. "Big albums are too much to swallow. And besides, the price is prohibitive these days—it cuts off a large part of our audience."

After the tour, some members of the group plan to work on solo projects. Wakeman's second single effort, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, will be put on the road. Anderson is elusive on the subject of his album, saying only that it will obviously be vocally oriented.

Howe has nearly completed his disc. "This one will virtually be a 'Steve Howe: Released At Last' type thing where I do things I can't quite do in Yes. I don't want a concept album this time . . . maybe the next one when I've set the ball rolling."

Right now, according to Howe, Yes is trying not to become "one of those bands that fall into the same traps as everyone else has." "Like I said to the folks the other night," adds Anderson. "We sure don't play the top twenty now, do we?"—*David Rensin*



SHORT TAKES

THE MASKED MEN

It used to be that Mac Rebennack used the persona of Dr. John on- and offstage for the convenience of his music. But the business of making that music has become so demanding that Dr. John has almost completely forfeited the use of the Mac Rebennack guise. His friends still call him Mac, but practically everyone else today thinks of him as Dr. John: a reincarnation of the New Orleans character; a live Berlitz primer on the Cajun language; a musician that rolls Bourbon Street boogie, swamp bop, and Top Forty into one.

Early in his career as Dr. John, Rebennack used to wander around the stage mumbling swamp incantations and tossing handfuls of *gris gris* (glitter to you and me). But after the New York Dolls mixed it in their rouge, the power of glitter hasn't been quite the same. It turns out, however, that Dr. John has much more to offer than "decadence," and thanks to his dogged pursuit, the public is now beginning to realize it.

Musically, *Desitively Bonnaroo* (Atlantic SD 7043) has the same things going for it that previous Dr. John LPs have had. Produced by Allen Toussaint, the music ranges from bright high-steppers to chilling ballads. Dr. John sings verbal sounds that are something less than words but still retain meaning. What does *desitively bonnaroo* mean to you? Or *mos 'scocious*? Or *bodacious*?

What language is that? Maybe a little English, a little Black, and perhaps some Cajun? But mostly it is a musical language, constructed in the same way as music; the same old notes in a new order with different inflections. All of which is part of the reason why Dr. John is an important artist. He has persisted and clearly emerged as a stylist—his signature is on everything he does. While Peggy Lee might be able to sing "Mos 'Scocious" on the *Merv Griffin Show* from cue cards, it is Dr. John who has the style that makes hearing it worthwhile.

The other great masked man of rock 'n' roll is Captain Beefheart, Don Van Vliet. If you've ever been curious, now is the time to check him out. Beefheart has arrived at a stage where he is starting to peek out from behind his early pose as the oracle. His new album, *Unconditionally Guaranteed* (Mercury SRM 1-709) is well worth the trouble of searching for it. As on his last LP, *Clear Spot*, he abandons his early efforts to submerge simple meanings in large thoughts and through it all has lost neither his commanding demeanor nor his ability to surprise. He is an authoritative singer, a clever songwriter, and his band, the Magic Band, is steady and imaginative.

CURRENT RELEASES

This Time/Waylon Jennings (RCA APL 1-0539). Waylon Jennings has a voice so deep and rough that it sounds as if he has three balls, and he sings songs about good ol' boys who think they do. They're the kind who wake up in the morning wondering why that woman left, why he left the one before her, and where this little ol' town got all that booze. Jennings and his buddy, Willie Nelson, are creating a change in country music that is as important as what Dylan and the Beatles did to pop music.

Apostrophe/Frank Zappa (Discreet DS 2175). Frank Zappa—famed for his escapades with Mothers of Invention, Reuben and the Jets, and others—takes this opportunity to tell some stories and play some music. The stories are on the order of fantasies, as in "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow," which is sometimes about Eskimos and sometimes about us. There are also stories about "Uncle Remus," and someone named "Stink Foot," and the well-known "Father O'Blivion." Jack London he ain't, but it is no less than Frank Zappa ever was.

Road Food/The Guess Who (RCA 1-0405). The Guess Who are not generally recognized as the polished and experienced rock 'n' roll band that they are. This LP isn't going to change all of that, but it is an album which makes the situation even more bewildering. Burton Cummings is one of the finest, most distinctive voices in rock, and Kurt Winter is vastly overlooked as a guitarist. But the real point is that this is a band in the most important sense. They've played together so long, before so many audiences, that they've developed that sixth sense, knowing what the others are going to do before they do it.

Dr. John: A stylist with a musical language.

Exotic Birds and Fruit/Procol Harum (Chrysalis CHT 1058). Procol Harum is back to rocking after excursions into symphonies and grand hotels. But they have breathed the rarefied air of the classics and have returned with a new sense of finesse and beauty. As of this writing, there has not been a lot of hoopla in conjunction with this album. But there are classics here, such as "Fresh Fruit" and "Butterfly Boy," that rival any of their previous work. Procol Harum is a band that has mastered the full range of contemporary music idioms.

Genesis Live/Genesis (Charisma CAS 1666). English art rock at its most theatrical. Lead singer Peter Gabriel stars as the Bad Hatter. Old Vic vocals, diverse harmonies, and mellotron madness upstage some of the cotton candy cosmic lyrics. A colorful soundtrack from a merrie minstrel show.

On Stage/Loggins and Messina (Columbia PG 32848). Loggins and Messina became stars very quickly and for good reason. They write excellent songs, Loggins is an exceptional singer, Messina an exceptional producer, and they are both first-rate musicians. Plus they can do it all onstage, live, in concert. This album is a document of just how well they do it. it. They're a really tight band that can boogie a ballad, a fresh horn sound, and crisp vocals. Just as *Live Rhymin'* was an important Paul Simon album, *On Stage* is an important Loggins and Messina album.

Crosswinds/Billy Cobham (Atlantic SD 7300). This is Billy Cobham's second solo album. Cobham is the drummer from the Mahavishnu Orchestra, but don't let that information lead you astray. Unlike many drummer albums, Cobham's LP achieves a very high level of musicality. Cobham writes his own arrangements and orchestrations, and he is an aggressive and gifted musician. One is tempted to pigeonhole his music as jazz, but the description is narrow and inaccurate. Cobham knows how to use the rhythm section and the horns as well as he knows his own percussion capabilities. *Crosswinds* is a vision of both the windless calm and the fury of the storm.—*John Gibson*

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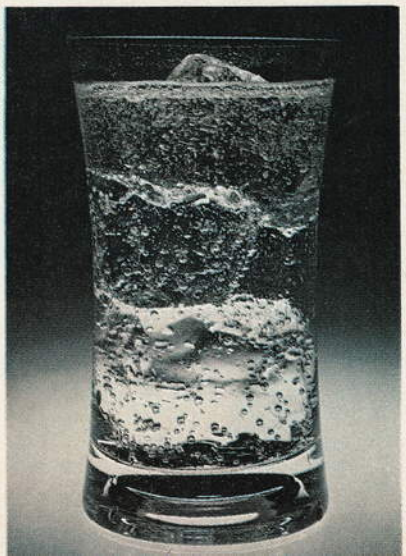

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THE LAST TESTAMENT OF LUCKY LUCIANO

The Exclusive Life Story of the Man who Created the National Crime Syndicate

PART 1

By Martin A. Gosch and Richard Hammer

Later this fall, Little, Brown and Company will publish The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano. *It will mark the first time a Mafia Don has revealed in his own words the detailed inner workings of the organized-crime syndicate in the United States and authorized their publication.*

And with this issue, Penthouse *begins the first of a three-part condensation of this important book.*

The work had its origin in 1961 after Martin Gosch, a friend of Luciano's, abandoned plans for a movie based on the racket king's life. A threat from Meyer Lansky, an old Luciano associate, made that project too dangerous to carry through, but Luciano offered to tell all he knew if Gosch would arrange to have a book published and provided he would hold publication until ten years after Luciano's death. Gosch agreed, and for almost a year he worked with Luciano, taping and recording the story as it was related to him.

*In 1962, while in exile in Italy, Luciano died of a heart attack, and Gosch turned over his materials to ex-*New York Times *man Richard Hammer, who proceeded to write the story—the chronicle of a Sicilian immigrant who came out of New York's poverty-stricken Lower East Side to organize and rule the most powerful criminal empire in the world.*

The most notorious underworld boss in history was born in 1897 in a small Sicilian village. He was christened Salvatore Lucania (his name undergoing a metamorphosis years later to Charles "Lucky" Luciano), the second son of five children and his mother's favorite. The Lucania family moved to America in 1906 and young Salvatore soon found that the only law on the Lower East Side was Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest."

He began as a petty burglar, mugger, and extortionist, and when he was seventeen he was sentenced to a year in jail for serving as a narcotics delivery boy. On getting out, he teamed up with Francesco Castiglia, later known as Frank Costello, who became the suave, soft-talking contact man who opened the door to high places. The rest of the team consisted of Meyer Lansky, a brainy, fearless man with a head for business, and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, who was endowed with near suicidal physical courage. They made up the nucleus of Luciano's organization during most of his career.

Luciano had his early troubles. His father, suspecting that crime was the source of his son's income, banished him from the family home, and it was years before they became reconciled. And although the gang's extortion, robbery, and burglary business was prospering, the World War I draft threatened the budding gang boss. His friends managed to bail him out by arranging for him to contract gonorrhea and then have a doctor extend treatment until the war ended.

In 1919 Prohibition gave Luciano his big push. As his friend Al Capone predicted, Luciano was destined to become the "King of Booze" in New York. (Capone himself had already risen to the No. 2 spot with the Chicago mob and was soon to become No. 1.) Through mobster Joey Adonis, Luciano contacted Waxey Gordon, a purveyor of illegal liquor in Philadelphia, and Gordon set Luciano up in the bootlegging business.

As the business expanded, Luciano added men: Vito Genovese, an ambitious gunman whom Charlie never trusted and who eventually turned on him; Albert Anastasia, a loud-mouthed but loyal killer; Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, a strong-arm Jewish mobster who provided an entrée to the control of the garment-industry rackets; and "Dutch" Schultz, the Bronx beer baron.

Arnold Rothstein, a polished and urbane loner who specialized in gambling, was never part of the organization, but as Luciano's friend, he taught him how to dress and various other social graces that enabled him to move in high circles. The only thing Rothstein couldn't change were the gutter accents of Luciano's voice.

As his empire grew—bootlegging and gambling casinos for the rich; numbers rackets for the poor; and loansharking and extortion for the garment industry—so did Luciano's contacts with the Establishment. He became an intimate of stockbrokers, politicians, and bored society ladies. He was invited to their clubs and homes. In return he often supplied them with whiskey and loans.

But even as he grew big, there were still bigger fish—the old Dons who had come from Sicily many years before and who had prospered and grown fat on the pickings of the new world. Salvatore Maranzano was one of them. He was a cultured man with outrageous airs. "That old shithead," Luciano said, "would come around the neighborhood once in a while and hold up his hands, spread out like he was a Pope givin' the people a blessin'!" Giuseppe Masseria was another. Gross, uncouth, and a gargantuan glutton, he was the exact opposite of Maranzano in manner, but he was probably even more powerful.

These two men fished the same stream and an uneasy truce prevailed between them. They were the absolute rulers of the Sicilian-Italian underworld in New York City and their tentacles stretched out into every other major city in the country.

They controlled the supply, and hence the prices, of most of the staples of the Italian community—olive oil, cheese, and various other food products. They practiced loansharking and extensive extortion, including even demanding a dollar a week tribute from the penny-ante card games of the poor. Both men made overtures to Luciano, but he managed to sidestep them. The Dons waited and watched. One day the rising young leader would have to choose between them.

And meanwhile Luciano made a foolish mistake. He tried to turn a quick buck on a narcotics deal and was arrested. He escaped a jail sentence by tipping federal agents to a large heroin cache—but it was his own heroin. This was a $75,000 lesson he never forgot. Narcotics became a forbidden area for him.

The arrest humiliated him. "I was really ashamed to face all the friends I'd made in society, guys I played golf with." So to win back their favor, he made a gesture worthy of the Roaring Twenties. At a cost of $25,000, he purchased two hundred of the finest seats for the Dempsey-Firpo fight of September 14, 1923, and he invited as his personal guests political leaders, stage and screen stars, judges, sports figures, and their wives and girl friends. Police Commissioner Dick Enright stopped by to say hello. Luciano was returned to a state of grace.

Meanwhile, the old Dons were growing restless. His refusal to make a choice was now becoming dangerous for him, and eventually he gave in. Despite his loathing for the crude Masseria, he hated "Pope" Maranzano even more. Reluctantly he put himself under the protection of Masseria. But he was already plotting the end of both men.

By the mid-1920's, though not yet thirty years of age, Charlie Luciano was rich and growing richer, the money pouring in ever increasing amounts into his coffers. He was living in a large apartment in Murray Hill on Manhattan's East Side, everything in good taste and everything expensive. He could choose any kind of woman he wanted.

Charlie Luciano had become an executive, controlling an empire whose growth was ceaseless, both vertically and horizontally. It was an organization he called his "outfit," though it was only the germ of what would come. "In them days, there was no real combination. Costello had his outfit, and Siegel and Lansky had their outfit, and Adonis had his. But we all had one thing in common, and that was the whiskey and how to keep it flowin'. I made up a lotta rules for the guys who worked for me. Why shouldn't I? After all, don't department stores and big offices tell their people how to behave and what to wear?"

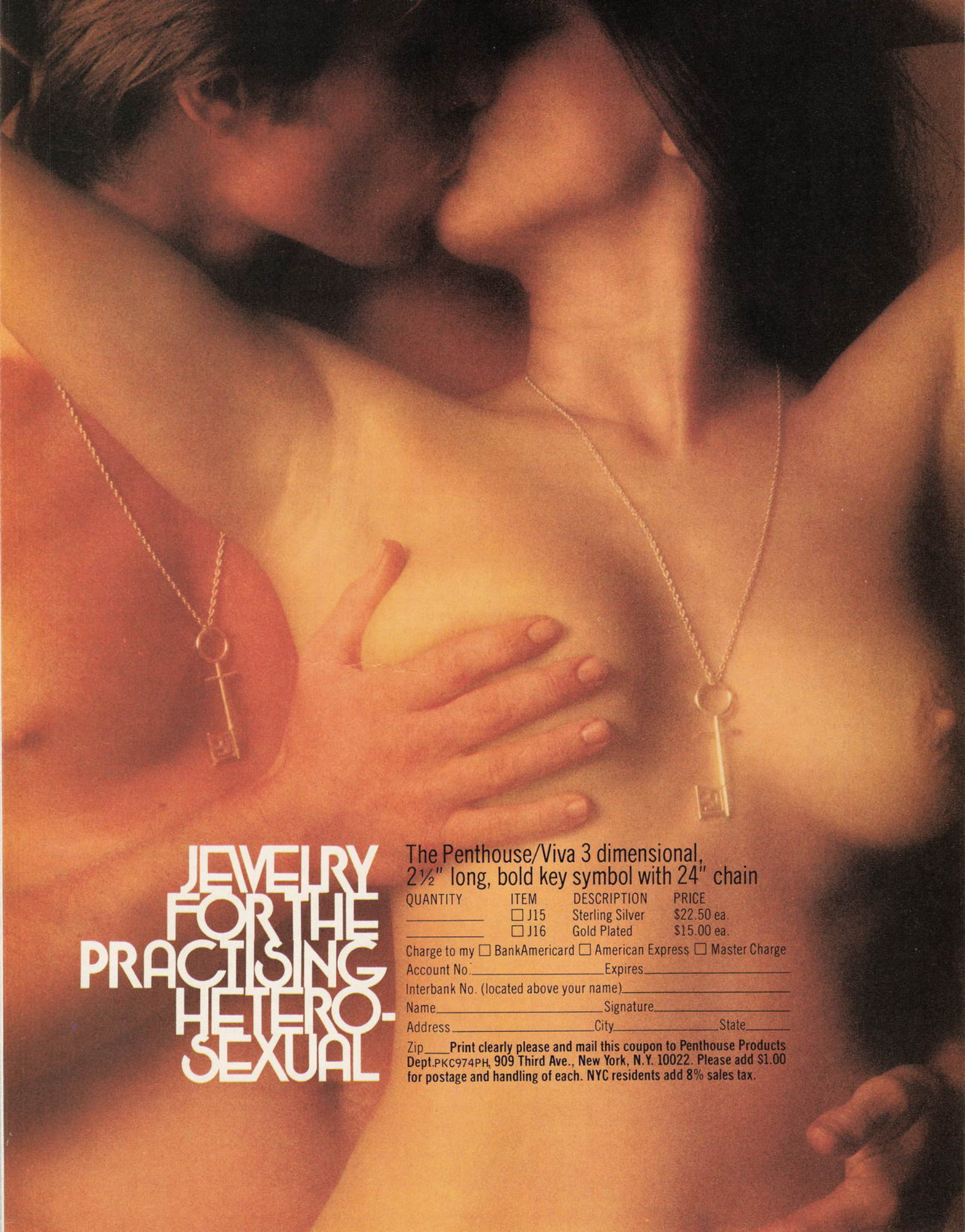
Anybody who was a member of the Luciano outfit was expected to be circumspect in everything, if he wanted to remain a member. And according to the unwritten code, nobody could quit, while being fired could be both sudden and permanent.

"I tried to explain to all the boys in my outfit that there was lots of easy ways to make a buck. There was no reason to go out on their own and take chances, but some of the boys went in over their heads in gambling or with girls and needed some extra cash. Most of the time, they'd get caught. I made it a policy to back 'em to the limit. I just tried to make 'em understand the penalties of stupidity."

For instance, there was the time in the summer of 1925 when Luciano began to spread his bookmaking operation all over Manhattan. He gave Vito Genovese the job of bringing the small candy and other family-owned stores into line. These were the "momma and poppa" stores, many of them owned by Jews, who would ordinarily have rejected any offer from a gangster. "But when we guaranteed 'em that $150, it shut 'em up—most of 'em, anyway. And that dough sent more Jewish kids to college and made more Jewish doctors and lawyers than all the rich Hebes on Riverside Drive put together."

The operation grossed perhaps a half-million dollars a year. Genovese concentrated his efforts on the Lower East Side, among the "snowball cart" peddlers, men who pushed around carts containing huge cakes of ice, quart bottles of fruit flavors, and a metal scoop. "Without sayin' nothin' to me, he starts to muscle a bunch of these old geezers, mostly Italians, to pass junk for him in their neighborhoods. I said to him, 'You stupid shithead. You had a good idea, but why screw it up with narcotics?' He seen the light and in less than a month we had over two hundred pushcarts makin' book for us. That was the time, though, when I should've cut his prick off. Believe me, I lived to regret that I didn't."

So Charlie Luciano's bookmaking empire spiraled. He and his partners owned and financed hundreds of police-protected handbooks around Manhattan, and they controlled a number of central bookmaking banks where the bets from the individual bookies could be laid off—shared—so as to avoid any great loss to them if too many bettors hit a winner. They also ran a more luxurious operation in the form of horse par-



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lors for the rich sporting crowd. The parlors were lavishly decorated, good Scotch and other whiskeys were provided free, and women from polite society were welcome (which was not true at the men-only private clubhouse at Belmont). There were tables and sofas where the bettors could relax while waiting for the results, which were flashed in within seconds of the end of a race, and there were betting windows that simulated those at the tracks, where the track odds or better prevailed.

The back rooms of the better speakeasies, and particularly the outlying roadhouses, were equipped as casinos, with roulette wheels and crap tables, birdcages, blackjack tables, and various other games of chance. "I always liked to gamble, but one thing I never did—gamble in the stock market, because the stockholder on the outside don't know a thing about what's happenin' inside the company. Years later, I was down at Bradley's in Florida, and I ran into that guy Hutton who had a big brokerage firm up in New York. Hutton was a good friend of mine. I went over to him, and I said—with an absolutely straight face—'Hut, I think it's a good idea if I could get my outfit listed on the New York Stock Exchange.'

"For a minute, he really started to think about it, and then he realized I was kiddin' him. Well, he began to laugh until I thought he was gonna choke. Then he looked at me, shook his head, and said, 'Charlie, that's the greatest idea I've ever heard in my whole life—that I'll never be able to accomplish.' " Stock in Luciano's outfit during the Twenties might indeed have been a good investment. "Around 1925, I had a take of at least $12 million for the year from booze alone. Naturally, we didn't pay no business taxes, like General Motors, but that didn't mean that our expenses wasn't pretty heavy.

"In them days when an honest department-store clerk was drawin' down maybe $25 a week at most, my guys was gettin' paid by us $200 a week, plus what they was makin' on their own. So we had a yearly payroll of about a million bucks." There was still about $4 million a year that went into the caches of Luciano and his partners.

At first, their gambling investments were limited to the casinos, the horse parlors, the slot machines, the bookie joints, and the like. Little attention was paid to the idea that poor people might want to gamble too. But one night in Covington, Kentucky—at the opening of the famed Beverly Club, as Luciano and Meyer Lansky stood watching the glittering array of the nation's rich who had come from all parts of the country to put their money on the tables at the inaugural—Lansky said, "Charlie, what about the little guy who can't even bet two bucks on a horse, but would like to bet on somethin'? Ain't he entitled to some pleasure, even if he can only bet a couple of pennies?"

"Once Meyer spelled out the idea, it all sorta fell into place. He had a way of thinkin' around a corner. When it was all put together, I knew with every bone in my body it would catch on like a grass fire." And so the famous policy game came into being. The daily number, of three digits from 000 to 999, would be based on a supposedly unriggable and well-publicized total, say the closing sales on a stock market or the betting totals from three races at a track, with the payoff for a winner at 600 to 1 (against the real odds of 1,000 to 1, thereby guaranteeing phenomenal returns to the operators).

It was agreed that the racket should have its first tryout among the blacks and the very poor in Frank Costello's Harlem domain. The numbers racket was an instant success, not only in Harlem but all over the country. "We was rakin' in hot money that we couldn't declare and couldn't bank. Then I remembered all them poor suckers who couldn't get a loan from a bank because they didn't have no security. That's when I decided to organize the loan business."

Usury is an ancient business. It was well known to Maranzano, who would often quote to his disciples from *The Merchant of Venice*, though on such occasions he defended Shylock despite his Jewishness. For Maranzano had long been a moneylender in the Italian ghetto, advancing money to new immigrants to help them bring relatives to America, but lending it at such usurious rates that the borrower ever afterwards remained little more than an indentured servant. And there was no way out. The immigrants were afraid to complain to the police, for their image of the police was one they had brought with them from the old country. And Maranzano had a corps of enforcers to ensure that the borrower never escaped, never complained, paid off regularly, and was always available when called upon. There were enough well-known examples of those who had been beaten or killed to keep the others in line. And Maranzano was not alone in practicing the trade. He was emulated by others, including Luciano, who would later say, "I think it was a rotten thing to do and, if I had it to do over again, that's one thing I never would've done, bleedin' them poor guys who was tryin' to bring their families over."

About this time, Luciano took a good hard look at the garment industry. It is a high-risk enterprise, with large amounts of short-term capital constantly needed. The banks, however, were often loath to advance the necessary money, and so garment manufacturers were forced to turn to the loan sharks. It was in this business that Luciano flourished, along with Lepke and Tommy Lucchese, an old neighborhood friend of Luciano's. "They was gettin' anywhere from double to 1,000 percent interest for short-term loans, and, of course, if the loans wasn't repaid, no excuses was accepted." Luciano turned it into a huge business. Assistance was offered to the unions in their organizing drives in order to get them the members and the dues; in return, the underworld was given control of a number of locals. They guaranteed manufacturers who came to terms with them that there would be no strikes and that wages in union contracts would be held to a reasonable level. "And we gave the companies that worked with us the money to help them with buyin' goods and all the stuff they needed to operate with.

"If one of our manufacturers got into us for dough that he couldn't pay back, and the guy had what looked like a good business, then we would become his partner. If it wasn't for me, then guys like Samuel Gompers and Jacob Potofsky and Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky—and I knew 'em all—would've been bums. Me and Tommy and Lepke, we actually kept a whole bunch of them garment manufacturers alive, and we helped all them unions, the Ladies' Garment Workers and the Amalgamated, organize the places. For chrissake, in the 1920's every broad in the United States was wearin' a petticoat I was responsible for puttin' on her." That all these goods cost the public considerably more than they would have cost if he and his friends hadn't been involved bothered him not at all. "The public is a bunch of crumbs askin' to be taken. And as for doin' good, the garment center and the stock market was the heart of New York City; they couldn't live without each other. If my outfit helped keep the clothin' manufacturers goin', for which we got a healthy commission, then what the hell. So what if I used to muscle some guy because he didn't pay up? What does the stockbroker do when his customers can't meet an overcall? He just sells the guy out, and then the poor bastard goes up to the top of some buildin' and jumps off—which is what happened a couple years later."

As business flourished, the underworld came to realize that it was not enough merely to have the police precincts in their pockets. "Look," Luciano told his partners at one of their high-level meetings, "what good is it if we buy one precinct or ten precincts? I don't want one or ten; I want *all* the precincts." So after a series of private negotiations, a payment schedule was worked out that would tie the office of the police commissioner to the Luciano organization. The sum agreed upon was $10,000 a week; but within a couple of years, during the terms of Police Commissioners Joseph A. Warren and Grover A. Whalen, the grease, as Luciano would later call it, rose to $20,000 a week. The job of carrying the money to police headquarters was entrusted to an underling in the Luciano mob named Joe Cooney, sometimes called "Joe the Coon," a nickname that never failed to enrage him since he maintained a fierce antipathy toward Negroes.

"How the hell am I gonna deliver ten big ones in little bills right in the middle of all them cops?" Cooney asked Luciano.

"For chrissake, shove it into a brown paper bag, like it's your lunch, a sandwich or somethin'."

Cooney did just that—and became the prototype of the "bagman."

The payoffs bought what they were intended to buy. The Luciano operations now ran almost as smoothly as if they were actually under the aegis of the police depart-

ment. Luciano was even called by police when one of his cars was ticketed for illegal parking. He laughed off the tickets, but he refused to have them fixed and paid them promptly, because "it was the least I could do to show I was a law-abidin' citizen."

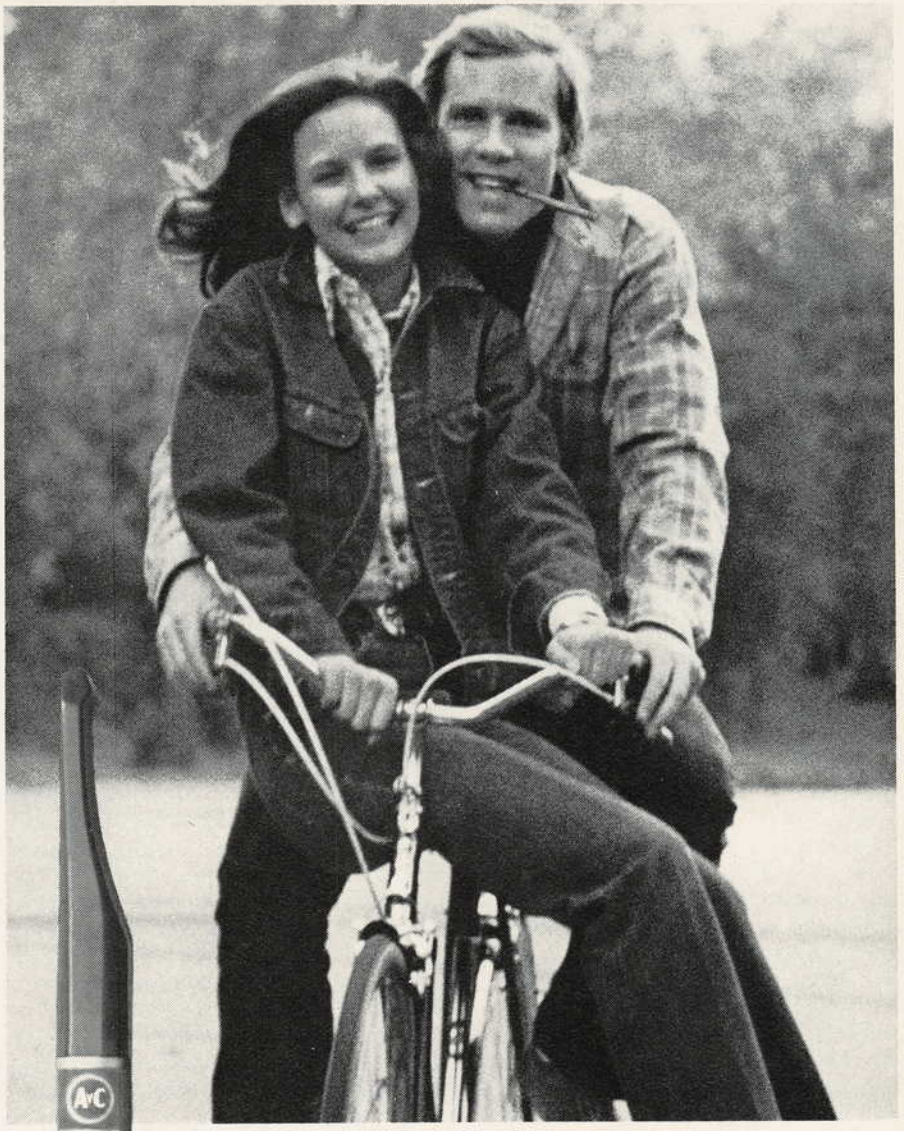
"By 1925, all of us guys was payin' out a 'grease' of more than $5 million a year, for protection. Hell, we shoveled it out every week like clockwork to the top brass of the Police Department, and that was only a small part of it. We hadda take care of the precincts, too—the captains, the lieutenants, and the sergeants. They all had their hands out. Takers, all of 'em; and that goes for the cop on the beat."

At the end of 1925, an old friend reappeared briefly in New York. Johnny "The Fox" Torrio was on his way for a long vacation in the town near Naples where he had been born. When he reached New York he called Luciano and arranged a meeting before sailing for Italy. "He told me he wanted to talk over a plan. He thought booze was gonna become legal again and he wanted to become my agent in Europe, to start buyin' up legal options on the best Scotch to get ready for the end of the Volstead Act. This was seven long years before Repeal, and it was almost impossible to believe. Here was a guy predictin' that the whole fuckin' bootleg business—and everybody else's for that matter—was gonna wind up in the shithouse."

When they heard Torrio's prediction, everyone was shocked except Lansky. "He said, 'The only way to get legitimate is to move in with legitimate people.' And Johnny Torrio made the biggest point. He said, 'You've gotta get into the big politics; you can buy the top politicians the same way you bought the law.' "

So Charlie Luciano, Frank Costello, and their top associates began making their moves into high-level politics. "I made it a policy from the beginnin' that we wouldn't just line up with Tammany Hall and the Democrats. We went with the Republicans, too. In my book, it was a three-party system—them two and us." "Us" had the money to finance any campaign; the contacts and the knowledge to turn a politician on to lucrative deals in road-building, construction, etc.; and the strong-arm forces to terrorize their candidates' opponents and to incline voters to cast their ballots the "right way."

Often, in the early morning hours during these years, Luciano would go home, get into bed, and read the *Daily News* and the *Mirror* ("I didn't know enough words to read the *New York Times*"), read about what his assemblymen, aldermen, congressmen, and senators were doing. "I'd lay there and read that stuff and it all looked so legit I couldn't even believe I done it, that it was my muscle that put them 'very respectable' guys where they was. Talk about muscle; there's muscle and muscle. There was people on the streets with muscle to make things go the way I wanted, and I had them Then there was the other kind of muscle, to get the laws passed the right way, to get



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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

things done smooth and legal. I had that kind of muscle, too. I personally helped elect more than eighty guys over a short time, all votin' my way—aldermen, councilmen, mayors, congressmen, even senators. They was mine. I picked 'em. I elected 'em. And they belonged to me—lock, stock, and barrel."

In 1927, "Don" Masseria sent a message that he wanted to see Luciano. It was more of a demand than an invitation, and Luciano quickly called a meeting of his closest friends—Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello, Joey Adonis, Bugsy Siegel, Vito Genovese, and Frank Scalise. ("That was my board of directors, you might say.") They met in the back of a drugstore on Seventh Avenue.

"Lansky started it off, and that kinda surprised me, because most of the time he would wait and let everybody else talk first.

" 'Let's not sit here jerkin' off,' he said. 'Either Charlie goes with Joe the Boss or there's gonna be a lot of blood spilled.' "

Siegel, as usual, was all for violent action. "Masseria's a fat old bastard, and we don't need him. I say we oughta pile through that door at four o'clock and knock him right off."

The argument that followed was violent, with everybody shouting and taking differing views. Finally, Genovese took a pharmacist's brass mortar and threw it on the floor. Into the sudden silence, he said, "For chrissake, what the hell are you all yellin' about? You know goddamn well that Charlie has to make the decision!"

"That was typical of Vito. That little prick used to kiss my ass every time he had the chance. He was always tryin' to show his loyalty. Anyway, I did make the decision, and everybody went along with it. This was the day for me to join us up with Joe Masseria."

Luciano and Adonis went to the second floor of the Manger Hotel, where Masseria maintained a suite of offices. As they came through the door, Masseria was seated in the center of the room at a round table that was covered with platters of Italian delicacies. "I think Masseria ate half of all that food himself, most of it with his fingers—and if he didn't look like a pig on two legs, I never saw one."

When Masseria could eat no more, he looked up at Luciano and Adonis with a grin on his face and said, "Have you boys got a piece on you?"

"I got sore and I said, 'I don't bring *pistolas* to a meet unless it's with an enemy. Are you tryin' to tell me that you're an enemy?' "

Masseria laughed, his jowls quivering. He nodded to an underling and said, "Find out if these two boys are my enemies." This man gave them an expert frisking, and when he shook his head, Masseria promptly rose, approached Luciano, and put a hand on his arm. "Now you have a chance to be my friend—or the both of you are dead men."

Luciano said, "I come here to talk business. Okay, I join up with you. But I've got some conditions, Joe. I have to be Number Two man, above everybody but you. I want a fair piece of the action, and I put into the pot everythin' that me and my guys do—everythin', that is, except not one fuckin' drop of whiskey." Then Luciano waited.

Masseria's eyes bulged from his head, a mouthful of still unmasticated food spurted from his mouth all over the rug, and along with it came a hoarse roar of protest and invective. He stomped around the room, grabbed dishes, a crystal table lamp, and other bric-a-brac, and threw it all at the walls. Luciano and Adonis remained silent, watching. The underling seemed frightened and backed away.

With the same suddenness with which he had turned on his rage, Masseria turned it off. He bellowed a laugh, swung around, and put his hand on Luciano's arm again. "You dirty, skinny son of a bitch! You're the only *paisan* in this whole fuckin' town who ain't afraid of Joe the Boss. Okay, Charlie, you got a deal!"

"The rest was easy and we walked out of there fifteen minutes later, after a couple of glasses of wine to close the deal. As of that minute I was the Number One lieutenant to Joe Masseria. But all my whiskey operations still belonged to me and my guys. We had a clear-cut agreement there wouldn't be no hijackings of any kind, and we would supply all of Masseria's joints with everything from whiskey to beer. Dutch Schultz was controllin' all the good beer in Manhattan by that time, and I talked to him before the meet and got his backin'." And Masseria offered no objections to Luciano's maintaining his partnership with his old friends who were Jews and non-Sicilian Italians.

Then Luciano talked to his men. "I wanna admit somethin'. I was wrong when I figured that Masseria could win a war with Maranzano. Not a chance. He's too fat, too old, and behind all that hard front there's nothin' left but a soft brain. It's only a matter of time, so let's use it the best way we can."

Initially, at the end of 1927, Luciano attempted to devote much of his time to Masseria's business, working out of a two-room suite that Joe the Boss rented adjacent to his own office at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Of the more than two hundred men that Luciano now had working for him, the only one he had trouble with at this moment was Joe Catania, an underling of Masseria's, who tried to undercut him. About two o'clock one morning, Luciano dropped by his Hotel Pennsylvania office and found Catania prying open the drawer in his desk. "As soon as he got the drawer open, I walked over and slammed it on his right hand. Catania used to be a pretty good bowler with the duckpins, but after that session with me, he never bowled again. And all the guys in the Masseria family, they was my slaves from that night on."

By 1928 there were mounting signs that Prohibition, the "Noble Experiment," could not remain a permanent part of American life. It had turned a large part of the nation into lawbreakers, and many Americans had begun to see it clearly as an experiment that had failed. Some of these opponents began to look for leadership to Governor Al Smith of New York. Smith regularly derided the "drys" and called for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and in 1924 he had tried, and failed, to capture the Democratic nomination for president. By 1928, however, he seemed unstoppable.

"One day, in the early part of 1928, Costello picked me up and took me to a private house that belonged to a millionaire named John J. Raskob. I almost fell over when I walked in and saw Smith standin' there in person, in Raskob's library.

"The governor was a tall guy with a husky voice, somethin' like Costello's, and it had the streets in it, just like ours. He shook hands with me and said, 'Hello, Charlie, it's a pleasure to meetcha.'

"I looked at him and started to laugh. 'What the hell are you doin', Governor? You're tryin' to put me out of business.'

"He sort of smiled and said, 'No, I'm not. I brought you up here to do you a favor. Naturally, being a politician, I expect to get a favor in return. Why don't you sit down and listen to what I have to tell you?

" 'My boy, in a couple of years there won't be any Prohibition at all. I intend to get that nomination and I intend to win this election. I'm tellin' you, and I'm going to tell the American people, that when I get in the White House, I'm personally going to see to it that the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment are thrown in the wastebasket, legally. That's why I brought you here. Costello has told me all about you, and I need your support right here in my own state. There are two things I want you to do: first, take my advice and make your plans to get into the legitimate end of the whiskey business; and, second, line up overwhelming support for me from Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, where you fellows control the delegates. I want every one of those delegates at the convention in Houston. If I get them, I'm prepared to make things good for you.'

"That's just the way he put it, and it kinda made my head swim, that maybe we'd found ourselves a president. I couldn't help but think about Hampton Farms Prison and the Brooklyn Truancy School, and I wondered whether my old man would believe me if I told him about this. Then I did somethin' real smart, and it made the governor look at me with more respect. I told him I wanted to think about what he said before givin' him an answer. What Smith had been talkin' about—the end of Prohibition—was exactly what Torrio had predicted before he run out to Italy.

" 'Charlie,' Costello told me, 'in our group we got enough imagination for any kind of business. It don't scare me at all to go legit as far as whiskey is concerned. That don't mean we've got to give up gamblin'; and we can do that in a big way. We can have big casinos all over the country. What the hell! More people like to gamble than drink. I think we oughta get behind Smith. At least with him, we know where we stand.' "

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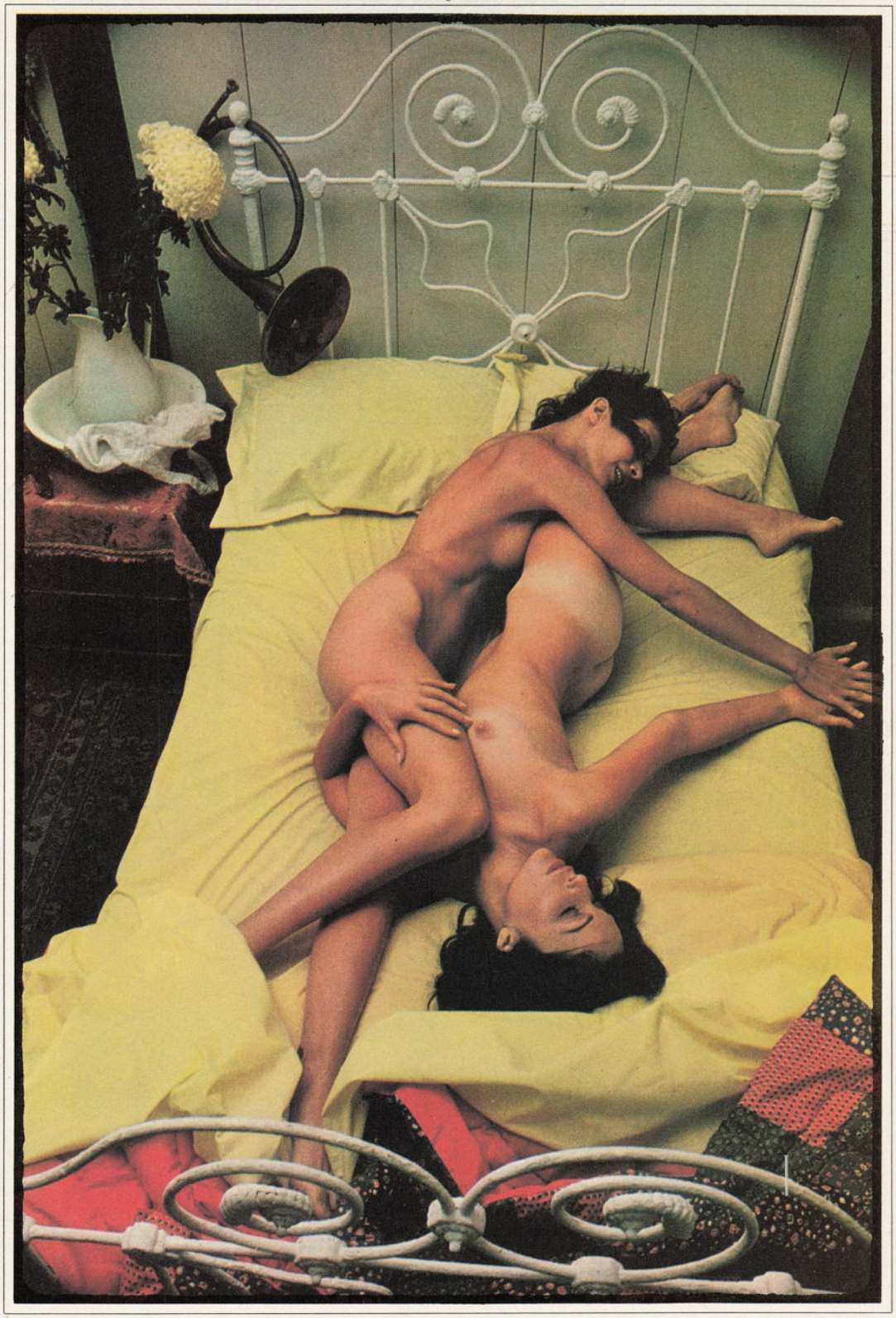


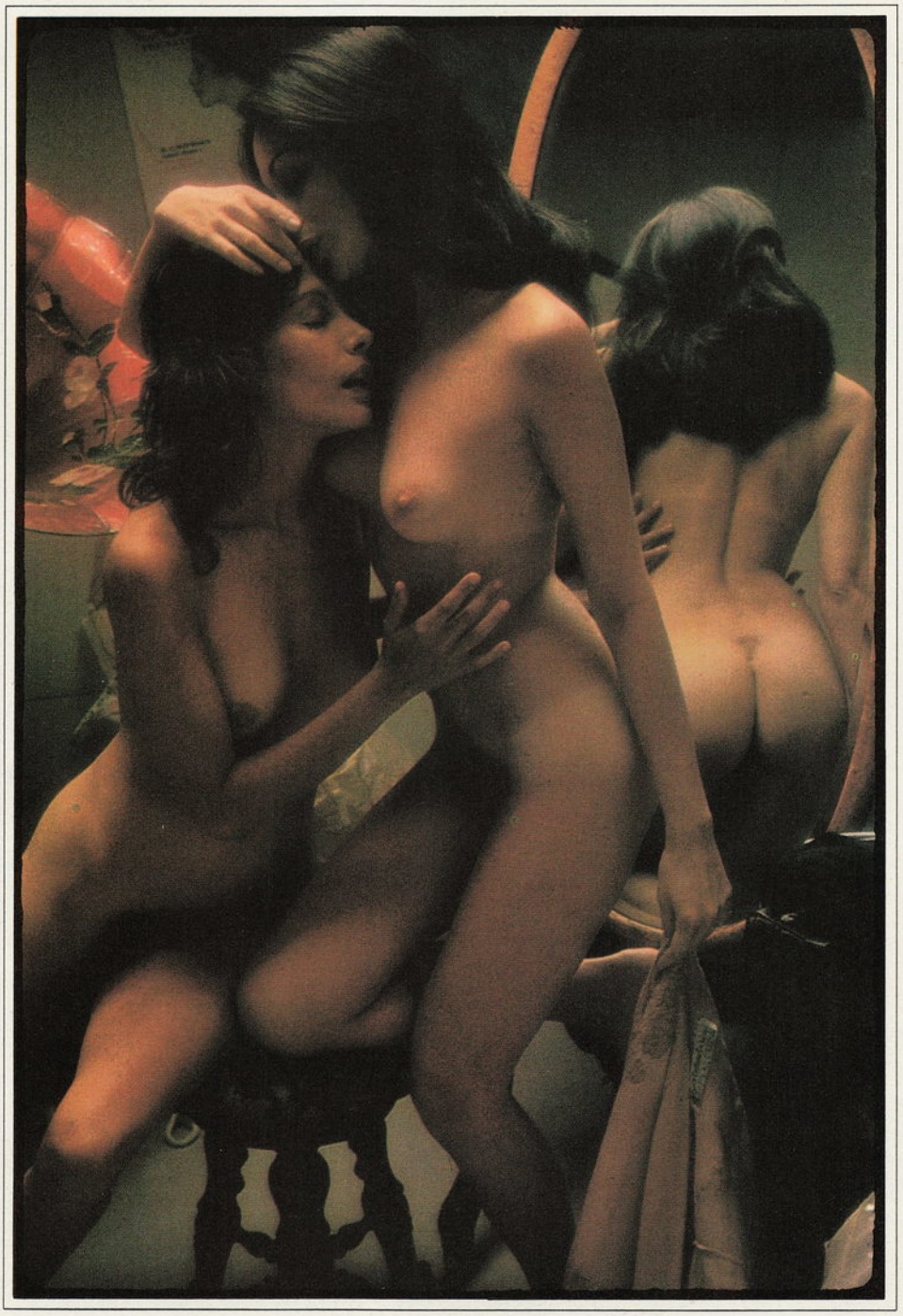
Mirage

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY VOLKMANN

"We are the sisters of the wind,
but swifter than she
and more adventurous,
for we have stripped away the silken cords
of principle
which bound us to the earth,
and now are free to ride the upper regions
of the air
on no one's rules except our own."

These eloquent words, written by Caroline Ross, represent the central theme of a 145-page book of photographs by Roy

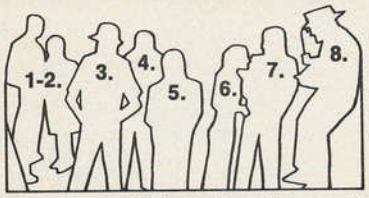
Volkmann, to be published this fall by the Penthouse Book Society. This handsome work is the culmination of an inspiration Volkmann had when he was making photographic tests of two models in his Manhattan studio. "I was impressed by the way both women interplayed," he says. "They projected a feeling of natural beauty, of subtle sensuousness so powerful that I felt I had to freeze the image. Women *do* have these fantasies of exploring their own bodies through those of other women. I wanted to express this fantasy as beautifully as I could. A woman exploring herself...."



The photographs took eight weeks to shoot in Roy's studio, where he recreated an attic in which the girls preen and play in front of an old mirror; a bedroom, where they find each other—and create their own mirage. Volkmann himself became a part of the fantasy. "I found myself behind the camera playing the role of one of the models. I suppose the experience helped me settle on the title. A mirage, after all, is the illusion of something you want to be there, but in reality, it's not."

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Night at the Carnival. And almost everybody has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't. 1-2. No and no. It's the former tattooed man and his wife, "The Rubber Woman." Gimmick: They've embraced so much, she's erased him. **3.** Nope. He's Moe M. Downe. Gimmick: Pitching show-off. His curve never breaks... only his extra-long cigarette. Not too bright. Thinks a manila folder is the Filipino contortionist. **4.** Nope. He's Jack Knife. Gimmick: Dives 185 feet into a full-color photograph of Lake Erie. **5.** No, he's Hugh Mann Kanonbawl, recently fired. (They wanted a man of higher caliber.) Either still has black powder on his face... or his charcoal filter cigarette is attacking his nose. **6.** No, but it's a pretty good ms. **7.** Right. He thinks there's enough fun here without extra gimmicks and fancy frills. Likes his smoking pleasure honest, too. Camel Filters. Great tobacco taste without the nonsense. **8.** Not Noah Refund, the barker. Gimmick: Fast sales pitch. He could talk the Wolf Man into wearing a flea collar. **9.** "The Bird Man" (not shown). He's away nesting.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

LUCIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

And, indeed, they backed Al Smith all the way. He captured the Democratic nomination, but in November he was buried by Hoover and the Republican landslide. His stand on legal liquor was only a minor factor. Smith was a Roman Catholic, the first Catholic to run for president in a Protestant nation where suspicion of Catholics as tools of the Pope was widespread. He was from the big city, New York, with the accents and manners of the metropolis basic to his nature, while the nation itself was still essentially rural and suspicious of cities. He was a Democrat, but the nation was in the midst of an unparalleled prosperity that many believed had been brought about by the Republican administration. He offered change at a time when the national mood was to stabilize things as they were.

In November 1928 Masseria forced Charlie Luciano at gunpoint to stage a payroll robbery. It was simply a loyalty exercise to make his Number Two man do a menial job to prove himself. The job was botched; Luciano was arrested, and it took all of his and Costello's political muscle to get the charges squashed and the record fixed.

Masseria eased up on Luciano after that. "All of us younger guys hated the old mustaches and what they was doin'," Luciano said. "For us, rubbin' out a mustache was just like makin' way for a new buildin', like we was in the construction business."

By May 1929, the bootleg business had reached its highest peak, but a crisis had developed because of the fierceness of the competition. Luciano organized a "national convention" in Atlantic City—and the old Dons, Maranzano and Masseria, were not invited.

The young men were taking over: Capone and his ally, Jack "Greasy Thumb" Guzik from Chicago; King Solomon from Boston; Boo Boo Hoff, Waxey Gordon, and Nig Rosen from Philadelphia. Cleveland contributed Moe Dalitz, Lou Rothkopf, and Charles Polizzi; and Abe Bernstein sent a delegation from his Purple Gang in Detroit. John Lazia came from Kansas City to represent Boss Pendergast; Longie Zwillman and Willie Moretti came from Long Island and New Jersey; and, of course, there was Luciano's New York delegation of Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Dutch Schultz, Joey Adonis, Albert Anastasia, Vince Mangano, Frank Scalise, and Frank Erickson.

These were the men who would rule organized crime in America, and reap its profits, for the next thirty years. And the man who would lead them the longest was Charlie Luciano.

The young gang leaders, walking barefoot along the beach at Atlantic City, free from eavesdroppers, worked out arrangements to carve out franchises and made plans for going legit after the expected repeal of Prohibition. More important, though, than the whiskey and gambling deals was Capone's arrangement with Moses Annenberg. Annenberg was also from Chicago, and he controlled the mob that enforced distribution of Hearst's newspapers. Capone and Annenberg made the deal to tie in the national wire service for horseplayers with the *Daily Racing Form*. "That's how the Annenberg family really started to build its fortune, out of muscle in Chicago and its bettin' ties with us."

(Meanwhile Charlie Lucania's name underwent a change. When he was booked for the payroll robbery, his name had been spelled "Luciano," and he noticed that none of the policemen had trouble pronouncing it. And it had a nice feel. In no time, Charlie Lucania became Charlie Luciano.)

A minor incident soon brought down the rage of Joe Masseria. Luciano had gone to Atlantic City on business, and while he was gone two underlings were arrested in his district. Masseria ordered Luciano to a meeting where he cursed and abused him for leaving town without permission. "From now on you work for me twenty-four hours a day. And everythin' you get goes into *my* pot! You don't like it? That's too fuckin' bad!"

After that, Luciano decided he had to seek the protection of Maranzano—distasteful as that was. He decided to see Maranzano alone, and just after midnight on October 17, 1929, they met on a pier on Staten Island. Maranzano chided Luciano for having ever hooked up with Masseria. Luciano was penitent. Then Maranzano stated his condition for taking him in. He stared at Luciano, his eyes flat, his voice emotionless: "You are going to kill Masseria."

Luciano immediately realized that this was a trap. The Sicilian underworld had a rigid tradition—the killer of a leader cannot succeed that leader. Maranzano's price was for Luciano to remain forever Number Two.

"You're crazy."

He had hardly gotten the words out when something smashed against his skull and he blacked out. When he came to, he was hanging by his wrists, surrounded by a half-dozen masked men. "I just said, 'I ain't gonna do it.' So those pricks, without the guts to show who they was, began to work on me. They did a pretty good job, with belts and clubs and cigarette butts." Luciano passed out and was revived again.

Maranzano stepped forward. "Charlie, this is so stupid. It is no big thing to kill a man, and you know he is going to die anyway. Charlie, I promise you, if you do not do it, then *you* are dead."

With a sudden burst of strength, Luciano lashed out with his feet, kicking Maranzano in the groin. Maranzano doubled up, fell to the ground, screaming with pain and rage. "Kill him! Cut him down and kill him!" But before that could be done, he himself staggered to his feet, grabbed a knife, and slashed Luciano's face, severing the muscle across the right cheek and laying it open to the bone. Luciano would bear that scar to his grave and it would give him the well-known drooping right eye and sinister look.

Luciano was dumped on a deserted Staten Island street at two in the morning. The police found him and took him to a hospital, where it took fifty-five stitches to close his wounds. He spent several days there in bed. When Costello and Lansky visited him, he told them the story and added, "I guess I'm just lucky to be alive."

"Yeah," replied Lansky, "*lucky*, that's you. Lucky Luciano." From that moment on his name was complete. Charles "Lucky" Luciano. Salvatore Lucania was only a memory.

When the Depression struck, the bootleg business and big gambling went downhill, and for a time the numbers game among the poor became the backbone of the rackets.

Vito Genovese, against Luciano's warnings that he wouldn't bail him out, went into narcotics. Luciano himself concentrated increasingly on loansharking. He was also a prime customer—and a prime backer—of Moe Annenberg's racing wire. "The new racing wire had been worked out with the telephone company. To this day that high-class corporation knows that it's the heart of the biggest gamblin' empire in the world."

Despite Maranzano's near-fatal attack on Luciano, Lucky decided to kill Masseria first, and he sent word to Maranzano that he was ready to talk business. They met at the Bronx Zoo—at the lion cage—and Maranzano slipped right back into his papal attitude, calling Luciano "my bambino."

"I said, 'After what happened between us last year, I'll never look on you as my old man, so let's stop the horseshit and get down to business.' " Maranzano agreed that in exchange for Masseria's murder he would guarantee the personal safety of Lucky and his friends and followers. He also agreed not to interfere in either Luciano's business or that of his confederates.

On April 15, 1931, Luciano began his elaborate double cross. He went to see Masseria and outlined a phoney plan for rubbing out a score of Maranzano's top men. Masseria grew ecstatic. "He starts to do a dance in the middle of the office. The only time I ever seen anythin' like it was in the newsreels durin' the war when they showed Hitler doin' a dance like that when he beat France. It reminded me of Masseria—two fruitcakes in search of a brain."

Luciano suggested they have lunch at a Coney Island restaurant owned by Gerardo Scarpato. Never a big eater, Luciano ate slowly and sipped a little red wine. Masseria gorged himself. Just before three-thirty the last customers had gone, and Luciano suggested they play cards. Scarpato brought a deck to the table and then left, saying he was going for a walk.

The two men played one hand and had dealt for the second when Luciano got up and went to the men's room. As soon as he entered the lavatory, four men burst through the front door: Vito Genovese, Joey Adonis, Albert Anastasia, and Bugsy Siegel. More than twenty shots were fired, six smashing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Jeff Dunas

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ALICE COOPER

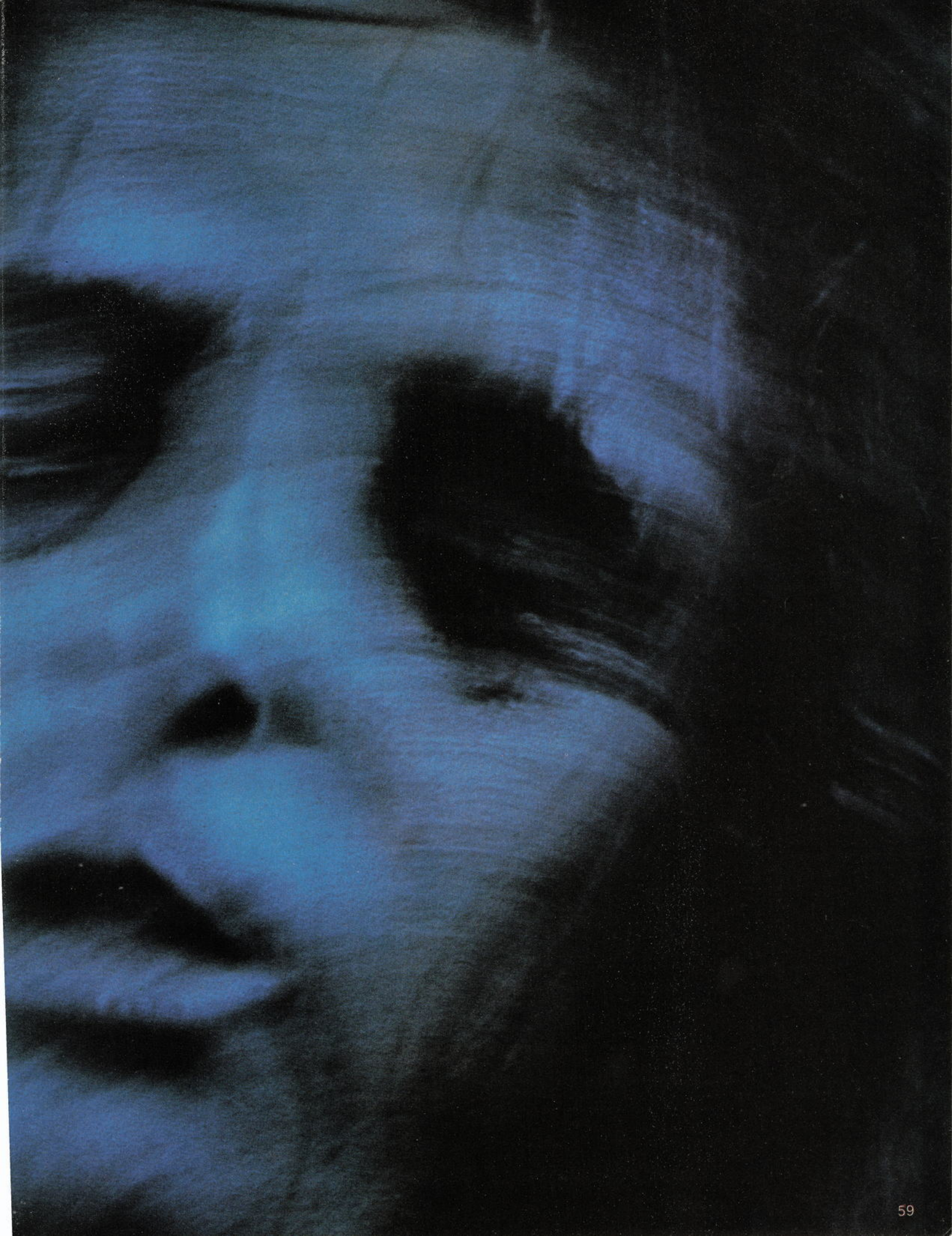
Teeing off on a posh Los Angeles golf course, crowned by a crimson knit golf cap offset with the facings of eight 14-karat aluminum Budweiser cans, twenty-six-year-old Vincent Fournier hardly looks the part of satanic rock star Alice Cooper, the gangly succubus known to flirt openly with writhing boa constrictors. And as his well-placed shot zings across the fairway, few of his suburban fellow golfers could guess that this timid-looking fellow has sold millions of records, including four successive gold albums, and captured the hearts and minds of teenage America with the macabre monomania he projects in jam-packed arenas from coast to coast.

And, in fact, while the two diverse entities inhabit the same body, Cooper is the first to admit the on-stage Alice is another species entirely from the off-stage version. "Offstage, I'm Ozzie Nelson," he laughs. Before his audiences, however, he lashes forth with a venom unseen since the Mongols invaded Europe. Besides his famous boa constrictor, whom *Penthouse* was unfortunately unable to contact in time for this interview, Alice's stage props include a guillotine, a gallows, a neon tombstone, the world's largest walking tooth (which Cooper gallantly charges with a toothbrush of commensurate proportion), and a collection of female mannequins that he alternately stabs, drools on, and inserts between his spindly legs at crotch-level.

For those unsuspecting victims who have so far managed to elude the onslaught of what Alice jocularly calls "the Cooper machine," beware! A bawdy technicolor spectacle brimming with the full thrust of Alice's savagery awaits you, innocently titled *Nice to See You Again, Alice Cooper*. Opening with a Vegas-type rendition of "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp," the movie's zany plot follows Alice and his band around the world, chased by a Dr. Strangelove character named "Herr Direktor," hilariously played by Freddie Smoot. Its picaresque, helter-skelter storyline is filled with absurd non sequiturs, Looneytoon sight-gags, and unbridled silliness, all intertwined with raw footage of Alice on the loose, marauding in his knee-length snakeskin platform boots before screaming legions of barely pubescent fans. "That's the movie's beauty," Alice told *Penthouse* interviewer Ken Kelley. "It's just so fucking *silly* that it's refreshing. And it puts our attitude towards violence in its proper context —after you watch the show you're so exhausted you don't have the strength to beat up a newsboy."

While he's usually lumped together with such glitter-rock stars as David Bowie, Cooper feels it's a completely inaccurate comparison—"I'm as far away from David Bowie as I am from the Osmonds." And he reckons that the current bisexual revolution is "healthy." "Kids today are a whole lot smarter than when I was a kid. Hell, I didn't get laid until I was twenty. But today it's really a menu of sexuality."

Cooper writes all the lyrics for the group's music, and admits that much of his material comes from his being an inveterate TV watcher. But, being a true child of the media, Alice does not confine his fascination for television to mere spectator status. Since his appearance last fall as a ghoulish medium with Helen Hayes on the latter's now-defunct series, "The Snoop Sisters," Cooper claims he gets "an average of five scripts a week," but thus far none have been tempting enough to pursue. Meanwhile, he has befriended a sage of another age, Groucho Marx, from whose gallery of timely ripostes he readily draws. All in fun, of course. "I just like people too much to go around being the Don Rickles of rock 'n' roll." His cavortings with other Hollywood stars recently earned him membership in the Friar's Club, which he takes in a stride worthy of his multifaceted talents. And as if his own movie isn't enough, Alice equates himself to Joanne Woodward in *The Three Faces of Eve*. We've seen the first two, but Alice chillingly warns us, "I'm still working on the third face." *Caveat emptor*.



Penthouse: Now that you've got a movie, do you feel you're putting your art in a traditional framework? You have an audience in a theater watching music as theater.

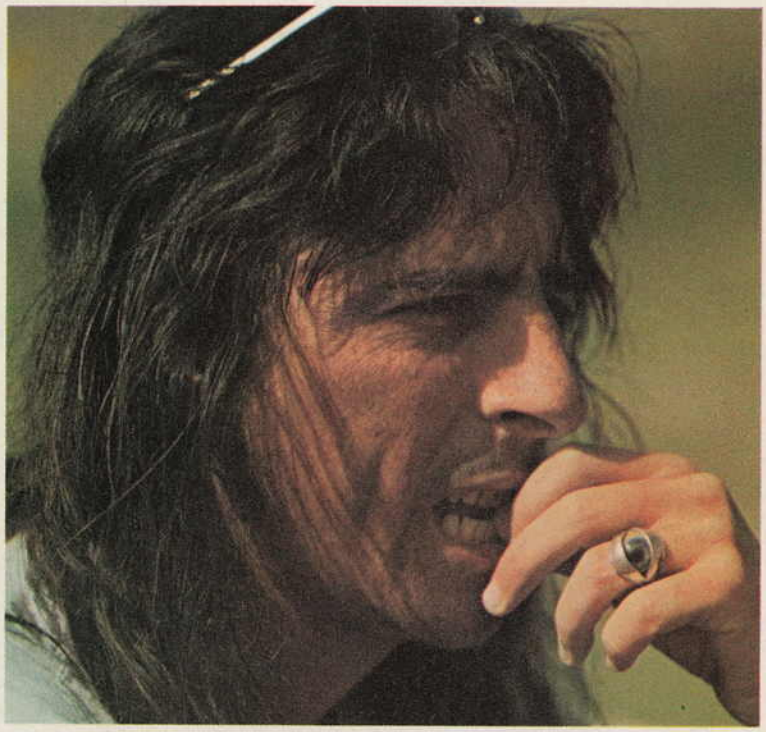
Cooper: People who would never go to see us in concert will see the movie. And that's going to be a little odd.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself to be a musician or an actor?

Cooper: Well, why not be both? Why do you have to confine yourself? If it had been an actor trying to do what I was doing, it wouldn't have been pure at all. I was so drunk all the way through. But that's the way I perform. I'm just a ham, I don't deny it. [Joe Gannon, the movie's producer, joins the conversation.—Ed.]

Gannon: The way the movie came down is that we put the tour together first. We filmed the concert *per se* because it was so powerful on stage. When we came back, Shep Gordon [Cooper's manager] said, "Let's put something together and see what happens." So I put fifteen minutes together, then we put a story around it to make the whole flow. We showed the fifteen minutes to a bunch of people and they really dug it. But it took eight or ten months more to finally solidify the contract to make the movie. Then we said, okay, let's sit down and write a movie.

Cooper: There are a lot of mistakes. It's great. I love mistakes. But the only thing I care about is if it's entertaining or not. That's always been my philosophy about the stage. It's blatant but not overly slick. Nothing subtle. When I walk out of a movie, as long as I was entertained, it was worth it. You go to a whorehouse to get fucked. You go to a movie to get entertained. The great thing about this movie is that it's so silly. It's just so *silly*. You sit there and go, "This is so *stupid*." But you love it. Movies can get overly slick. Sometimes a movie can be so slick that you feel like you're just being bombarded with all these terrifically funny things, but it's just too slick. It's not human enough. We made *this* movie spontaneously. It's almost like a documentary. We left everything in. Our image is brutal and raw and the movie should be like that.



Penthouse: Something that freaks people out is that real guillotine on the stage.

Cooper: I'll tell you the truth. I get scared every night I do that. A lot of people say, "You do it every night, it must be a breeze." But when I put my head in there and I look up—and it's a forty-pound blade, razor-sharp—and it *would* do it. There's about *that* much room between me and the blade when the illusion happens. There's a catch to stop the blade. But if that catch doesn't work . . . Phewwwwwwww!

Penthouse: That tour was fifty-six cities in sixty-two days. Why didn't you spread it out a little?

Cooper: Because you become numb to the tour. In the car, in the plane, on the stage, have a drink, dat-ta-da, go to sleep, on the plane, on the stage . . . I think I *died* somewhere in Kansas.

Penthouse: Would you ever consider doing a movie just as a drama, without music?

Cooper: Sure. I don't want to be pinned down to one thing. This movie comes off as being pretty brutal in places. And at the same time, it's funny in places. That is our image, though. People like us and they really don't know why.

Penthouse: The movie seems to show two personalities: there's you, and then there's Alice.

Cooper: Yeah, that's true. Alice has a personality all his own. He doesn't want to be involved with anything established, anything traditional. I play baseball, and I play golf, and I listen to Burt Bacharach, and I watch TV, and I drink beer. But Alice doesn't do any of those things. When it comes right down to it, Alice will not be involved with anybody except Alice. He's too far apart from everybody else, and that's his rebellion. He refuses to be like anybody in that audience or anybody on that stage. I admire that thing about Alice—speaking of Alice as a third person. The one thing that he has that is very important to his whole personality is the fact that he will go out of his way to confuse people . . . 299 billion of the people on this earth can all be over there, but he's over here. And as soon as they think they're where he's at, he'll move. It's very hard to explain. It's like trying to explain music, or trying to talk about color. Trying to talk about Alice—Alice is such a different person. So individual that I can't talk about him because he lives totally on spontaneity. Me, I'm Ozzie Nelson offstage. I'm "Hi, guys, wanna go see a movie?" That's me, because I try to be so far away from Alice. I don't even want to know him. We don't stay in the same house! We've been separated for years now. I've got the kids, and . . . well, actually, I tried being Alice for a while. Offstage. It was in 1971, after the success of our first single. ["I'm 18."—*Ed.*] I was drinking every day. I was kidding myself. I wore black leather and drank two bottles of whiskey a day. This is the honest-to-God truth. I was in a VO coma—a Seagrams VO coma—I was actually in a coma for days at a time. I started believing I had to be Alice all the time till I realized, "What am I doing this for? This doesn't have to be. Bela Lugosi doesn't go around biting people in the neck offstage. Why should I try to be Alice offstage? They may be killing Alice with alcohol but why do I have to go, too? Why am *I* involved? I don't even know him that well!" It's suicide, because Alice could never last on the street. He's just too . . . he'd be in fights all the time, he'd be in jail all the time for causing things. He's just too much of a juvenile delinquent to be on the street. And so, finally it got to the point where Shep said, "Hey, you know, you're losing your personality!" And that hit me so strongly—it was such a realization—I was losing my personality. And that was the last thing I

wanted to do. Because I really like me. I really do! I can honestly say I like myself a whole bunch. And so I didn't want to lose that.

Penthouse: Why were you trying to be Alice offstage, anyway?

Cooper: Well, you get a taste of fame, you get a taste of money, and you say, "Why don't I be that guy all the time? He has a pretty good time. . . ." That's when you start believing what you read about yourself. I'd go to bars and pick fights. I was in the Troubadour one night, the first day Dave Libert, he's our road guy, started working with us. We're at the Troubadour and I was sitting—with all black leather on, even black leather gloves—and I had finished off two bottles of whiskey. I'm sittin' there and he's with this girl and this guy comes up—an old boyfriend of hers—and says something to Dave's girl. And she says, "Don't bother me." And he says something else. It kept going on and on and on. Finally, it was a scene out of a movie: I was sittin' and I look at Dave, and I put my drink down and I say, "You ready, Dave?" This guy has six friends with him and I go like this: "Harrumph," and put my gloves on. And I stand up, you know, all 120 pounds—and *the guy backs off*! He actually backed off. It was a scene. The people next to me were going, "Wow! Cooper almost did it." And David says to me, "Is this in my contract? Is it going to be like this for years?" You know, I would have been *killed*. That guy would have wiped the floor up with me. I was trying to be Alice. You know, the whole Alice trip is like *The Three Faces of Eve*. It is very similar to that.

Penthouse: Where's your third face?

Cooper: I don't know. I haven't developed that yet. But I'm sure it will happen. I usually am laughing and talking right before I go onstage. But as soon as the announcer says, "Alice Cooper," the moment I step on that stage—boom! I've been with Joe, Shep, the guys in the band, and they're next to me and they know that within five seconds after I go onstage they'd better not be near me. From that point on, I *own* that stage and *nobody* better get on it. It's *mine*. I don't care if there's a hundred thousand people, a million people, or twelve people, it's *my* stage. It's a surge of power that just goes right through your body. And you walk up there and you look around and you know that you own everybody out there. You own everybody on the stage. There's an incredible capacity for power. At one point on the tour I had a broken elbow and three or four broken ribs. I was bandaged all over my upper body. It was one of those things where you hit something, like the mike stand, and you don't feel it . . . or you fall down those stairs, all the way down the stairs, and you don't feel it. And you get off the stage afterwards and they say, "What a great show, we had a great show, Alice," and all of a sudden I look at my arm and my arm is broken. I touch it and I can feel the bone.

Penthouse: At what point in the show did you break it?

Cooper: Somewhere in the middle.

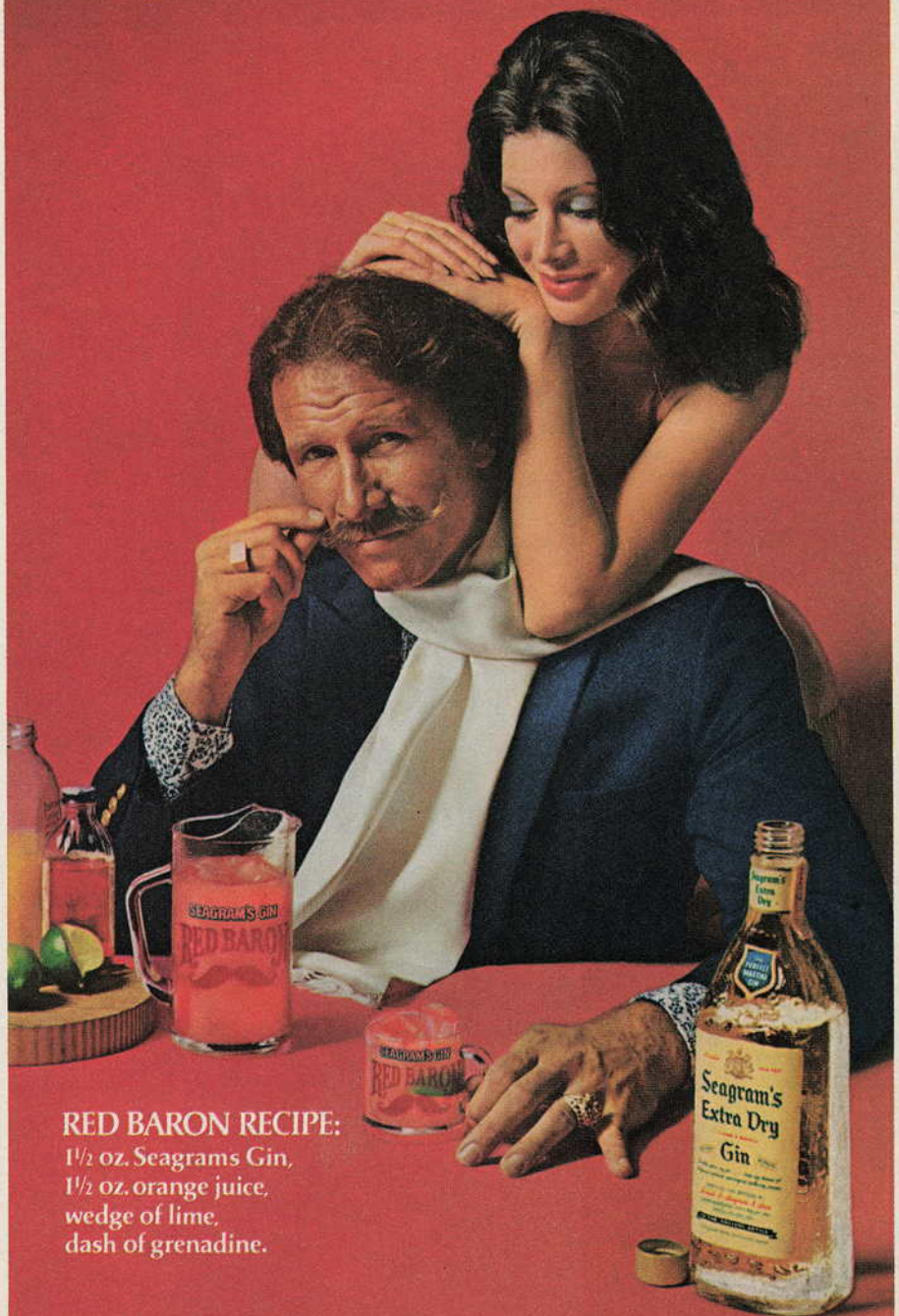
Penthouse: You played for half a show with a broken arm?

Cooper: Sure. And after that I did the rest of the tour. But it's not crazy, because there's no way of controlling yourself when you get onstage, the way I am. When I get onstage I'm just out to prove that I'm Number One. I don't care who's out there. *I'm* Number One because I'm here and you came

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

THE RED BARON.

Orange juice, grenadine and lime. And the gin that's perfect all ways, Seagram's Extra Dry.



RED BARON RECIPE:
1½ oz. Seagrams Gin,
1½ oz. orange juice,
wedge of lime,
dash of grenadine.

Seagram's Extra Dry. The perfect martini gin. Perfect all ways.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

Dick

Revolt on the Turnpike

The Mounting Rage of Independent Truck Drivers

by Tim O'Brien

They drive trucks. They are bottom-heavy, weighted by slabs of flesh in the belly and butt, anchored by fat and tissue that accumulates through years of sitting still, poised over the steering wheel. Their faces and necks are brown, textured like burlap, and their bellies sag over brass buckles. They are sour, opinionated, and certain, and when they talk it is workingman's talk. Rage simmers in their talk—guttural, workingman's rage, barely articulated.

"Fuckin' hippies."

"Fuckin' bums."

"Fuckin' liberals, homos, Chinks, beards, atheists, Kennedys, commies."

The litany is endless and familiar—black people, leftish newspapers, Chicanos, lesbians, the *New York Times*. If it is shaggy, effeminate, pinko, foreign, fuzzy, soft-headed, or vaguely elitist, these truckers don't like it.

And now they don't like Richard Nixon.

There is real irony in it. For a long time during Nixon's battles over the Pentagon papers and Watergate, the nation's independent truck drivers were a granite pillar in the president's Silent Majority. The truckers *look* like Nixon supporters. They *talk* like Nixon supporters. They have the broad, serious faces and the strong arms and close haircuts that somehow seem associated with the man in the White House. Their roots burrow deep into Richard Nixon's middle-class background and philosophy. They believe in hard work. Their ethic is simple and old and pure: a man is only as good as the sweat that goes into his labor. Pasted onto their trucks are all the slogans and hard-hat battle cries of the late 1960's: AMERICA! LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT . . . BOMB HANOI, BOMB HAIPHONG . . . GIVE 'EM HELL, MR. PRESIDENT. Like their president, these truck drivers exemplify something very old in American society, a certain masculine expansionism and spirit and aggressiveness, and, like their president, they seem to isolate themselves, fume inside, feel the frustrations that weigh on all those who believe that their most precious values are under siege and that no one else cares.

Even so, they are angry at Richard Nixon. Not all of them, of course, but a lot of them. Altogether in the United States, there are about a million truck drivers. And somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 of them are angry.

They are a special breed of truck driver, the so-called independent owner-operators. Unlike the others, these 150,000-odd drivers both own and drive their trucks. They pay for the fuel, motel bills, insurance, repairs, tires, oil, tolls, and mortgages. They are not unionized, for the most part, and they are on nobody's payroll. They are small businessmen in the purest sense, and they are fiercely proud of it. Proud to be their own bosses.

In February, 1974 they revolted. Some people called it a strike. Others called it a work stoppage. But it was a revolt. It was a grassroots revolt, aimed at Richard Nixon and his administration. It had nothing to do with ideology or Watergate or the Pentagon papers, but it had much to do with economics. The independent owner-operators were simply going broke:

• Fuel prices were skyrocketing, and Nixon showed no signs of doing anything about it. Diesel fuel, which is used to power the huge long-haul vehicles, had jumped by 10, 20,and even 30 percent in less than six months.

• At truck stops, the pumps were running dry of fuel, and the administration showed no signs of replenishing it.

• Inflation was cutting into fixed earnings, and the administration showed no signs of curbing it.

• Antiquated Interstate Commerce Commission regulations—complex and as scrambled as a breakfast omelet—forced many truckers to travel long distances without any cargo, or forced them to take long, pre-established routes that often wasted fuel.

• Speed limits for trucks were suddenly lowered to fifty-five miles per hour, and the truckers howled that this not only cut down their earnings—which are based on how fast they can move goods from one spot to the next—but also actually wasted precious diesel fuel.

• At the same time, the profits of the big oil companies—dozens of which were big contributors to the Nixon campaign treasury—zoomed and zoomed upwards. Gulf Oil Corporation racked up $800 million in profits last year, after members of the Richard Mellon Scaife family, which controls the company, shoved over a million dollars into Nixon's campaign chest. In the first three months of 1974, Gulf's profits jumped 76 percent over the same period last year.

• At the same time, the nation's trucking companies—who have opposed freight-rate increases for the independents—reportedly poured about $600,000 into Nixon's campaign coffers.

• And members and officials of the Teamsters' Union—who fear the combined strength of the independent truckers—contributed with both dollars and vocal support to President Nixon's cause.

So the independent truckers revolted.

"We felt screwed, absolutely screwed," says Big Bill Hill, a burly trucking organizer who led the revolt. Hill leans over the table in a downtown Washington bar, takes a long draft of his vodka. He is a huge man. Two blue tattoos are etched into his hands, perhaps remnants of his days in the Coast Guard. "We *were* screwed," he says, "and we were angry. Nixon had the reputation of the workingman's hero, you know. A lot of truckers liked him. But we found out. Big business, big money—that's where he stands. We were screwed and frustrated. It was pent-up, but it was there all the time. It had to come out and finally it happened. *Pow!*" The workingman's rage lumbers. Hill's deep voice, which he cheerfully admits helped carry him to the leadership of the independent-trucking movement, booms out, and he jabs at you with his index finger.

"So we hit the government right between the eyes," he says. "We woke a few folks up. People had a hard time ignoring us—100,000 or 200,000 of us. When they went to the grocery store and couldn't find groceries, they finally woke up. We hit the fuckin' government right between the eyes!"

• On February 1, 1974, the independent truckers stopped driving.

• Citrus fruit piled up and rotted in Florida groves.

• Midwestern meat-packing plants closed down.

• Steel plants curtailed operations.

• Eighteen thousand auto workers were laid off.

• Schools and even a few hospitals closed down for lack of fuel to heat them.

• Factories all across the country closed their doors, leading to layoffs of an estimated 100,000 workers and threatening food and fuel supplies all along the East Coast.

"We didn't want violence," Bill Hill says, "but it came anyway."

Trying to "persuade" company and unionized drivers to honor their shutdown, the independent truckers used guns and rocks and knives and threats.

In Delaware and Texas drivers were shot to death. In California another driver was wounded by sniper fire. And in Pennsylvania a bridge was hit with dynamite.

On the first day of the revolt, at least five scab trucks were hit by gunfire. The windshields of a dozen others were smashed by rocks. The violence spread through twenty states. Slashed tires, broken windows, boulders toppled from overpasses, ripped air hoses, Molotov cocktails, bomb threats. There were memories of the old days—the labor wars of the old days.

The governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, and West Virginia, aghast at the bloodshed, ordered out the National Guard. Trucks ran in armed convoys, escorted by state police and the Guard.

And according to two sources close to the strike, President Richard Nixon was on the verge of declaring martial law. *Martial law.*

"Ohio is like Vietnam now," said Maryland truck-stop owner Tom Moyer on the first day of the revolt.

"It was guerrilla warfare," says another trucker who drove throughout the ten tense days of the revolt. "I thought I was back in the Nam. I spent some time over there, you know. A lot of us drivers were in the Nam. The highways were just like Highway One in the Nam—fuckin' convoys and ambushes. I was scared in Nam, but, Lordie, I was just as scared driving during the strike."

"I tried to stop the violence," Hill says, starting on another vodka. "The guys were frustrated." He jabs with his finger. "For one thing, people think truckers are dumb. They're not dumb. They're hard workers and they like their jobs. For years and years we've been runnin' under outmoded ICC regulations. We've got to get state permits, federal permits, pay taxes, pay tolls, pay taxes and more taxes, and haul what the government tells us to haul. It's frustrating!"

What finally triggered the violence and the ten-day revolt was one simple fact: the independent truckers weren't making money. In other words, the ghost of Adam Smith had once more arisen.

"We just couldn't run our trucks anymore," says Lester Salsgiver of Seville, Ohio. Salsgiver was another organizer of the great revolt and a board member of the Council of Independent Truckers. "We were all going broke, that simple."

Salsgiver's truck, a 1973 Kenworth, costs him $1,250 a month for payments and insurance. He shells out another $1,200 or so a month for fuel, repairs, meals, and lodging. On top of that come tolls, taxes, and other costs. Between October 1973 and March 1974, Salsgiver says, he was forced to borrow $8,000—just to stay in business.

Or take another case: Bud Shaffer, a young, wiry driver out of Vienna, Virginia. Even when the truckers' revolt ended, Shaffer refused to take his rig back on the road. "Look, I love driving my truck," he says. "I love the open road. I get a chance to sit and think, and I like that, I do."

Shaffer is young. He sits straight, and he is clean-cut and soft-spoken. But he is angry. "I'm not driving for nothing," he says. "I love the road, but I'm not driving for nothing. It's a job—it's not just a hobby, you know. Somebody's making a whale of a lot of money off these high fuel prices, and I know it's not me. I'm the one that's paying. I'm not taking my truck back till I can make a decent profit, a decent living."

Shaffer is eager to prove his case. He hauls out his account books.

"Okay. Here's why I went on strike. Last December 10 I started out from Greensville, South Carolina. I picked up some Pepsi-Cola cartons in Atlanta, then I headed north to drop them off in West Virginia and Rochester, New York. The trip took me two and a half days. You know my profit?" He points to an underscored figure. "$52.17."

"I wonder if Nixon would work for two and a half days for a measly $52.17. At least he wouldn't have tax problems." He shoves the ledger forward:

Revenue paid to the shipping company Shaffer hauls for:	$586.00
Shaffer's cut of the revenue:	$363.39
Shaffer's costs for the trip:	
fuel:	$121.49
tolls:	10.15
food:	9.22
loading charge:	20.00
taxes, insurance, etc.:	150.36
	$311.22
Shaffer's profit:	$52.17

Though Shaffer says this trip was one of his worst, he has hauled even less profitable loads. "Once I pulled a cargo from Baltimore to Syracuse and ended up $135 in the hole."

Big Bill Hill, who led the revolt, orders another drink. His cheeks are glowing red.

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Balloonheads

BY ART CUMMINGS

"I think you've had it... Mr. Farsgrove!"

MACY'S
TED KLIROS

THE OILMIGHTY DOLLAR

In his book, *1984*, George Orwell predicted a world governed entirely by Big Brother. He had no way of knowing it at the time, but he would have been much better off learning to whistle variations on "Dixie."

Big Brother, for instance, turns out to be a guy named Mohammed. Any guy named Mohammed. All guys named Mohammed.

Islam once reached from India to "far Cathay," as it was known to the Authors' League of Aleppo. By 1984 it will reach from Spitsbergen to a little east of Omaha.

For a while it was tuck and nip. The Nips were buying half the known world and Tuck was the name of a game, the object of which was to see who would bid more, the West Germans or the Japanese.

Karl Marx, another great prophet, had missed out on the world revolution as early as 1917. His dream of brotherhood, equality, and whatever had received one swift kick in the ass. (Did you ever see a dream limping?) The Russians very cleverly got rid of the Czar and found themselves with a hundred million ignorant peasants and a warehouse full of French Impressionist paintings. The paintings they kept (who knows when you'll need a buck?) and the peasants were stripped of their chains so that they could become serfs.

Germany, meanwhile, had an amusing inflation which led to a nice-sized Communist party, which led to Adolf Hitler—a great admirer of the late Mussolini.

Fascism led to the Second World War which in turn took the U.S. out of the Depression so that it could give money to the rest of the world to prevent the spread of Communism. (If this is going too fast for you, thank me. If you had to look it all up you'd go crazy with boredom.)

Meanwhile, back in Peking, Mao had it figured out that a Chinese peasant was just as good as a Russian one, so he threw Chiang Kai-shek off the mainland (but not quite far enough) and started his own shtick. He had read Karl Marx, too, and it had lost nothing in the translation. Starting with a mere five hundred million tillers of the soil, in no time he produced a handful of revolutions and a race of people who wear blue pajamas. They are admired worldwide for their habit of exercising out in the fields every morning before breakfast and for their quiet takeover of Tibet.

During this period the great subcontinent of India got rid of the British and returned to its normal routine of starving to death once a week in the *New York Times Magazine*. Somewhere along in here the Japanese discovered the transistor radio and cheap labor.

At the same time a number of African neighborhoods began trading betel-nut juice for flags. Then they printed up a dozen postage stamps and declared themselves members of the United Nations.

By 1974 the situation was this: The President of the United States had made a personal visit to both China and Russia, which paid off handsomely. The U.S. sold the Russians a bunch of wheat on credit and in return the Russians gave an enormous contract for a new steel plant to the Germans. China agreed to ship more bric-a-brac to Bloomingdale's department store; in return they guaranteed not to bomb Los Angeles for at least a year, or whenever they perfected their long-range, multiple-warhead missiles—whichever came first.

The Indians hated the U.S. because Nixon had sided with Pakistan in a recent war. France hated the U.S. because France was tired of hating just England and Germany. Israel was buying arms from the Czechs. The British were in dreadful shape, the Scandinavian countries were welfare-broke, Italy had fallen apart altogether, and the Indians were still starving, along with Bangladesh and most of South America. Russia was suffering from wheat and consumer goods shortages and from Cuba. China was enjoying its seventh Cultural Revolution.

Marx was dead.

Orwell was dead.

God himself was feeling poorly.

The whole of the West was trying to pull itself together. Norman Vincent Peale published his two hundredth book on how to be a success, though incompetent. Grown-ups were kissing the feet of a fat new Indian god and worshipping a seagull, especially in the United States, where faith had been cruelly shaken by the discovery that the men in power were shysters, tax-dodgers, reprobates, and poltroons. And then came the shot heard round the world.

The Ayrabs discovered oil.

Now, the Russians had known all along that the Ayrabs had oil, but they're a close-mouthed bunch and word hadn't got around. Earlier on, the Russians, through the courtesy of a monumental buffoon named John Foster Dulles, built the Aswan dam for the Ayrabs just to show them who their friends were.

Then some sneak told the Ayrabs. The history of the world changed in a trice. (English word for *troika*.) In three years the Moslems owned a third of all the available money in the world.

By 1984, they owned all of it except for sixty-five cents still in the possession of a Toronto man who had been out of town. The French were the first to go, logically; but then they'd been wrong about Napoleon, the Maginot Line, and the Common Market, too, so they weren't terribly surprised. Besides, the Ayrabs hadn't cared for what the French had done in Algiers. They didn't even like the movie. (The album, "Sailing Along on Turhan Bay," hadn't done well either.)

Now, with billions of dollars, the Ayrabs decided to wipe out Israel once and for all, but to do it in a nice way. The first thing they did was to go to New York and buy up Macy's, Gimbel's, Bergdorf-Goodman, and the rest; then they went to Texas and snapped up Neiman-Marcus. This action immediately cut Israel off from its main lines of credit.

Since there were about three million Jews in New York City alone at that time, the Ayrabs methodically bought up the rest of

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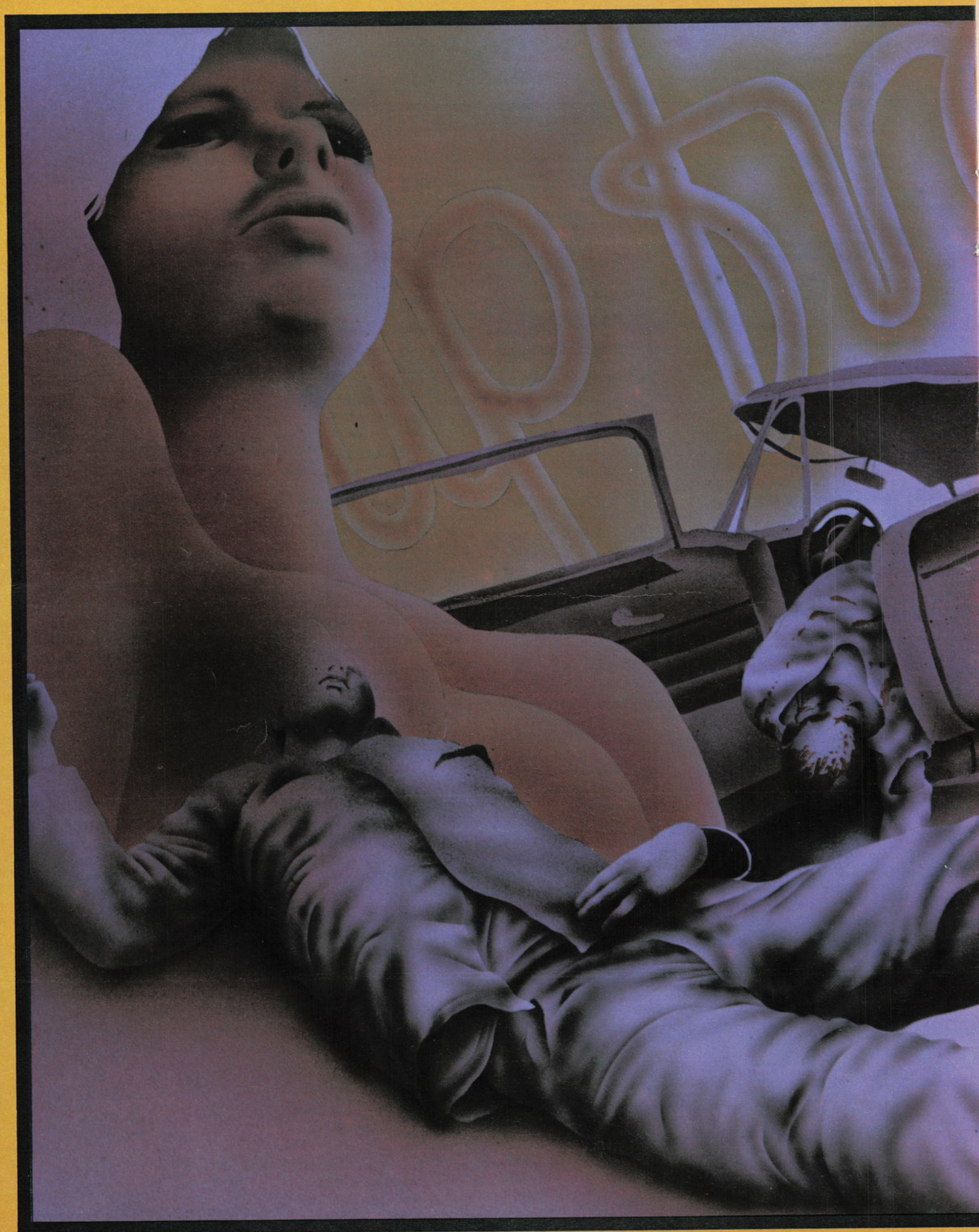
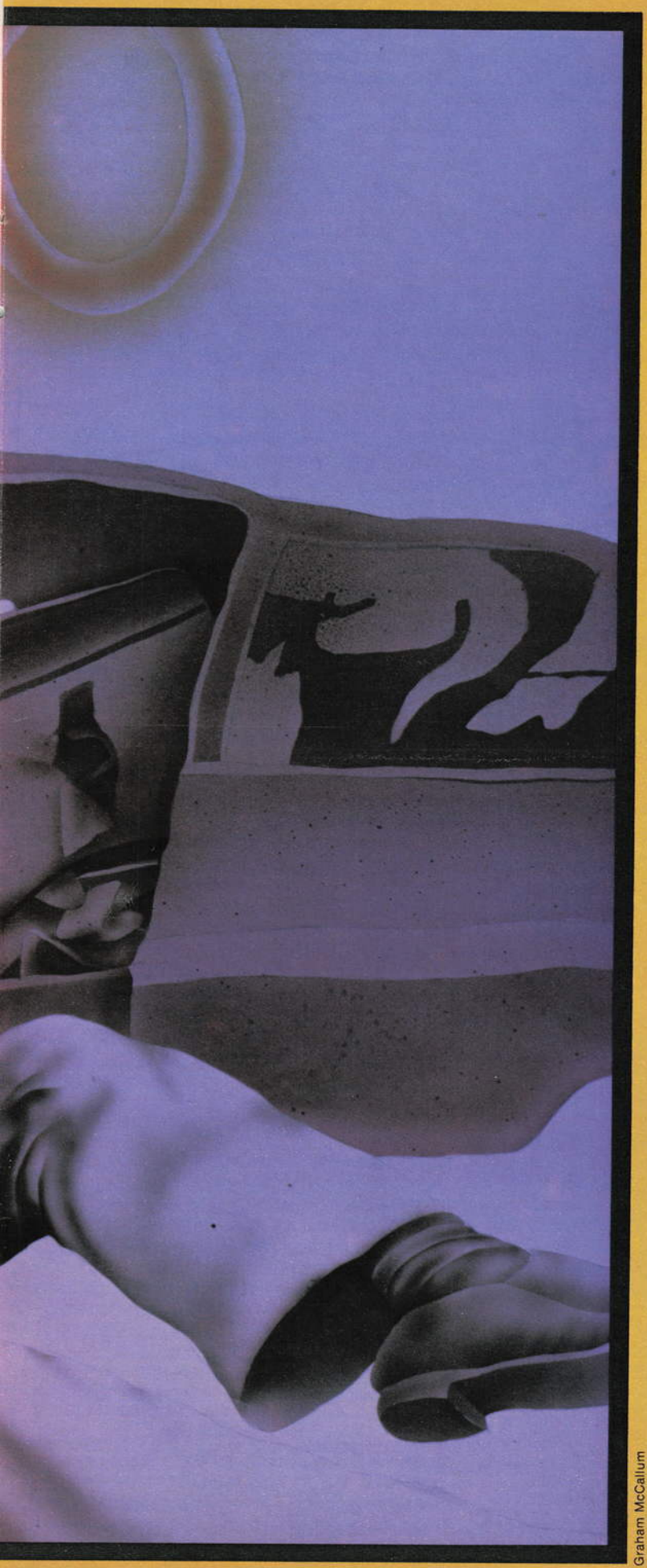
By 1984 the Ayrabs owned all the wealth in the world except for sixty-five cents.

by Henry Morgan





Graham McCallum

A Jesuit priest, a Boston cop, a speeding car—and a car crash. The priest thought he was dead and the cop wished it was true...

by John L'Heureux

ANSWERED PRAYERS

1

When he died, he was ready for it, more or less.

He was pulling out of a sidestreet, thinking about God, when he realized the car approaching on his left was not going to stop, not even slow down. It struck him broadside, doing sixty. He felt his own car rise in the air, twisting, and he caught a glimpse of the astounded face of the other driver, and he said to himself, now I'm dead. Then he heard a tearing sound as his car fishtailed into a chain-link fence, and he said to himself, well, I mustn't be dead after all. What luck. But he was dead by the time the ambulance came.

His name was Donovan Enright, and he had been a Jesuit priest with a lot of Jesuit ideas. They buried him with a guitar Mass and an upbeat homily.

2

Donovan Enright had nothing in common with Gene Sullivan, the man who killed him, except that they were both Catholics and both forty-five.

Donovan had been a Jesuit for twenty-seven years and a priest for fourteen of those years. He had kept his vows as well as any priest, and better than most. Which is to say, as Donovan himself had said more than once, "You can spend a little money and still be poor, and you can do what you want to and still be obedient, but you can't fuck around and still be chaste." That was one of his Jesuit ideas. Mostly, Donovan kept his vows by keeping to himself. He had trouble making friends, and most of the Jesuits he knew best were too intellectual for that sort of thing anyhow. And besides, life was a lot less complicated if you stuck to your own room and just thought. Once, during the religion craze of the Sixties, he put some of his ideas on paper and published a book about the Death of God theologians. He didn't think much of them and the Jesuits didn't think much of his book. So he went back to teaching theology and sitting in his room with his ideas, until one night Gene Sullivan killed him and his life was different forever.

Gene Sullivan's only vows were his marriage vows, and he kept them as well as most men. In his late thirties he had had a steady mistress, but when he turned forty he decided to play the field. He was a cop and so had opportunities. He hung out with his police buddies at the Up Front Cafe, which featured a topless hostess and a girl who wore white boots and half a bikini. The girl in the boots

was Needa Mann, and she worked out on a little platform way in the back, snapping her fingers and moving around in time to the music. Gene had made it with Needa, as had all the other cops before him, and she was good. Even just watching her snap her fingers and roll that sweet butt could take his mind off home. At home was his wife Jayne, who always had big pink rollers in her hair, and his daughter Sheree, and his son Kevin. After night duty the guys all got together at the Up Front and had a few beers. One night Gene left the bar early and cruised the Combat Zone until he found a girl he had picked up twice before on lewd and lascivious. She saw he was out of uniform and knew what the deal was, so she got into the car and gave it to him parked in the A&P delivery dock. He went back to the Up Front then, feeling shitty, and had a couple belts and then a couple more. He was mad, at himself, at his whole goddam life. There was no way out of anything. Life was a trap.

He was thinking this while he drove home to Jayne and, preoccupied, did not stop, did not even slow down, until his car struck the other car. His life was different after that.

3

"We've been on this subject for a week now, Father, and I'm still not sure what you hold. Are you saying that there *is*, or there is *not*, life after death?"

Father Enright was still alive at the time, so he pushed his glasses back on his nose and leaned into the question.

"That's a rather simplistic formulation of the problem, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, it is. Can you answer, please?"

Students turned around to get a look at the questioner.

"Simplistically, yes, there *is* life after death. But immediately the question arises, what you mean by 'life'? Or, for that matter, by 'death'? What would be wrong, say, about the rather Protestant notion that we live after death in the memories of those we have known, of those who care about us. Just as, for example, Lincoln or Gandhi or even Jesus live in our memories."

"But aren't most people, after a short time, not remembered at all? What about *their* eternal life?"

Father Enright pounced. "Ah, you see? Democracy of the spirit. The life of the soul, Mr., ah—Mr. Smith, is it?—the life of the soul is rooted in mystery. It has no room for democracy. We did not elect God; we are not all equal. Why should not each of us, therefore, enjoy an eternity proper to himself? A life perfectly fitted to the life we led on earth?"

And then he went off onto his other favorite ideas and everyone relaxed, because none of that would be covered in the final exam.

4

Gene Sullivan took one look at the body in the car and knew it was all over for that poor bastard. He checked the area, the skid marks, the position of the two cars. By the time the police arrived, he had a plausible story ready, one that would stand up in court, so long as nobody measured the skids. The guy must have been drinking, he said. He came shooting out of that side street like a bat out of hell, never stopped at the sign, must have been drunk, he said. By the time the ambulance came, it was clear the guy was dead.

Somebody found his wallet and it turned out he was a priest. That was good in a way. No lawsuit. No family. But, Christ, a priest!

Chico Mulligan drove Gene home and had a drink with him.

"Don't worry," Mulligan said. "I'll fill out the report myself. Maybe he was drinking, maybe he was speeding. I'll take care of it. We're buddies, right? You'd do the same for me, right? All right, so just don't worry about it! That's all."

After Mulligan left, Gene poured himself a tumbler of Four Roses. Then he woke Jayne and told her how he was almost killed, how the other guy was dead. She kissed him and hugged him and then poured him another drink.

"Come on," she said, "come on, baby," and she led him off to the bedroom, where for a whole bunch of reasons he couldn't do anything. "Forget about what happened," she said, her hand busy beneath the sheet. "Put him out of your mind."

Finally he fell asleep, and then she fell asleep. But even in his dreams, Gene kept seeing the dead priest's face.

For Donovan Enright, the dead priest, it was the first of many unusual nights.

5

So this was it, Donovan thought, I'm gonna be summoned every goddam time! At first he couldn't figure it out, but after the third time he realized it fitted perfectly with everything he had thought about an ironic God.

It went this way. The cop would be doing his stupid police work and minding his own business, and then all of a sudden he'd stop and think of that priest he killed; and once he thought of him he couldn't get him out of his mind. That was Donovan's signal. He had to drop everything and live locked in that mind until the cop forgot about him. Tough shit that, for Donovan, life might be going along nice and peaceful, his ideas on heaven and hell and eternity clicking by with smoothness and precision, but as soon as Gene thought of him—whammo—it was all over.

Some eternity. Some joke. It had been going on for months now and Donovan was beginning to get fed up.

6

"As to the question of eternal reward—or, as you have just formulated it: is there a heaven and a hell?—I would say yes, there is a heaven and a hell. God rewards us by giving us whatever it is we have always wanted."

He had paused then, and even the dullest of them had looked up. Father Enright was known to be peculiar, but surely he was not actually proposing a pie-in-the-sky heaven.

"That is to say, if you have put yourself first in all things, then that is what you'll get: you'll spend eternity looking *in*, contemplating yourself. But if, on the other hand, you have lived for other people—for God, if you wish—then you will spend eternity looking *out*. Looking out at what, I would not care to say."

They had continued to stare up at him, perhaps imagining him dead. A vein throbbed in his temple and he had looked severely at the thirty-odd expectant faces as he said, "Those who are determined to be damned will find, I think, that their peculiar prayers are answered."

The next week he was killed in that fishy car crash.

7

At first, Donovan hadn't minded much. It wasn't like being dead at all, this summons to somebody else's life.

"Come on, baby," Jayne had said, and then she had taken her husband to bed and fooled around with him. Donovan hadn't gone along at first, in and out of Gene's mind as he was; but as Gene got excited, the thought of the priest returned more and more strongly to his mind, and so Donovan had no choice. Poor, obedient, and chaste, Donovan wrestled in that bed, his heart racing and his body pumping wildly right up to the moment of release. He gasped along with Gene, flopped over on his side, and waited till his heart slowed down. Donovan was just about to submerge beneath a tidal wave of self-disgust, when Gene suddenly forgot about him and fell asleep. Donovan was finished with and could go back to his old thinking.

Gene made love to his wife often now, and at some time during the event he invariably called up that damned priest. After a few such times, Donovan came to realize that this was his afterlife, it was God's will, and he began to surrender to it. Who was he, after all, to pick a quarrel with God. The sex was terrific, and the complexity of the emotions that went along with sex was a revelation. Sometimes while Donovan writhed in what he continued to think of as the act of love, he would shudder with a surge of undiluted

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6

He felt his own car rise in the air, twisting ... and he said to himself, now I'm dead.

9

"I'm the faithful type. I've only been to bed with five men."

JANICE

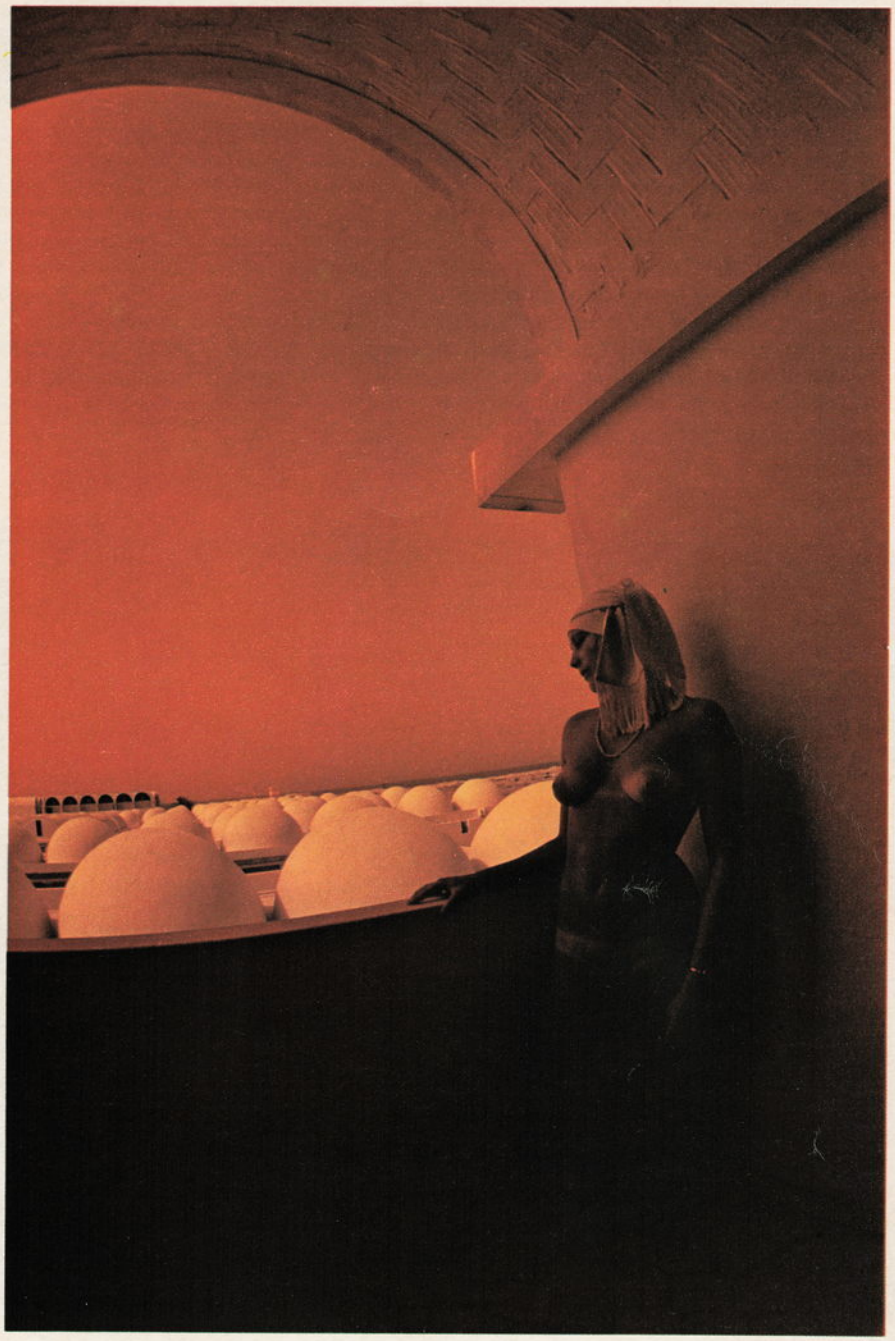
Citizen Kane

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Janice Kane is the living proof of a maxim we've always subscribed to—that the spirit of feminine independence is not confined to bra burners and banner bearers. This nineteen-year-old Briton's basic need is not liberation but a lover—preferably an older man (twenty-eight to thirty-six) willing and able to take very special care of her.

Janice's predilection for the maturer male goes back to her school days in the Surrey countryside. "When I was about thirteen I had crushes on the eighteen-year-olds," she says, "and by fourteen or fifteen, my interests had extended to men outside of school."

Until this glorious awakening, Janice had concentrated on dancing lessons and athletics. "I loved sports," she recalls, "especially the javelin, the long jump, and gymnastics. I've always been energetic, but there's a limit. I wouldn't want to be stronger than my man. I like my man to be stronger than me."

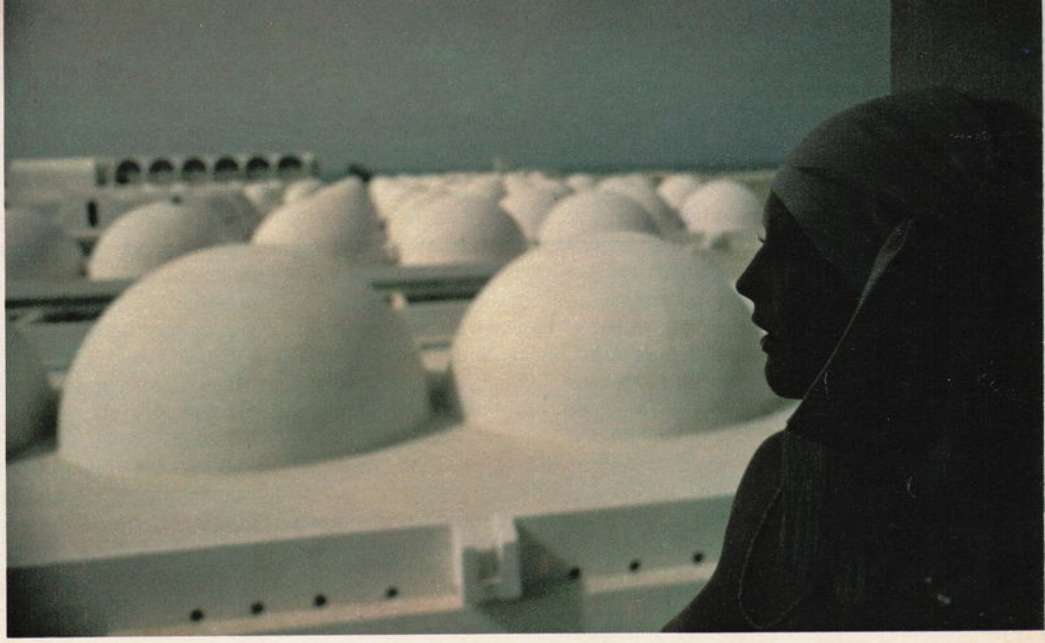


Though sports were no problem for Janice, she couldn't score with English or math and, at fifteen, school was left behind and Janice commenced learning about life beyond the lecture halls.

"It wasn't until I was sixteen that I lost my virginity, and since then I've only been to bed with five men. I've slept with so few because I'm a one-man girl, the faithful type. I don't really have to be in love with a man to go to bed with him, but I have to like him a hell of a lot."

At eighteen, Janice followed the traditional country girl-city woman transition, seeking independence in lively London. Her 36-24-36 qualifications helped land her a job as a Pet in our London club, and she was soon tabbed for a *Penthouse* promotional tour to Jerba, Tunis, where she went on location with Bob Guccione and a *Penthouse* film crew. She then moved on with Bob and crew to Tokyo for another week's filming, and then on to New York for a week's rest, then back to London—completing her first 'round-the-world jaunt for *Penthouse.* Heady stuff for a girl just out of the countryside, but the basic Janice holds fast, her motivations intact.

"I prefer my men to be older because they put more into making love. They are more considerate of my needs and they take more time. I love long, drawn-out foreplay, like kisses on the back of my neck, along my



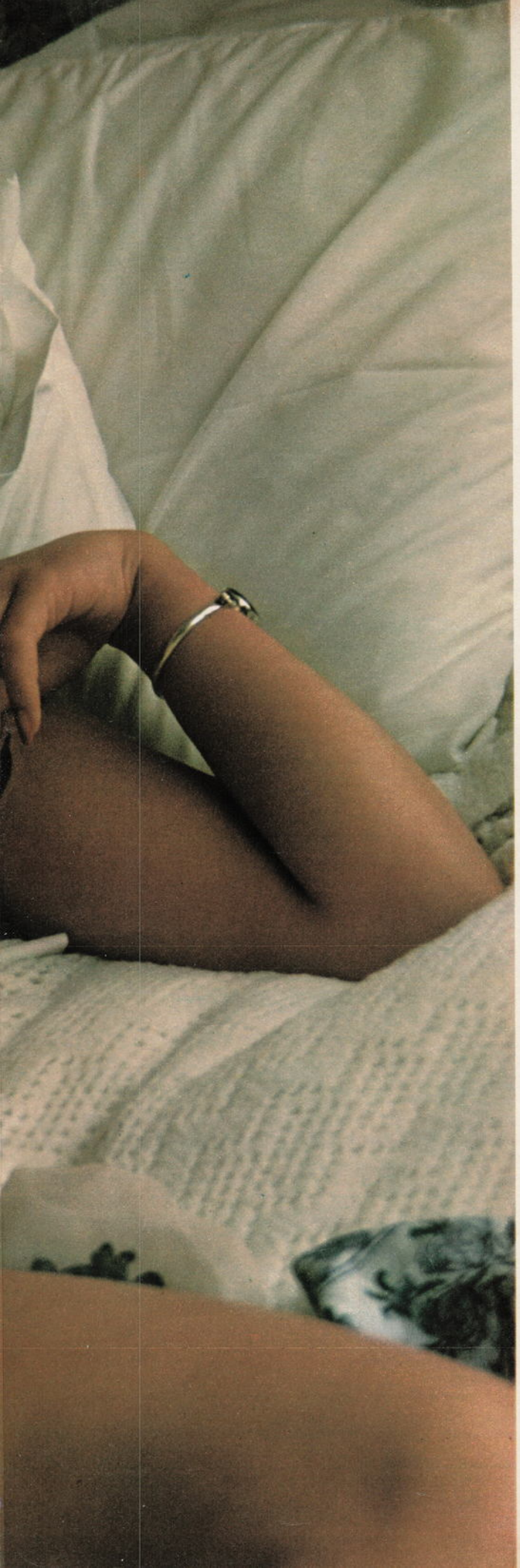
spine, and around my ears—and if I like somebody very much, he just has to touch me and I go wild. I get shivers all over me."

Passionate? Definitely. And yet..."What really turns me on is being cuddled at home, watching television with a man I feel for. Just being with him in a quiet situation is what I like most." What else turns her on? "Hairy chests, but not beards or mustaches. Men in tight pants with small, curvy bottoms. And I like men to be strong-willed as well as strong physically, with the kind of eyes that look straight through you."

Though men are a rewarding and significant factor in her life, Janice is clearly not a one-dimensional figure. Her working days at the Penthouse Club are punctuated by promotional tours and trips. Off hours, she delights in old Gene Kelly movies, and lately feels the urge to drag out her old dancing shoes and try her luck in a London musical or two.

She's not obsessed with fashion, but knows what she likes. "I feel happiest in trousers that are tight around my bottom. I love clothes that emphasize a girl's shape —I suppose I like drawing attention to my figure."

But a well-rounded bottom doth not a well-rounded woman make. "I like to be respected for my character—in fact, for everything about me, not just for my body and appearance," says Janice. Being recognized as a



woman is important to her, and she enjoys every moment of it. "What pleases me most is the liberties we can take because of our sex. I don't want to be liberated because being a woman has so many advantages. You can jump lines at gas stations and do things that no male could get away with. When you're a woman, men just laugh at the liberties you take."

For the most part, however, men don't usually spend their time with Janice laughing at her, and she's equally serious about her own relationships. "Sex has always been very important with me. I've never been to bed with a man and just left him the following morning." It's reassuring to know that there are still women like Janice around. Stable, not stagnant... female, not flagrant. It's, well, a secure feeling we'd be delighted to share.

MISS JANICE KANE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ANSWERED PRAYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

hatred; then he would thrust hard and his chest would expand with the feel of punishing, and he would think, good, good. And sometimes when they were having dinner, he would look at the cop's daughter—because Gene would look—and think of the things he could do to her, how it would feel, how it would teach her what was what. Donovan even found himself once—when Gene was shaving and his son came in to take a shower—he found himself thinking about the kid. My God, the kid? But Gene cut himself maybe deliberately, and so the priest went straight out of his thoughts.

That kind of variety kept Donovan in a continual state of wonder. Life had never seemed like that. No such thoughts had ever crossed his mind while he was alive. Or had they? No. He had never even made friends with Jesuits, let alone with women. It was too much of a risk. He had wondered once, in his late twenties, if maybe he was queer. He had wondered for quite a while and had even thought of seeing a shrink; but he decided finally that if your car was up on blocks, it didn't really matter whether it was manual shift or automatic drive. And then in his early thirties he decided he wasn't queer anyhow. And now all this: the wife, the daughter, even the son.

A few months passed and the summonses became more frequent. Donovan was beginning to get fed up.

8

The summonses became more frequent and more boring: while Gene was on duty in the prowl car, while he sat swilling beer in the Up Front, while he—God help us—sat on the toilet fiddling with himself. Every few hours his mind would slip from whatever he was doing and sure enough that damned priest would be back. Gene became jumpy and irritable, not just at home but everywhere. He was not sleeping nights. He was never relaxed. He could not keep the face of that dead priest out of his mind.

> Those who are determined to be damned will find, I think, that their peculiar prayers are answered.

Gene couldn't figure out why. He had killed guys before, two of them. Some kid in a stolen car had pulled a gun on him, and he had had to shoot it out. And he had killed another guy, a Puerto Rican who had gone nuts and was holding his own kids hostage. Gene had killed both of them and never thought about it for a minute. But this priest here, he couldn't get out of his head.

And then one night when he and Chico Mulligan were on duty in the wagon, they got a ten-thirteen to West Roxbury. It turned out not to be a ten-thirteen at all, just a couple of kids who broke the window of a liquor store. One of them they'd picked up before, Jesus Sanchez, a punchy bastard who was always looking for real trouble and some day would find it. Sanchez had a bottle of Canadian Club in his hand, and as the two policemen came at him, he broke it off at the neck and made a lunge at Mulligan's face. Mulligan used his leather sap and decked Sanchez with one tremendous blow to the side of his head. "Humane," Mulligan said, letting Sanchez lie there while they frisked the other kid and then hustled him into the wagon. Then they got Sanchez by the hands and feet and tossed him into the wagon too. But as Mulligan was about to slam the door, Sanchez kicked out with a pointed shoe and caught Mulligan flat in the chest.

In seconds the two cops were inside the wagon. Gene held Sanchez from behind while Mulligan worked him over. Sanchez went limp and Gene dropped him to the floor, but Mulligan was not done. He kicked the body up against the wall and then worked up and down, getting him in the shins, the knees, the crotch, the chest, using his sap on the back of the head.

"Christ," Gene said, "you're gonna kill him," but Mulligan didn't stop. And then there was a siren from a squad car, and then another, and Gene pulled Mulligan off Sanchez. "Resisting arrest," Mulligan said. "You saw him." "Right," Gene said. But before they brought him into the station, Mulligan took the precaution of slipping some uppers into Sanchez's pocket.

Gene filled out the report the way Mulligan wanted. It was what you had to do for a buddy.

But the next day when Sanchez died without ever regaining consciousness, Gene thought of the priest he had killed—he couldn't tell why—and from then on the priest was constantly in his mind.

Donovan had to relive the beating the two cops had given Sanchez. But now it was he who held the struggling Sanchez. And it was he who swung his foot at the shins, the knees, the defenseless crotch. After a while, Donovan realized he almost liked the feeling as his foot crunched against the yielding flesh. Yes, he liked it.

It was then that Donovan began to wonder if he had gone to heaven or to hell.

9

In an "Afterword" to his book on the Death of God theologians, Father Enright had recorded various unconnected thoughts about the mysterious nature of sin and punishment.

"The God they say is dead is actually the democratic God of their own fabrication. The true God, the God of justice and of irony, lives forever.

"Sin is behovely. Therefore, irony is behovely. How else explain Julian of Norwich, among other wonders.

"It would seem that God allows pride and arrogance to go unpunished. He does not. It is only that some sins cannot be punished except by other sins. Thus the man of pride is often allowed to slip into sins of the flesh. Sometimes we cannot find ourselves until we are wholly lost."

A lot of crazy ideas, his fellow Jesuits said. They felt he did too much thinking—alone in that room.

10

The day after Sanchez died, two things happened.

The first was that Gene Sullivan went to confession. He didn't know why he went, and he didn't want to go, but he ended up inside the confessional anyhow. It was as if he'd been dragged there, with no power to resist. He told the priest that a while back he had been in an accident. He had had a few drinks, he said, and maybe he was a little under the influence because he really hadn't seen the other driver but, anyway, he had killed him. The priest asked a lot of questions, like was there a family left behind and all that, and Gene said no, no, nothing like that; and after a while the priest gave him absolution. But as soon as he came out of the confessional, it started in all over again. He hadn't admitted that the guy he killed was a priest or that Chico Mulligan had filed a false report saying the priest had been drinking, so he figured the confession was no good and the sacrament wouldn't take. He was right back where he started. He stood for a minute on the church steps wondering if he should go back and tell the rest. "*O bone Jesu, exaudi me.*" He looked around to see who was talking, but nobody was there. Jesus, he said to himself, and all the way down to the station he played rock music really loud, but he kept on hearing that smooth voice saying, "*exaudi me.*"

The second thing happened down at the station. Chico Mulligan came up to him and said he had to talk, so they got into Mulligan's car and drove out toward Brookline.

"I gotta get this card for my wife's anniversary, see. We'll go to this place where Reilly's girl works, the House of Cards. Wait'll you get a look at her tits. Out to here."

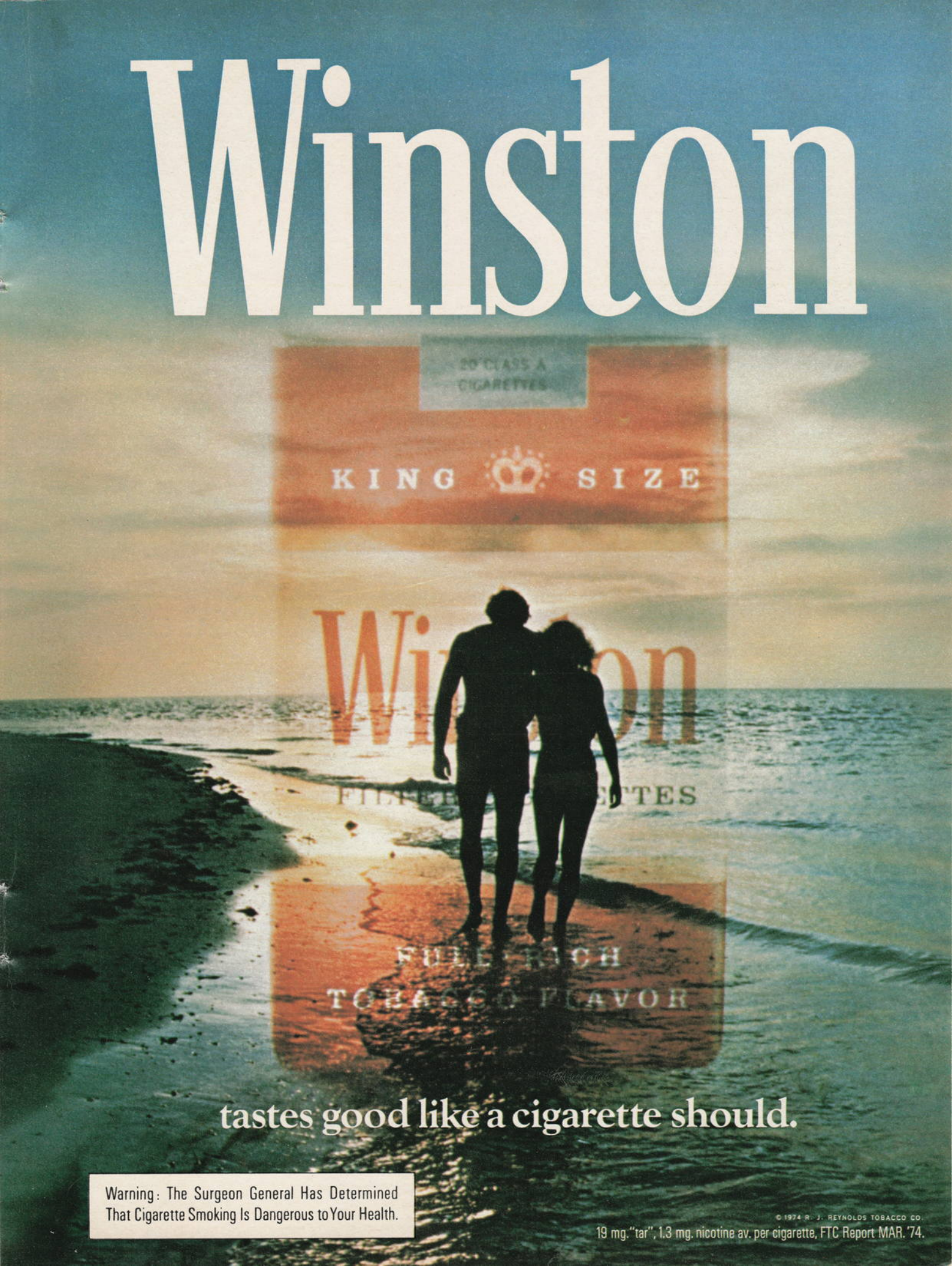
Gene's mind was still on confession; the voice he heard had to be that dead priest's voice. The thought made all his teeth ache.

"Tits out to here," Mulligan was saying.

Disgusting, Gene thought. And to Mulligan he said, "Look, Chico, I got a lot on my mind. I don't give two shits for Reilly's girl's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

Winston



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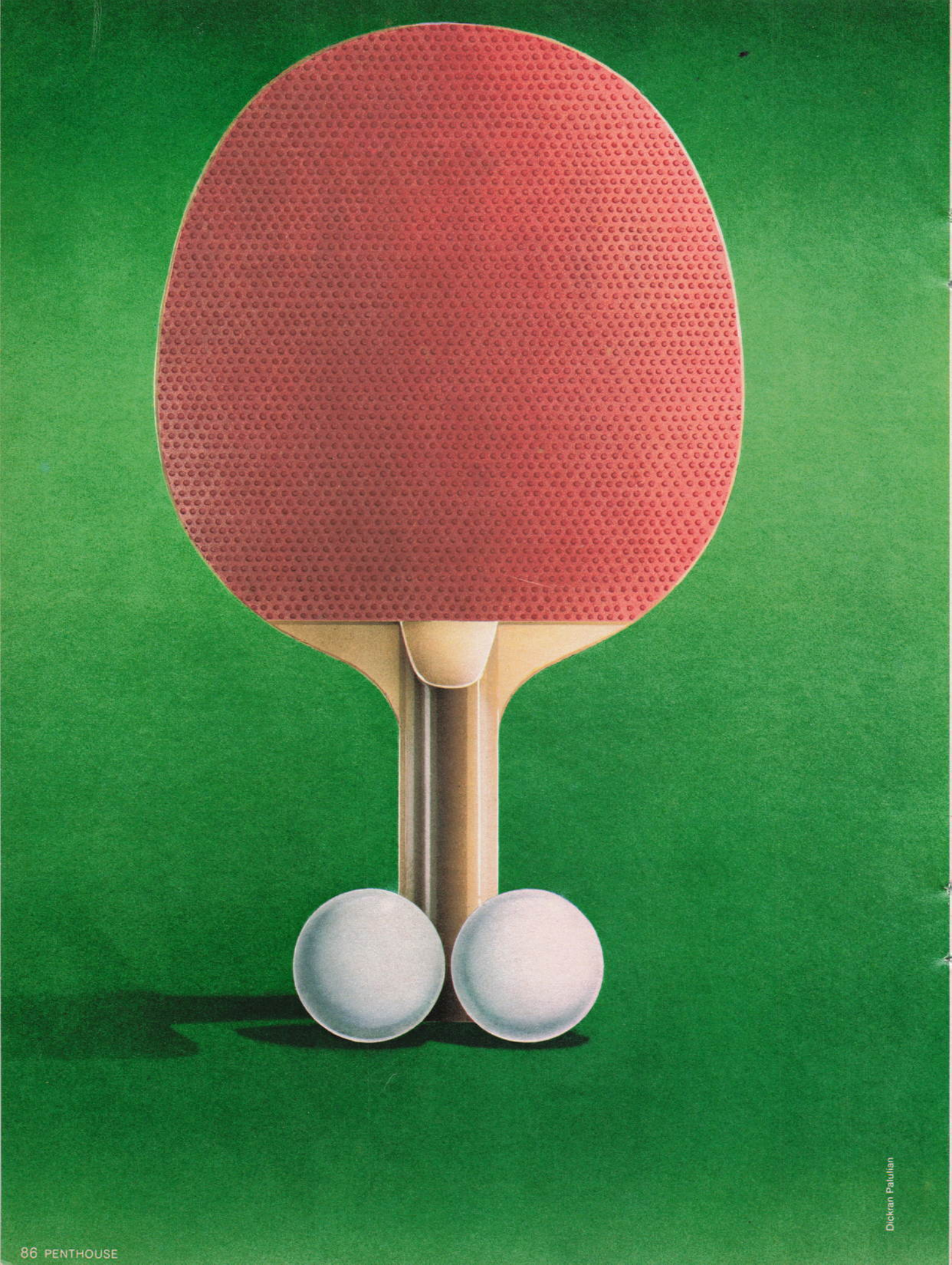


Dickran Palulian

The Sensuous Ping-Pong Player

By F. P. Tullius

Why do my Ping-Pong partner and I seem to be getting less and less out of our games? —A.W., Rootbier, Ida.

You and your partner are probably not engaging in sufficient foreplay. At least ten minutes—or two or three hundred rallies—should be tried before initiating regular play. During foreplay a variety of shots should be used to warm up the partner—chops, sidespins, dropshots, backhand flicks, etc. A noticeable reddening of the cheeks and lips and pronounced quickening of the breath will be observed when your partner is ready. During foreplay partners should talk to each other softly, trading compliments on the beauty and crispness of their shots.

Do you recommend the new foam-rubber paddles?—S.H., Green Stump, Del.

While foam paddles are extremely safe, some female players find them uncomfortable. Whichever paddle works best should be used, but you should never play without one. Better safe than sorry.

What do I tell my five-year-old about Ping-Pong?—J.C., Penny, N.H.

Tell him the truth: that there is a place called Red China and they have literally hundreds of Ping-Pong players who can beat the wang out of any American alive. Show him your equipment and explain that when he's big enough, he can play—and don't be timid and self-conscious about using up-front words like "ball," "net," "paddle," "serve," and "let."

To my great dismay, my college son, Mike, just wrote me to say he prefers a male partner and I might as well know it. Is there anything I can do?—Mrs. R.C., Cola, Fla.

Perhaps Mike has never played with a girl who's really good on the table—you might try shopping around to find him one. USO hostesses were always very adept, but there don't seem to be too many around anymore. If that fails it's probably best to accept what Mike is and learn to live with it. Under no circumstances should you put him down or lay a guilt trip on him.

My girl friend, Michelle, went to one of those swinging games where eight to ten people play all at once, exchanging partners right in the middle of the game and everything. It sounds squirrelly to me. What do you think? —N.M., Ohpeekue, R.I.

Though I personally believe Ping-Pong is best as a twosome, played in the seclusion of your cellar, with soft lights and Shostakovich, we shouldn't be judgmental about such variations on the game. I must say that most of the "gang-games" I have witnessed have tended to be very unstructured affairs, with players falling all over each other and usually under the influence of drugs, such as Falstaff and Pall Malls, and no one keep-

Letterforms by Tom Carnase

Ballsy advice for the Great Indoor Pastime— Dr. Hip Pong prescribes different strokes for different folks.

ing score properly. Sheer stamina seems to be admired by group players, rather than delicacy and finesse. On the other hand, many group players maintain that their kind of play has strengthened their regular partnership and sometimes even saved it.

My regular partner, Kathy, doesn't approve of certain unorthodox shots, such as the backhand flick or the spiral serve, because she "wasn't brought up that way." What can I do to change her head, as I enjoy variety in my shot-making?—E.M., Forester, Wash.

First, explain to Kathy that no shot is inherently "wrong" or "unnatural." Then, in the privacy of your game room, try slipping in a few of these unconventional techniques—but only after Kathy has been warmed up with a lot of straight shots.

This morning when I inspected my hand I found a blister and fluid dripping from between my right thumb and forefinger. Could this be serious? About three days ago I played with a strange partner at the "Y" and we exchanged paddles. Is there something wrong?—H.M., Pulham, Texas

It could very well be. You might have contracted spinphilis, which can only be transmitted between players in a hard game—whatever else you may have heard. On the other hand, it could be a simple dose of the "claps," brought on by too much applause, say, at a professional table-tennis exhibition. You should immediately check with your family doctor or the nearest P/P clinic. (No one there will ask your last name or report you to USTTA authorities. Just take a number and be seated, and look out for Nurse Dyke.) In the future either avoid playing with strangers or wear a Hi-Jeen Supersensitive imitation-latex grip cover.

Are any Ping-Pong balls really safe?—B.B., Kingman, Ariz.

There is no absolutely safe ball, but the popular vacuum-packed acetate model is highly reliable when used with the rhythm system (alternating balls every three days).

Would you explain the terms "heterodextral," "homodextral," and "ambidextral"? —I.R.S., Ahdit, Conn.

These refer to which hand you grip the paddle with. The most common and socially accepted player is the homodextral, who grips his paddle with the same hand he eats his soup with. The next most common is the ambidextral (or "AC-DC"), who uses either hand. Ambis are quite prevalent among Beautiful People, Radical Feminists, and Funky Fashion devotees. The heterodextral, who uses the opposite hand, is still not completely accepted socially, and generally must seek out recreation areas that cater to his type. Although there is no moral reason for considering the heterodextral inferior, many homos feel uncomfortable around heteros. Usually a simple, "I'm sorry, but I'm a homo," is sufficient to clear the air. Or there are lapel pins available, showing a strong right hand gripping a paddle, which silently tell one and all "where your hand's at" when it comes to the game.

"Something for a young lady who's given everything."

Though I only found it out after we were married, my old man likes to waste his opponent as bad as he can. His favorite winning score is 11-0, which is game under some rules, and you don't even have to go to 21. (I believe it's called a "skunk," and around San Diego, "boccie ma bols.") What can I do?—Mrs. S.W., Kress, Kan.

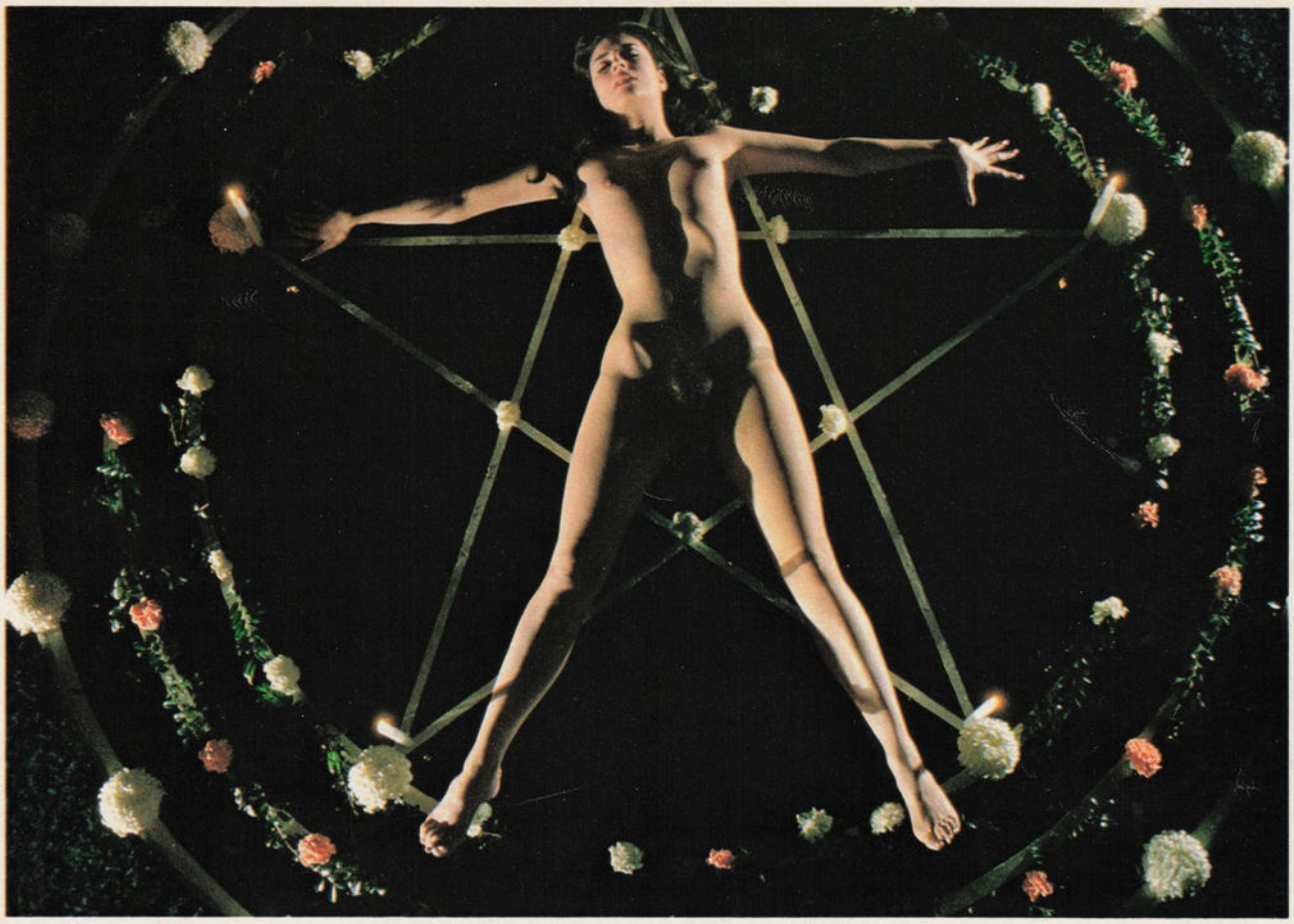
Your old man is very probably an S & M (Slam and Murder) type of player. If you can't mellow him out, you might just have to find another partner. If there are children involved, remember that in the long run separation will be for the best, especially if they are in their formative years when they could have their game ruined. It might be of interest to your husband to know that two of the greatest hustlers in the game today—Palm Beach Percy and East Egg Adlai—both play a very gentle and laid-back game. These are men who carry their own custom paddles in morocco cases with gilt mongrams. They never play for less than five cents per match, and when they screw their paddle handles in and chalk their palms, they mean business—but not humiliation of their opponents. The proper playing attitude is not just to "get the game over with" and feel the rush of victory but to share a common spiritual high together. Far from a skunk, the ideal game would end at, say, 40–40, with both partners quitting together and feeling spent and blissfully fulfilled.

I like boys with long hair. Are they really better players than guys with short hair?—Suzy, Creamcheese, Wis.

No. It only seems so because their hair flies around so much. A Chinese, One Fat Lye, is the world's greatest living player. "One," as he is known in Yangpu, has never given an opponent (except for his wife on their wedding night) more than one point. Yet he has been a skinhead since birth. Historically, both Samson and Milton (his biographer) were longhairs—and both were rotten players. It might interest you to know that Samson's nickname was Agonistes, which he got from people who had to play him.

Game Point: Just remember, Ping-Pong will be here for a long time, as long as the human race, and there will always be problems. (In fact, I have often thought the day when I become really successful will be the day I no longer need to write this little column.) So your best course is to play the game to the fullest, and never be shackled by table "hang-ups." Many players write me about such intimate problems as stretch marks on their paddle hands or frequency of intercourt, and are relieved to find they are not the only ones with these problems. Just knowing that other players are not always quite so normal or "straight" as you thought—once they get into the comparative intimacy of the cellar or backyard patio—can help you feel more free to get behind and get it on with this Great Indoor Pastime.

Good paddling!



Babetta-The Sensual Sorceress

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

"All the wild witches, those most noble ladies," wrote W. B. Yeats, a prescient Irish poet who must have unwound a cingulum or two before we thought to do so. And judging from the undraped magnificence of this most charming sorceress, witches are not the hawk-nosed hags that we once were taught to shun.

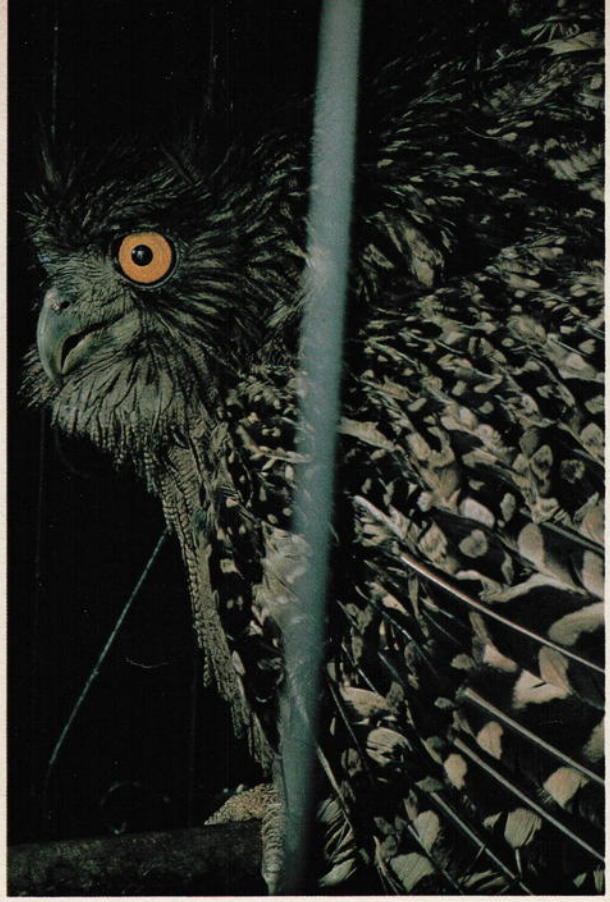
A tasty assemblage of truly magical proportions (34-22-35), Babetta is a black-haired psychic, in whose Los Angeles lair the mystery of sexual attraction is taught. Her "sensual sorcery" classes draw initiates from the world over, and a two month delay in entry bespeaks the potency of her brew.

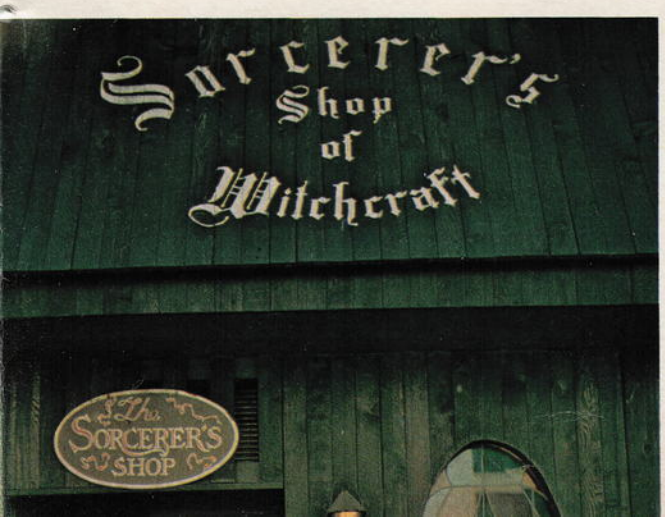
"Witchcraft is a way of life for me," says Babetta, who in her youth could discern events before they became fact. "It's being in control of your destiny, rather than being swept along by the whims of fate. Witchcraft has nothing to do with Satan worship. It is instead a natural religion of the earth which had its beginning at the dawn of mankind. The Craft believes in a god *and* a goddess, recognizing the universal male/female duality." Recognizing the female essence of sorcery in this most modern of

"Thoughts of love help me charge my body with energy..."

witches is simplicity itself, since she performs her rituals in the nude, or "sky clad" as she prefers to put it, and an excitement aroused by secrecy and magic awaits those who penetrate her Sabbat.

Babetta's deepest drives and desires come from her close observation of nature. "The senses were meant to be experienced and enjoyed," she preaches, which means doing what comes *naturally*. "Witchcraft is a philosophy. Certain rain dances and dances of fertility originated out of one source—men believed that the nature which gave them perfect animals was, in a sense, what they should worship. Man literally learned to copulate from watching animals, and much of what we know sexually was learned through observing animal life. If you will notice, animals engage in oral copulation and love positions which we ourselves have changed around—dog fashion for

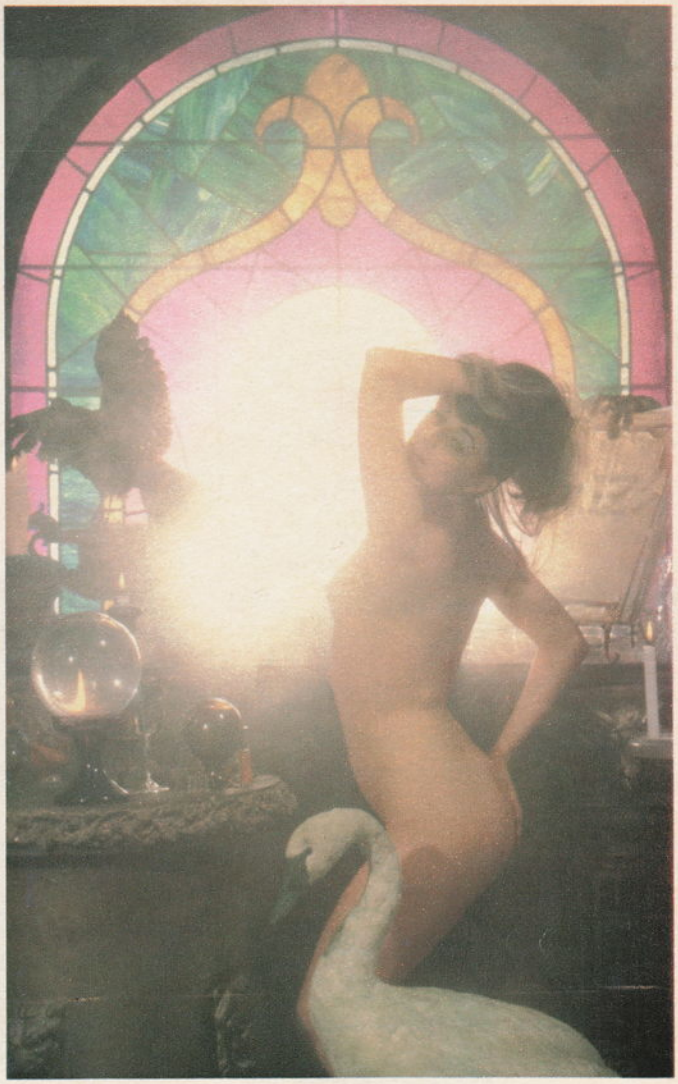



Sorcerer's
Shop
of
Witchcraft
The
SORCERER'S
SHOP

example. Man switched the position because he wanted to relate to the person he loved. Animals don't have that emotional need. But some of the couplings that people are suddenly aware of have been around for thousands of years!"

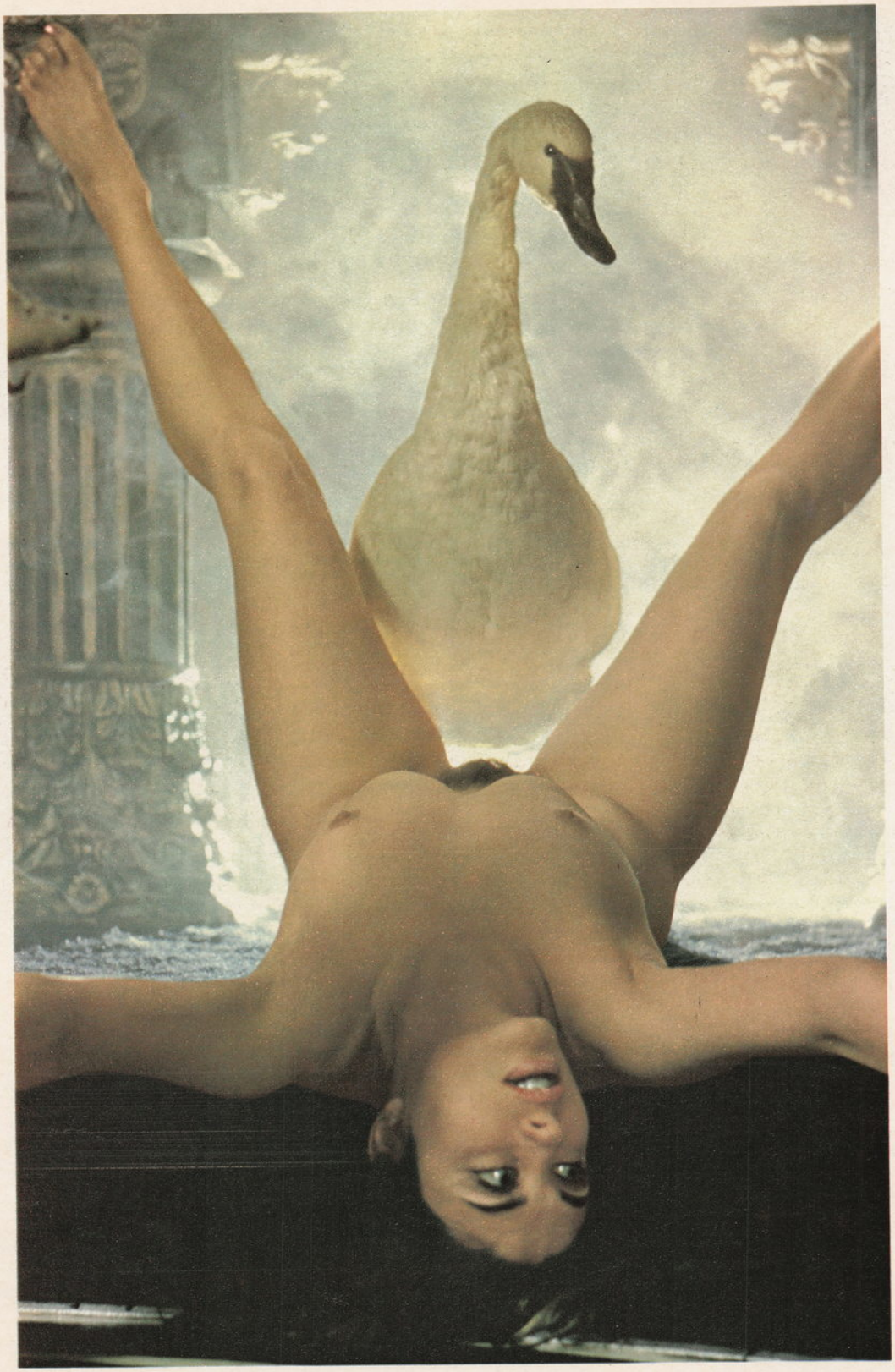
While the animal herds have displayed little instinct for open-field group sex, our sensual soothsayer considers such activity well within Mother Nature's bounds, although not a reason for a gathering of sisters. "Whatever energies are happening, if it *feels* right, that's fine. You're not going to force people to do anything they don't want to do. It's just a question of flowing with the energies that are happening naturally and not putting up artificial barriers. And if people do it, witches will do it, but not in covens because the need just isn't there. I'm sure there are some who are involved in group sex outside of the coven, but the reason for a meeting is never group sex."

Babetta follows a distinguished tradition in her sorcery. History reveals a thrust of hot-blooded sensuality beneath the black capes of the once-sinister sisterhood. Marjorie Jour de Main, for instance, was burned at the stake for casting spells at Henry VI. Luckily, Babetta's runes are aimed toward the more pleasantly pragmatic. "I cast love spells, money spells, health spells, spells for success,entertainment, to overcome obstacles."



She warns, however, that "lots of people have the wrong idea about a spell. They think you cast a spell, sit back, and people are magnetically made to act like a robot." Not so, she muses, it's more a matter of energy. "A lot of times things will happen that you don't expect—a break or opportunity will come your way—simply because of the extra energy concentrated there. You'll be going about your normal activities of life and suddenly these things you're involved in happen,

"I'm strongly emotional...my witchcraft is all about making love to the universe."



sooner and bigger than you expected. You just can't cast a money spell and expect the postman to drop off a check for a million dollars. It has to be whatever is in your frame of reference."

Using Babetta's frame as a point of reference arouses an immediate attraction. We asked her if the art of seduction was in her bag of tricks. "If you do an attraction spell before you go to a party, then you put out a certain type of energy that's all positive, warm, and pleasant, and the chances are you're going to walk into that party and attract somebody. You look good, feel good, and have the psychological

crutch of knowing that you *are* going to attract someone, and you do! You just help the spell along.

"Being Italian, I am strongly emotional, so thoughts of love always help me to charge my body with what Eastern philosophies call *prana* or life energy. Spells, for me, build slowly as I throw the various switches in my mental and physical circuitry, finally releasing the energy in a gigantic climax like some cosmic explosion. This is what my witchcraft is all about. It is making love to the universe."

Since that's the case, we've set *our* sights up towards her milky way.

Rock Rape

"There was only a gentle pressure, the fingers of her right hand closing around my cock . . . and somewhere behind me, in her left hand, she clutched the switchblade."

By Douglas Kent Hall

Months after the Portland gig, I would still have reason to remember the knife. I would be able to see its point piercing the crack between window sash and frame like some long, slender tooth.

My scalp tightened. A chill ran through my blood. The knife twisted, forcing the gap wider, grating. Paint chips flew in a brittle spray against the mirror and fell in a pile on the dressing-room table.

I glanced at Bill. He sat frozen in a chair, long black fingers holding a pair of drumsticks folded against his ribs, the open syllables of his last word numbed thickly on his lips. His eyes —dilated, black—flashed with each movement of the knife.

The blade levered. The tempered steel bent stiffly. The window gave with a jerk. A vague shadowy figure loomed behind the pebbled frosting of the glass. Four fingers with bright pink nails thrust through the narrow crack. The knuckles were skinned at the joints, bleeding. The window shot up. An anxious face appeared under the sash. It was a girl's face: long hair stringing classically over one cheek, a smeary sunburst of mascara ringing the exposed eye, one star drawn freehand on the cheek, a single line that criss-crossed again and again, hanging beneath the eye like a dark tear.

One foot swung through the window—an embossed Indian sandal, velvet bellbottoms, white lace inset. The leg slid over the casing, crotch coming to rest on the sill. Then, pivoting nearly, the girl leaped into the room. Whispering: "Two of you!"

I jumped out of my chair. The girl shook the long knife close to my throat. I sank back down.

"What do you want?" . . . words turning to clay in my mouth.

She smiled slightly, showing the straight edges of her teeth. She shifted the knife to her left hand, then back to the right, testing its balance with a threatening rhythm. It was a heavy professional weapon—an ominously thin stiletto blade, onyx handle—all slotted and spring-loaded and trimmed in chrome. Light glinted off the blade. Like a flickering message, I thought, somehow lost between us. The sudden clarity of that insight startled me. I kept my eyes on the menacing blade, watching it, waiting for something to happen.

The girl moved. I flinched. With her left hand she started down the buttons on the front of her blouse. Each place her wounded knuckles touched the blouse, bloodstains spread in the white crêpe like vague tie-dyed patterns. The blouse slipped to the floor, clinging around her ankles. She kicked it away with an impatient heel. Calmly, her eyes swept my face. My eyes dropped to her tits. Small, solid, they were round as teacups, nipples perched on them like pale, hard raspberries. They rose and fell to the smooth even rhythm of her breathing. The fly on her trousers had a large round ring on the lip of the zipper. Hooking one wounded finger through the ring, she drew it down. She wiggled her hips. The velvet bells slipped off. She stepped out of them. Out of her sandals, too. Warm sweat and pressure had formed the print of her foot—small enough, though hardly dainty. She wore black spiderlace panties, too narrow to completely cover the mat of her ginger pubic hairs. With the knife she sliced through the lace at one hip, then the other. The panties fluttered to the floor, like a butterfly.

"Come on—" She gave an urgent jerk with the knife. "Stand up and get undressed."

"Who?" Bill's voice cracked in his throat.

"Both of you."

"What?"

"Move!"

Bill started to squirm out of his shirt. "Okay, put your blade away. Jesus, you don't need that."

"Shut up! Come on, bassman, move it!"

Bassman! I didn't even flinch.

She jabbed the knife at me. The point snagged my shirt front, cutting a slit in the bright paisley silk. "Get out of those fucking threads before I cut them off."

Still I didn't budge.

"Come on, Arthur! Hustle it, man." Naked, his tall black body glowing like polished wood, Bill had begun a nervous little dance that kept his springy Afro shaking. "I'm ready."

"Cool it!" the girl snapped, her mouth barely opening. "I want both of you."

"At once?"

The knife leaped in her hand, threatening. "Hurry up, Artie, or I'm going to start cutting on your ass."

Overpower her, I thought, trying to pull myself together. Get the knife. But she met my gaze. Her eyes shone like two chunks of ice. Serious, knowing. The blade touched my skin. The point was sharp, cold. Pricking pain rode the nerves up over my ribs.

The girl glanced at Bill. "Lock the door," she ordered, then warned: "You try anything funny, man; and I'll just bury this mother in Artie's gut."

I could feel it, the point resisting the skin, a smooth plunge as the cold steel drove in. I swallowed. I flashed Bill a bewildered pleading look. He hesitated, then bolted the door.

The girl told us to take the cushions off the couch and chair, to lay them in the middle of the floor. We did. Four, in a square. Then she touched me. Her hand on my hip. My skin went tight, and I shrank from her fingers. The knife touched me again—coldly insistent, reminding, warning.

Her hand seemed somehow too small and soft as she pushed it down and took hold of me. Gentle fingers, pink Revlon flecks of chipped nails like damaged petals. I gave a jerk. I saw myself, flattened, unreal, in the mirror. Naked. Bill towered at least six inches above me, looming because of his blackness, the big shaped bush of his hair. I expected to see my face drawn and white with terror. But there was no evidence of either.

"Arthur? Arthur, are you there?" I caught the movement in the mirror and felt it on my skin at the same moment. A jarring sensation. Then our hips touched—bump. I felt the warmth of her flesh. Her skinned knuckles left a bright red smear of blood on my stomach. It looked as though it should sting or something. But it didn't. There was only a gentle pressure, the fingers of her right hand closing around my cock; pulsing, it went hard. And somewhere behind me, in her left hand, she clutched the switchblade.

She turned. I shut my eyes, overcome by an icy sensation, and waited for the knife. My heart hammered. I felt her breath on my face. She kissed me, barely parting my lips with the stiff tip of her tongue. Cigarettes, peppermint.

"Bass," she whispered, a long hissing sound through her teeth, "and drums."

She forced us down on the cushions. I waited, my knees sinking into the slick fake leather. Was she going to make us screw each other while she watched and urged us on with the knife? But she too knelt, keeping the knife poised, crawling between us, wiggling to situate her body.

Threatening, "I can still cut somebody."

"Yeah—" Bill's laugh was a deep bubbling in his throat.

The girl's lips parted, as though to smile, before she firmed them.

I had the front. She flung her right leg over my hip, her hard calloused heel pulling anxiously at my buttocks. Don't do it, I told myself. Resist. I knew I could get the knife. But I didn't. I was trying to find her, mechanically, blindly, trying to find her and drive myself in her.

And I did. In through the soft damp shag of her hair. Tight. Tight, then nice.

"Fantastic—m-mm-mm-m."

Where was the knife?

"Fuck me, Artie." Her urgent voice had gone soft. "Oh, fuck me, bass guitar."

Bass guitar! I drove at her. I wanted to hurt her. The cushions bunched on the floor. I thrust till my thighs slapped against hers.

She sighed, her body shaking with it. "Hurry, Bill!"

Bill was trying, trying to get in from behind. But he kept having trouble, our knees and feet colliding.

"Ouch!"

"Come on!"

"I'm trying."

"It's right there."

"I know where it is."

"Do it!"

"Look," Bill grunted, "it's tight."

"Push!" Her knife touched him lightly.

He muttered something and lunged.

"Oh!" Her hard body humped against me.

The girl ducked her head down between us, squirming, trying to help Bill, juggling to keep me in. She grew impatient. Urging. Then her formless wet lips were muffled against my neck.

I glanced at Bill, saw his black face sweating. I felt his long fingers down there, touching me, trying to get her wet. He grinned. Our legs were now an impossible tangle.

Bill's black fingers closed around her hips, slowing her down. He pressed his mouth close to her ear. His lips moved in her hair. I didn't hear what he said. She preened. Bill frowned, sweating, getting an angle, and thrust. He held his tongue folded between his teeth, bulging out like a skinned plum. He thrust again.

The girl humped. She screamed. Her sharp hipbones drove into my stomach. She stifled a second scream—stiffening, swallowing.

"Drums," she whispered, sucking her breath.

She jerked her arm up, arcing back over Bill, and brought it down swiftly. The knife struck the floor—a solid thump. The impact of the point biting into the hard wood went quivering through her body. She lay still. I thought she had passed out. No. She began again. Slowly, dreamily. Moving back and forth between us. Like a seesaw.

Looking now at the top of her head, sighting along the part, I touched her hair. I could smell it—that too-sweet scent incense leaves in scalp oil. Why did I want to touch her? This brief gesture of tenderness puzzled me.

I looked at Bill, seeking his eyes. They didn't say much. Half closed. Two glazed slits. He was into it, enjoying himself. His mouth moved—a slight sneer. Then, big white teeth bared, lips curling in bliss, he came, driving the girl's moist body hard against me. And she started to come. Biting my shoulder. She whined. She grunted. Yanking the blade out of the floor, she pounded it in again and again. Until finally I got mine and dissolved against her. Little tremors. Her body shook. She let out a long whimper, blissful, piteous.

Vaguely, my hand sought her breast. I fondled her nipple. It felt pebbly against my thumb. I stroked her head. She nestled against me.

Bill groaned and pulled out. The girl gasped for air. She sank her teeth in me again. I shouted. She shivered, stiffening. Relaxing. . . . There.

The door rattled, someone was jamming it hard against the bolt.

"Hey!" said Baby pounding really hard on the door with his fist. "Ten minutes!"

The girl clawed up the switchblade. Springing to her knees, crouching, she demanded in a husky whisper: "Who?"

"Our road manager. We're on in ten minutes."

"What a bummer," she whined, sitting cross-legged, idly pulling her panties to her with the point of the knife. "What about Steve and Bob? I want the whole Machine."

"In the other room," Bill muttered.

The girl started to get up.

Bill added, "With their mother."

"Be serious!" She snatched the knife out of the floor.

"That's the truth. They're talking to their old lady."

"I want them. I planned this thing for weeks. You don't know what it was to climb that fucking wall out there. I want you *all*, the whole fucking Machine!"

"At once?" I smiled.

Bill laughed, "You could try Mrs. D. too."

The girl gripped the knife, then loosened. "Do you think she would? I mean, God, I'll do anything!"

Bill and I left her there considering the permutations and possibilities of the entire group plus one mother spread over her young body. We made our way down the corridor and in a few minutes, after some warm-up hype by the man on the mike, we were on.

There was a wild roaring, then bright intense lights, then music, and then applause. We'd finished the first song. With my hands resting on the body of the Fender, I listened to the whistling and stomping. So much applause, so much it sometimes seemed a mockery.

How had it happened? How had we gotten here? Impossibilities, consequences, inconsistencies. Three years ago we couldn't buy a gig in Portland. Now, back for the first time, a new album turning

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

tits." He was trying to get that priest out of his head.

"Hey, that's a song, practically," Chico said. And in a deep base, to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey," he roared out, "He don't give two shi-its for Reilly's girl's tits, De da da da *da* dum, De *da* da da dum."

"Come on, for Chrissake, Chico! Don't you ever get serious."

"I been serious." Mulligan gave him a sideways smile. "I was serious the night you killed the priest. Yeah, I really been serious. I was serious all right when I filled out that report. 'Tread marks, none. Alcohol consumption. . . .' "

"All right! All right! Forget I said anything. Just forget it."

"I can forget, Gene old buddy. Old Chico, he can forget. By the way, how's *your* memory?" he said, as he parked the car. He slammed the door on Gene's answer.

In the House of Cards, Mulligan was feeding Reilly's girl a whole string of double-meaning gags, so Gene pretended he was looking at cards. He picked one up and opened it as if he were reading, but he could hear the sex in Mulligan's voice and he shook his head. Goddam pig, he thought, and took a quick look at Mulligan and the poor girl. "Better a millstone be put around his neck," Gene said aloud, and the girl looked over at him, smiling, and then back to Mulligan.

"Geez, I like your tits," Mulligan said. "I mean, your cards. Your cards, I mean."

Mulligan and Reilly's girl laughed it up then, but Gene left the House of Cards and sat waiting in the car. He couldn't figure out what was the matter with him. It must be the confession, he figured.

> After a while Donovan realized that he almost liked the feeling as his foot crunched against the yielding flesh. Yes, he liked it.

In a minute Mulligan came out of the store, laughing, but when he got in the car he was all business. "It's about Sanchez," he said.

The kid they brought in with Sanchez had got word out to some smartass reporter that Sanchez had been beaten to death. There was going to be an investigation. Gene Sullivan would have to testify.

"What about Sanchez?" Gene said.

"He was resisting arrest, you remember that. He was crazy with drugs, so I had to subdue him. I hit him twice. You remember that."

"Yeah, I know that."

"I remember how it was with your priest. You remember how it was with my spic. Right?"

"Right."

"Right. So just don't change your mind when the heat comes on."

They drove back to the station, Chico Mulligan singing his song about Reilly's girl's tits, Gene Sullivan wondering why he kept thinking the things he was thinking.

His mind was no longer his own. He began to wonder if he was losing it.

11

The smartass reporter had really started something with his story about the death of Jesus Sanchez. There were riots in Roxbury, minor ones, but they got a lot of press coverage. The hotshot social scientists started coming out of the woodwork, writing editorials in the Sunday paper and demanding police reform. Chico Mulligan was investigated for police brutality and, although a lot of stuff surfaced about his beating kids and fags and spics, there was no hard-core proof. But then every other day there were also stories about graft and police rip-offs and insurance to small businesses, until finally the word came down from City Hall to pick a couple of guys and kick them off the force. With plenty of publicity. So Chico Mulligan was on his way out and Gene Sullivan was under investigation.

Jayne was crying every day now at breakfast, just sitting there sucking on her bad teeth. And his own kids looked at him like he was shit. Gene spent a lot of time at the Up Front and a lot of time just driving through the dark streets. Donovan Enright had become his constant companion. The dead priest's thoughts filtered through Gene's mind, so that Gene never knew any more what he was thinking and what was being thought for him.

As for Donovan, he was tired as hell of all this and was determined to end it even if it killed him.

Gene had resisted the temptation to go to confession again and this time tell everything. And he took desperate steps to maintain control over his own mind. He had thought about it plenty and finally came to the conclusion that the only way to get a priest out of your head is by a lot of drinking and screwing and taking chances. So when he came off duty, he'd go straight to the Up Front. After a few drinks, he'd cruise around in his car and pick up a hooker, twenty minutes with her and then back again to the Up Front. Then he'd drive the turnpike, getting the speed up to eighty, ninety, seeing how close he could come to an abutment before he'd chicken and swing the car back onto the lane. He was crazy, he knew it, but he would do anything to get away from that voice inside his head.

Finally he'd go home, drunk, and collapse in bed next to Jayne who lay staring at the ceiling. Next morning she'd be crying at breakfast. Gene didn't know where it would end.

Donovan knew.

12

"O Lord, we commend to you the soul of your servant, Donovan, that, having departed from this world, he may live with you. And by the grace of your merciful love, wash away the sins that in human frailty he has committed in the conduct of his life. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Then the singing:

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

And a whole lot more. It was a nice service, really, if you got rid of those damned guitars. Donovan was looking forward to it, again.

13

On the last night of his life, Gene got the word that he would be temporarily relieved of duty until the investigation on him was complete. Seems they had turned up some hard evidence about payoffs and falsified reports, and they were looking into his involvement with the numbers. No sweat, Gene said, and took off for the Up Front.

Needa Mann was strolling to the music, snapping her long fingers, when he came in and took a seat up close to the stage. He had a beer. After that he had some John Jamison and a beer for a chaser. Needa twitched her butt at him and he gave her what he hoped was a hungry look.

"When you're hot, you're hot," somebody said to him. It was Reilly, drinking a beer.

"He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword," Gene said to Reilly, and thought, Jesus, this is really it, this is really the end.

Gene and Reilly had a few more beers.

Donovan let the liquor settle in, waiting for his chance.

After a while Gene went to take a leak. There was nobody in the men's room, and Gene stood in front of the mirror for a long time, looking at his face. Then he took out his pistol and put the barrel into his mouth. He looked at himself like that and after a minute turned in profile to see another view. He could blow his head off. All he'd have to do was just release the safety and press the trigger. Then it would be all over—the life, the wife, the whole shitty deal.

The door slammed open and he pulled the barrel out of his mouth quickly.

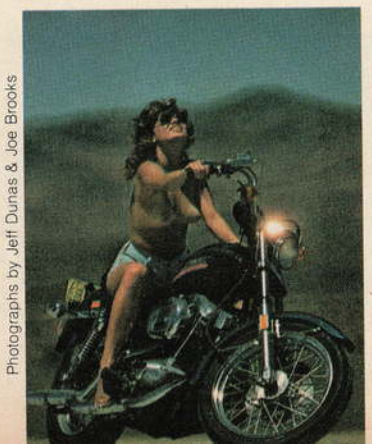
"Thought you fell in," Reilly said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

BLAZING SADDLES

By Joe Oldham

A brand-new look at the Hot Seats—beautiful, sensuous, power-packed machines built for the ultimate in good riding. . . .



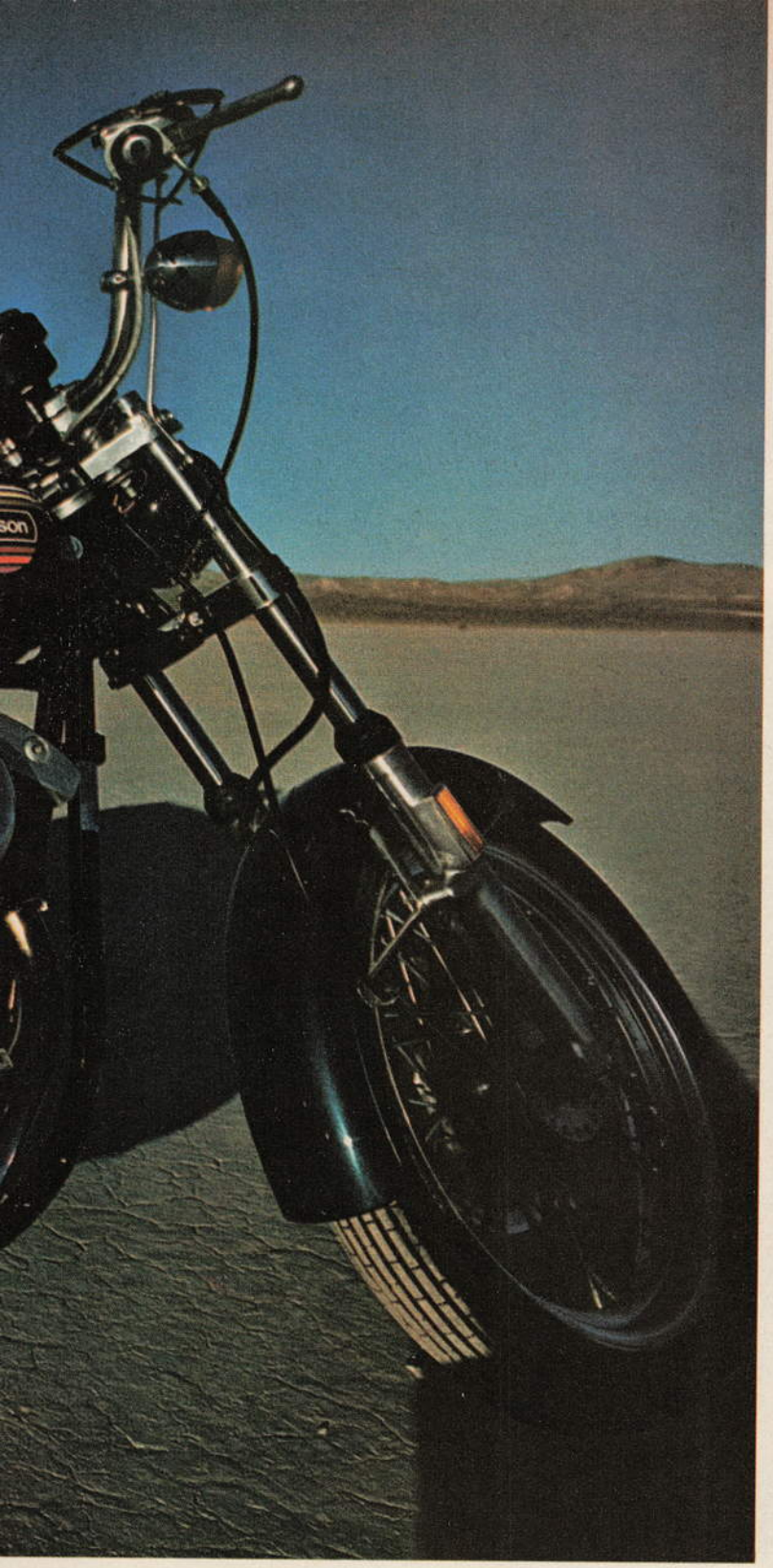
Photographs by Jeff Dunas & Joe Brooks

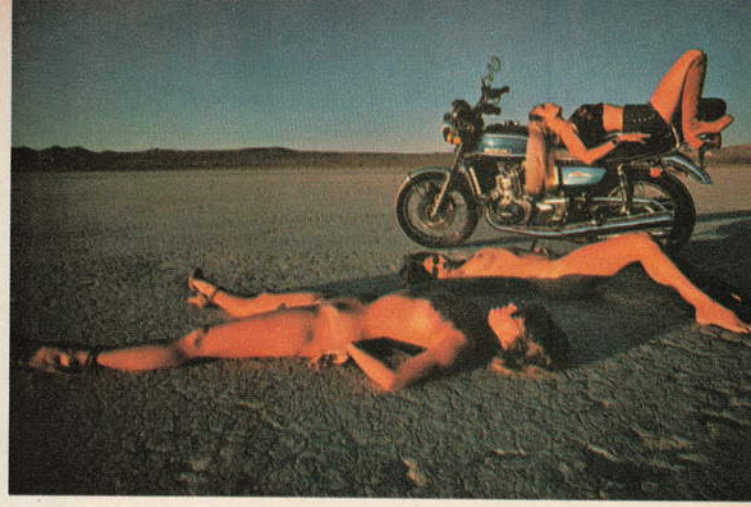
A big bike connotes something special—power, virility, manliness, masculinity, *macho*, call it what you will. You know it's there the first time you throw your leg over the saddle and fire up.

But even in the superbike category—a class of machines that can cruise all day at 100 miles per hour, blast through the quarter mile in under fourteen seconds, and hit over 95 mph in the same distance—there's a multitude of choices.

Honda, the biggest motorcycle company in the world, started the whole superbike race back in 1969 when they unleashed their incredible 750 Four, the first four-cylinder road bike since 1941, with 750 cc displacement, 67 horsepower, and a front disc brake. Surprisingly, the 750 Four weighed just 480 pounds ready to roll.

Today, Honda's 750 Four is still one of the best. It's a very quiet bike, and the four in-line cylinders eliminate vibration—one of the major drawbacks of large displacement motorcycles. The resulting smoothness plus enormous power, fine road manners, and sure braking make the Honda 750 an excellent choice for long-distance touring.





For 1974 Honda makes two other four-cylinder bikes, the 550 Four and the 350 Four, which are basically scaled-down versions of the big Honda.

How about enough sheer power and straight-line acceleration to compress your spine, roll your eyeballs back into your head, and shred the rear tire at will? That's what Kawasaki offers in their superbikes. King of the hill is the 900 Z-1. This Z-bike defines the current state of superbike art. Its engine is a double-overhead-cam design with four cylinders, 903 cc displacement, four carburetors, and 82 horsepower. That means you can rev the thing to 5,000 rpm on the line, let out the clutch, smoke all the way through first gear, rev to ten grand in each gear, and clear the timing traps in just over twelve seconds at around 110 when you trip the lights.

Be advised that the 900 Z-1 is more than just a drag bike. It's one of the best handling bikes around, regardless of size, and has such amenities as an electric starter, candy apple and chrome finish, a large saddle capable of holding two adults in comfort, and a big disc brake up front. In short, it's about the hottest bike around—until Yama-

Transportation provided by Skyway Ford.

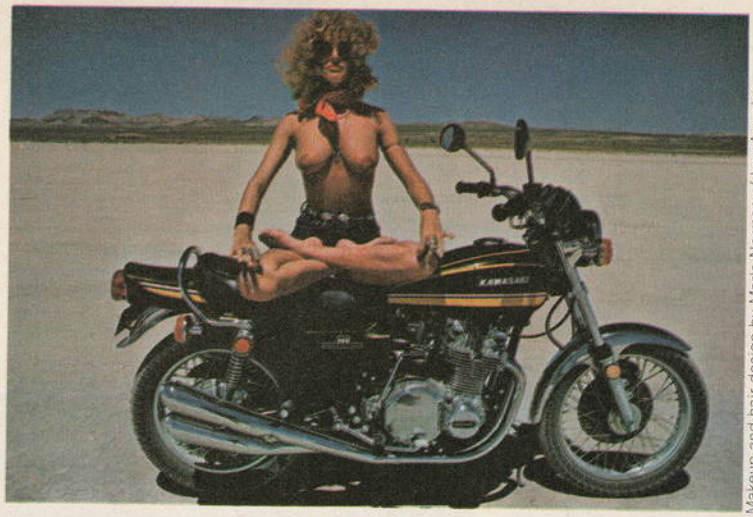
ha introduces their water-cooled, fuel-injected, Wankel-powered bike.

If you're not interested in long-distance touring and want to trade off some of the luxuries of the 900 Kawasaki for just one thing—brute acceleration—there is another Kawasaki that fills the bill—their lighter, quicker 750 model.

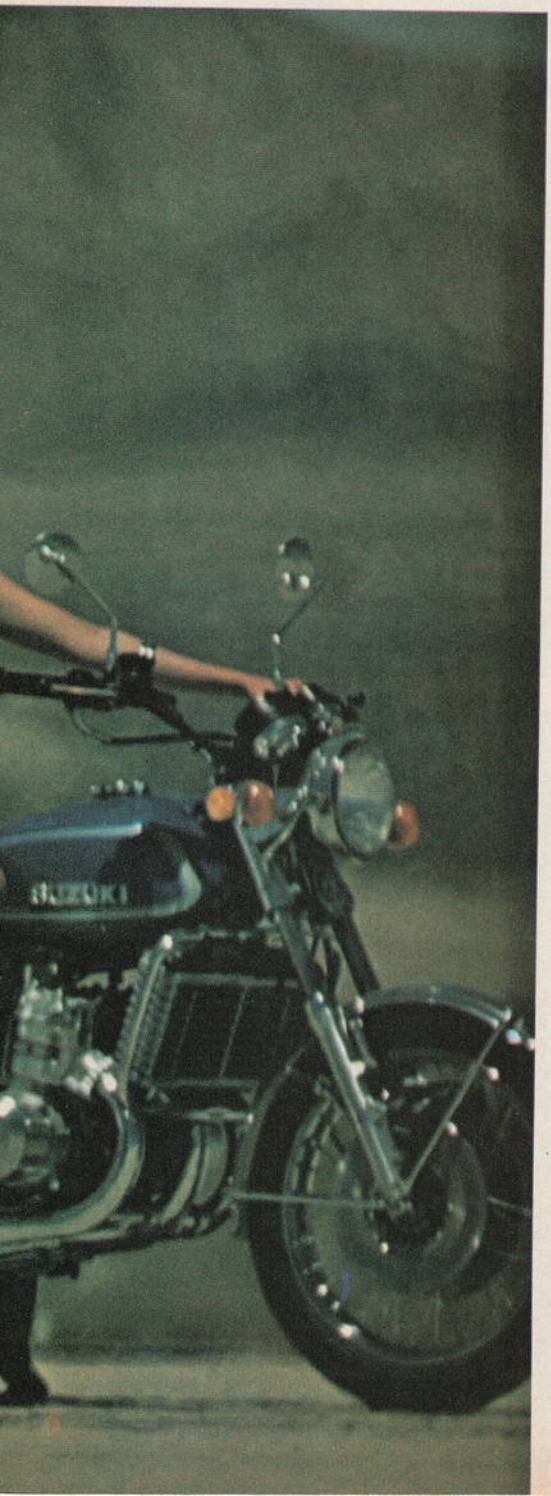
The H-2 weighs only about 440 pounds and has two-stroke, three-cylinder muscle that pumps out 71 horsepower. It was built with one objective in mind—to blow off anything on the road, two- or four-wheeled. The H-2 does it to the tune of a twelve-second-flat quarter mile, and nothing on the road can touch it or even come close—except another H-2. Retailing at around $1,625, it's also one of the more reasonably priced superbikes around.

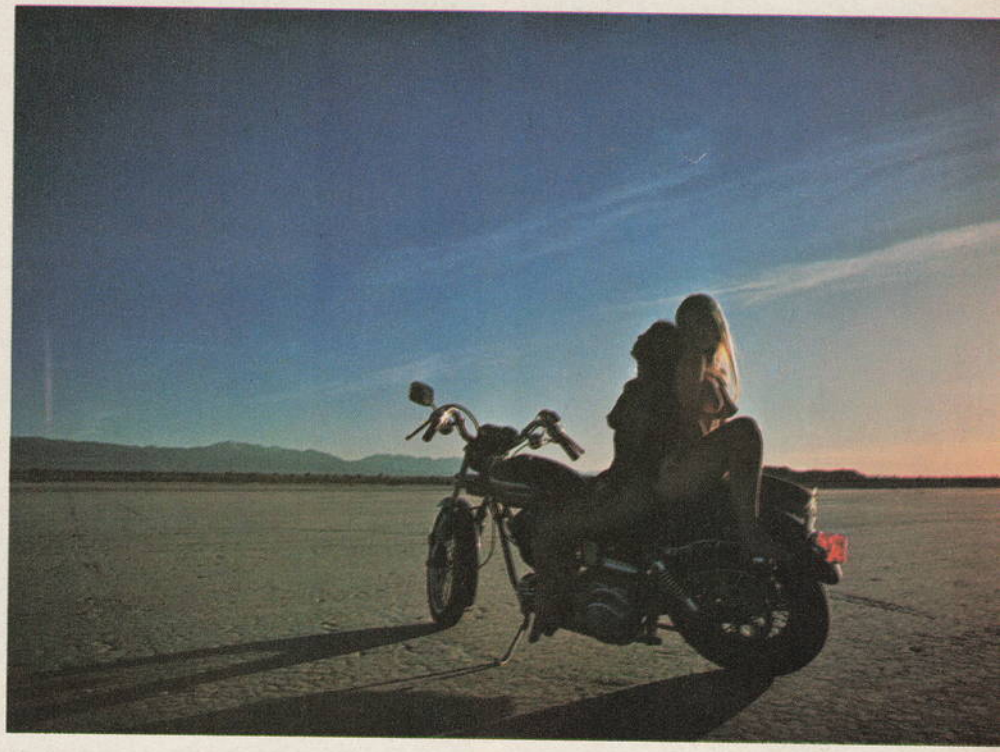
For slightly less bread and slightly less performance, but still within that high-twelve-second bracket, Kawasaki offers the H-1, a 500 cc version of its two-stroke, three-cylinder approach to horsepower. The H-1 weighs only 407 pounds, and its 500 cc engine pumps out 60 horsepower. You still have a power-to-weight ratio equivalent to a 450-horsepower engine in a 3,000-pound Ford Maverick, so performance is brisk, to say the least. And the price tag is easy to take too, at $1,350.

If ever a motorcycle was a badass, it would have to be the Harley-Davidson Sportster, now called the XL-1000. Its chrome engine accents against glistening black paint strip away all your middle-class inhibitions. You want to climb on and go —preferably to a party, and in a hurry.



Makeup and hair design by Merle Norman of Los Angeles.



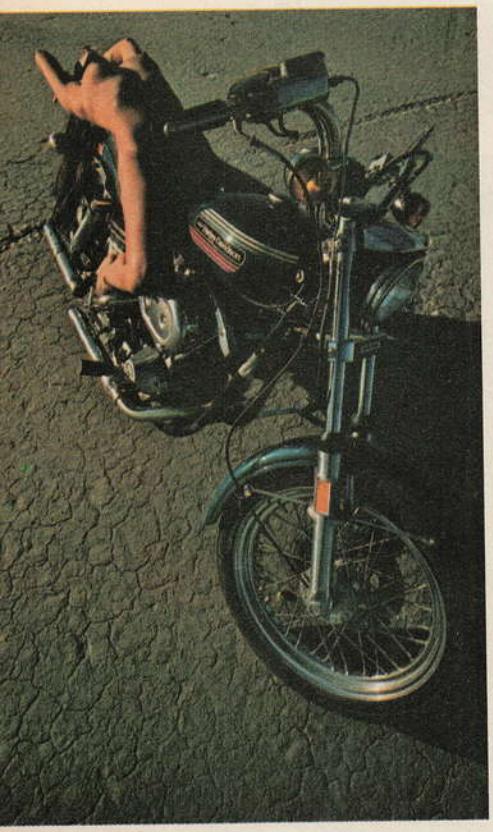


Sportsters have a V-twin engine that displaces 1,000 cc. The V-twin configuration produces an exhaust rumble that's spelled B-A-L-L-S. It does not accelerate or handle as well as most newer entries in this class, but it's well within superbike standards. The image alone would sell all the $2,400 machines Harley could produce, even if the Sportster's top speed was 40 mph. That they top out around 110 doesn't hurt things at all.

You may notice that many of the choppers on the streets resemble Harleys. There's a good reason—the basis for most choppers is a Harley frame and engine either from a Glide or a Sportster. If you want something resembling a factory-built, stripped-down chopper, minus only the extended front fork and rear sissy bar, check out Harley's Super-Glide or FX-1200. It's basically a Sportster frame stuffed full of Electra-Glide engine, all 1,207 cc's worth. In addition, the Super-Glide features front *and* rear disc brakes to assure safety at any speed.

Harleys traditionally have the largest engines of any bike and they're known for their smooth highway performance and tree-stump-pulling torque. Harley was also one of the first manufacturers to offer such comfort and convenience items as electric starters, footboards instead of pegs, and saddles big enough to pack two riders in comfort. Harley's '74 lineup continues the tradition of comfort and convenience without tarnishing their *macho* image. And that's a pretty tough act to follow.

Yamaha, the second largest selling bike in this country, hasn't had a real, muscle-flexing superbike until recently. Yamaha made its mark here by concentrating on the small- and medium-displacement two-stroke market, and backing up the consumer stuff with racing bikes almost guaranteed to



The road machines featured in this article are the Harley Davidson 1200, BMW 900, Triumph 650 Bonneville, Honda 750, Kawasaki 900, and Suzuki 750.

win in their class. But even the racing bikes were limited in displacement to 350 cc.

A few years back, in the middle of the superbike war, Yamaha brought out a twin-cylinder, four-stroke, 650 cc model that looked like an anachronism compared to the double-overhead-cam multis other Japanese manufacturers already had on the market. Yamaha's TX 650 sold well enough and won a few races. For '74, the 650 twin has an electric starter, disc brake, tuned exhaust system, and adjustable shocks. The TX 650 goes for about $1,800.

There's no way the Yamaha TX 650 will ever match the performance of the big guns in the field, but this bike has other attributes. The engine will take untold abuse. And since Yamaha engineers have perfected the vertical twin-engine configuration by employing contrarotating counterweights in the rear of the crankcase, the traditional two-cylinder shakes are gone forever.

Because the engine has only two cylinders, there are fewer moving parts that could break or require replacement in a tune-up. Yet this electric-start twin holds the road like any good big bike should and can cruise effortlessly for hours.

Triumph, the traditional British motorcycle manufacturer, believes the public will pay a premium price for a bike that is a known quantity. They offer two premium big bikes—the three-cylinder Trident and the twin-cylinder Bonneville—that are pretty much unchanged from previous years.

The motorcycling public knows about Triumphs. With the single exception of the Harley Sportster, no other bike fills the image of what a motorcycle is supposed to be all about than the Triumph Bonneville. Remember when Lee Marvin rode a Bonneville in *The Wild One*?

For '74, the 750 cc Bonneville retains the fine suspension and frame design along with traditional British styling. A more recent addition is a front disc brake.

When first introduced, the 750 Trident had styling reminiscent of a Buck Rogers's movie prop. The Trident could always perform with accelerative ability in the low thirteen-second bracket, a top speed of 120, and brakes to match. Within the last few years, Triumph has restyled the bike so that today, except for the three cylinders stuffed under the seat, you'd be hard-pressed to tell it from a Bonneville. Bonneville image and styling and Trident power is a very strong combo from Britain.

Another traditional British motorcycle builder is Norton. Although not as well known as Triumph, they have been around a lot longer. The top of their line for '74 is the twin-cylinder Commando 850. This bike has a lower gear ratio and less compression than its predecessor, the 750, so it may not accelerate as fast, but it runs on regular gas and still claims 60 horsepower with a top speed of 120 mph. There's a disc brake up front for quick stops and an optional seven-gallon gas tank for long-range touring. The Commando 850 is priced competitively, at around $2,225. Filling out the Norton line are three 850 cc models.

Suzuki is a manufacturer with a team approach. Last year, the company introduced three new big bikes designed to fit just about every price range and performance level, yet all three are two-stroke, three-cylinder machines.

Top of the line is the Suzuki GT-750L Le Mans, the first water-cooled, two-stroke bike. Water cooling may sound like a pain in the ass on a motorcycle, with radiators, coolant levels, and hoses to worry about. Actually, the advantages strongly outweigh the disadvantages. First, an ordinary 750 cc two-stroke is one of the noisiest machines on the face of the earth, and water cooling eliminates much if not all of the raucousness. Secondly, large displacement, two-stroke bike engines have a tendency to seize when pushed to the limit. The cooling fins just can't dissipate all the heat that builds up. Water cooling eliminates that problem, and effectively smooths out the engine, making it as inaudible and vibration-free as a four-stroke four. Included with the usual instruments is a coolant-temperature gauge and a digital gear indicator.

Suzuki's 750 Le Mans is a wide-open highway tourer. Its 65 horsepower is more than enough to propel you to any legal speed and beyond. And you can pack your lady and plenty of gear on the back too.

For less money, and proportionately less performance, there are two other three-cylinder Suzukis—the GT 550L Indy and the GT 380L Sebring. Neither features water cooling. Instead, they have a unique scoop over the fins for a ram-air effect, and both offer good solid performance at reasonable prices.

BMW, long known as the Cadillac of motorcycles, continues to offer three different displacements for their opposed-twin-cylinder machines—900, 750, and 600 cc. All three models are driven by a shaft from the engine to the rear wheel, instead of the chain drive used by almost all other motorcycles. The wear, stretch, and breakage problems of the chain are gone too.

The unique BMW engines are world-renowned for their smoothness and reliability. Typical Teutonic engineering excellence and thoroughness went into the original design and there's been little need to update it for the past several years, so good was the original. The new 900 cc R90S is basically a bigger version of the same engine design, putting out 77 horsepower. It also has a new five-speed transmission and twin front disc brakes.

The new 900 cc engines place BMW solidly in the high-performance range with thirteen-second, 100 mph quarters. And around town, the BMW just goes about its business smoothly and reliably, delivering effortless cruising ability and transportation.

Naturally, you pay a price for this engineering philosophy. Although BMW performance is among the lowest of any of the superbikes, their prices are among the highest. The R90S is around $3,400.

A *very* high-priced item is the Munch Mammoth, a German heavyweight using a much-modified NSU four-cylinder, 1,300 cc automotive engine that pounds out 110 horsepower. This 600-pound monster will set you back over five big ones, and with options the price climbs quickly to $6,000. Needless to say, it's a limited production item for *cognoscenti* only.

Another exotic machine is the Benelli 750 Six. Alejandro de Tomaso of Pantera fame bought out Benelli a couple years ago and personally oversaw the design of this superbike. Its features include the first six-cylinder motorcycle engine, a chain-driven overhead camshaft, electric starter, twin front disc brakes, three carburetors, and three exhaust pipes rising on each side of the rear wheel. The entire bike weighs less than 500 pounds and puts out 76 horsepower, for a top speed of 120 mph. Benelli also makes the 500 Quattro, a four-cylinder bike.

As you can see, there are a lot of different ways to build a big bike. Although we've mentioned prices in some instances, the international monetary situation is more chaotic than a massage parlor during a police raid, and you should check your dealer for the exact price on any model.

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

"Up yours, Reilly!" Gene put the pistol into his holster and went to get another drink. But Donovan had had enough of the Up Front and was eager to get on with life. And so Gene ordered the drink but didn't wait long enough to drink it. Before he knew where he was, or why he was there, he was in his car heading for home.

It was after midnight and he sat in the kitchen waiting for somebody to keep him from what he was going to do. He had placed the pistol on the table in front of him. He wouldn't use it . . . unless. He got a bottle of Four Roses and a soup bowl full of ice. He filled a tumbler with ice and booze and drank it slowly. After a long time he got up and walked down the hall to the bedroom. Jayne was asleep, the big pink rollers in her hair. He went back to the kitchen and waited. He fiddled with the pistol for a while and then poured another tumbler of Four Roses.

He was dozing, his head on his arms, when he heard Kevin saying, "You drunken pig."

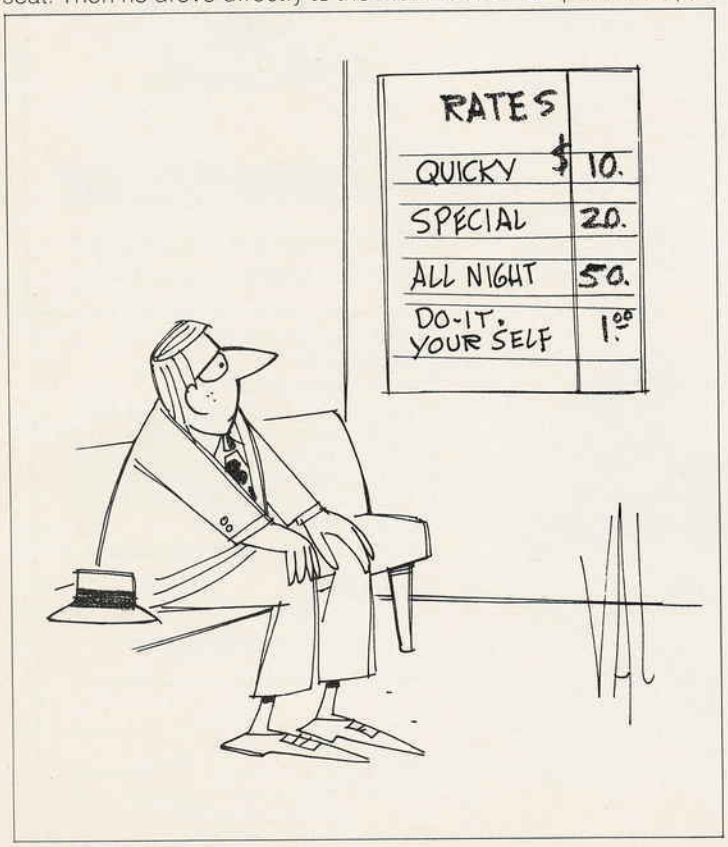
Gene looked up and saw his son, so young, so defenseless. He wanted to protect him.

"You are," Kevin said. "A drunken pig."

Gene stood up woozily. He put his arms around the boy, hugging him, trying to find the words to tell him how things were. "You don't know," he said, slobbering.

Kevin pushed with both hands against his father's chest and Gene was flung against the wall. His head snapped back hard and, sobered a little, he slipped to a fighting crouch ready to take the boy on. But Kevin had left, and Gene stood with fists clenched, facing an empty doorway. He picked up the pistol, turned it over in his hand a couple times, and jammed it into his holster. Then he was slamming the door hard and the car wheels were churning gravel on the driveway and he was out of it, once and for all.

He was not thinking now, it was too late for thought. He was in the car, driving down to the Combat Zone. But he passed through the Zone without even checking out the girls. At the Hancock Building he stopped the car long enough to toss his belt and holster into the back seat and slip his pistol into the door clip next to the driver's seat. Then he drove directly to the Meat Rack. He'd pick one up, a butch one, and he'd beat the shit out of him. He'd dump him in the A&P lot. It didn't matter why. He'd do it.



He cruised slowly around the block twice, slowing down to check out what was for sale. He stopped at a big muscular kid with white pants and shaggy blond hair. Gene blinked the caution lights, and the kid ambled over to the car.

"Hi, guy," he said, putting his head in the window.

"Get in," Gene said.

The boy tipped his head from side to side, checking Gene's face and build. "Hm-m-m," he said.

"Get in."

"Regular or special?"

"Regular."

"How much?"

"Ten."

"Ten?" He pulled away from the window.

"All right, twenty."

The boy got in then, and they drove around making small talk about the weather.

"What's your name?" Gene said.

The boy laughed. "Smith," he said. "What's yours?"

"Jones."

"What else? Say, tiger, can we get this over with? I don't feel like driving around all night."

Gene pulled into a side street, and down an alley, and finally he parked behind an apartment building. He tried to work up some anger at this fag he was going to beat the shit out of. He tried to recall why he had to do this, but Donovan was lodged firmly in his mind, and Gene could feel nothing. But he had to. He had to mangle this kid. That was why he had come down here. That was why he had picked the kid up, why. . . .

And then suddenly, with the force of revelation, he knew exactly why he was here. Leaning his head against the steering wheel, he gave way to long racking sobs that shook his entire body. He cried as if he intended never to stop.

After a long while Gene felt a hand move on his back and shoulder. "That's okay, that's okay," he heard the boy saying. "Coming out is hard at first."

"You don't know," he said. "You don't know what any of this is like."

The boy only tipped his head to one side and pursed his lips.

Gene felt the boy's hand move on his leg. He shook off the hand and drew a long, deep breath. Then, his mind on nothing but the dead priest, Gene backed out of the parking place and pulled out of the alley and eventually on to the turnpike. The car accelerated to fifty, then sixty.

The boy next to Gene gave him an anxious look and moved away from him. "You're driving crazy," he said. "I want to get out."

Gene took the pistol from the door clip and pointed it at the boy's head. "I'm a cop," he said, "and if you touch that door handle, they'll have to pick you up with blotting paper. You're coming with me."

With the boy beside him cringing against the door, Gene lowered the pistol and pressed harder on the accelerator. He drove straight into the deep night, of one mind about life and death, as the speedometer hit eighty, ninety. The abutment loomed before them and Gene kept his hands firmly on the wheel. There was a roaring sound inside his head and suddenly, for the life of him, he could not recall anything about why he was doing this. But at the very moment of impact, the priest's astounded face flew up suddenly before his own, and he heard someone say, "Now I'm dead," and could not tell if the voice were his own or the priest's.

And what happens now? Gene thought, or maybe it was Donovan.

14

Miraculously, the boy survived. He was thrown free of the wreckage and was found unconscious in the middle of the speed lane. He had two broken arms and a slight concussion but no permanent injuries.

He was out of the hospital and back on the job in only a few weeks, but it took him just about forever to get that crazy cop out of his mind.

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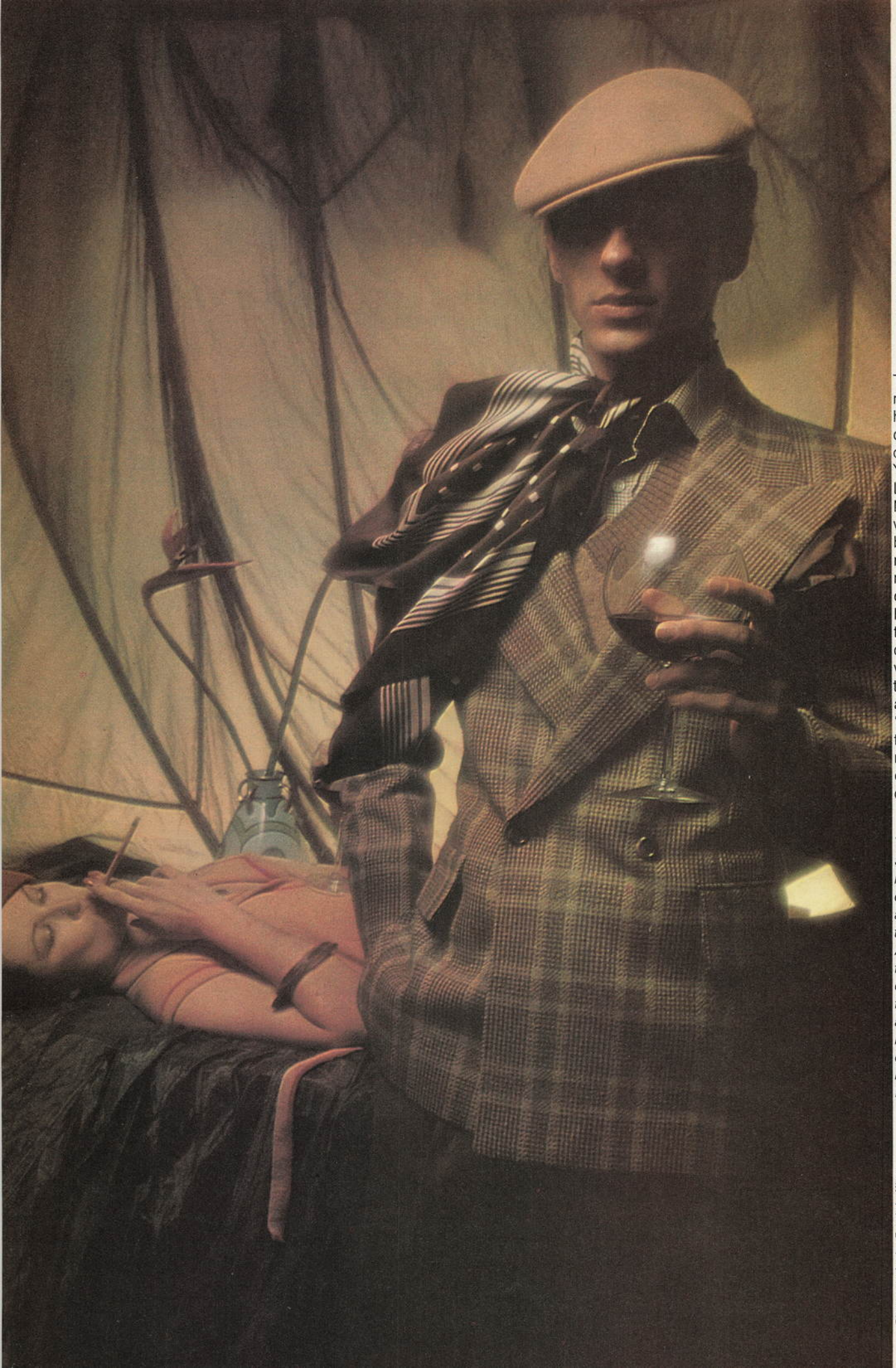

Over Here

FASHION BY
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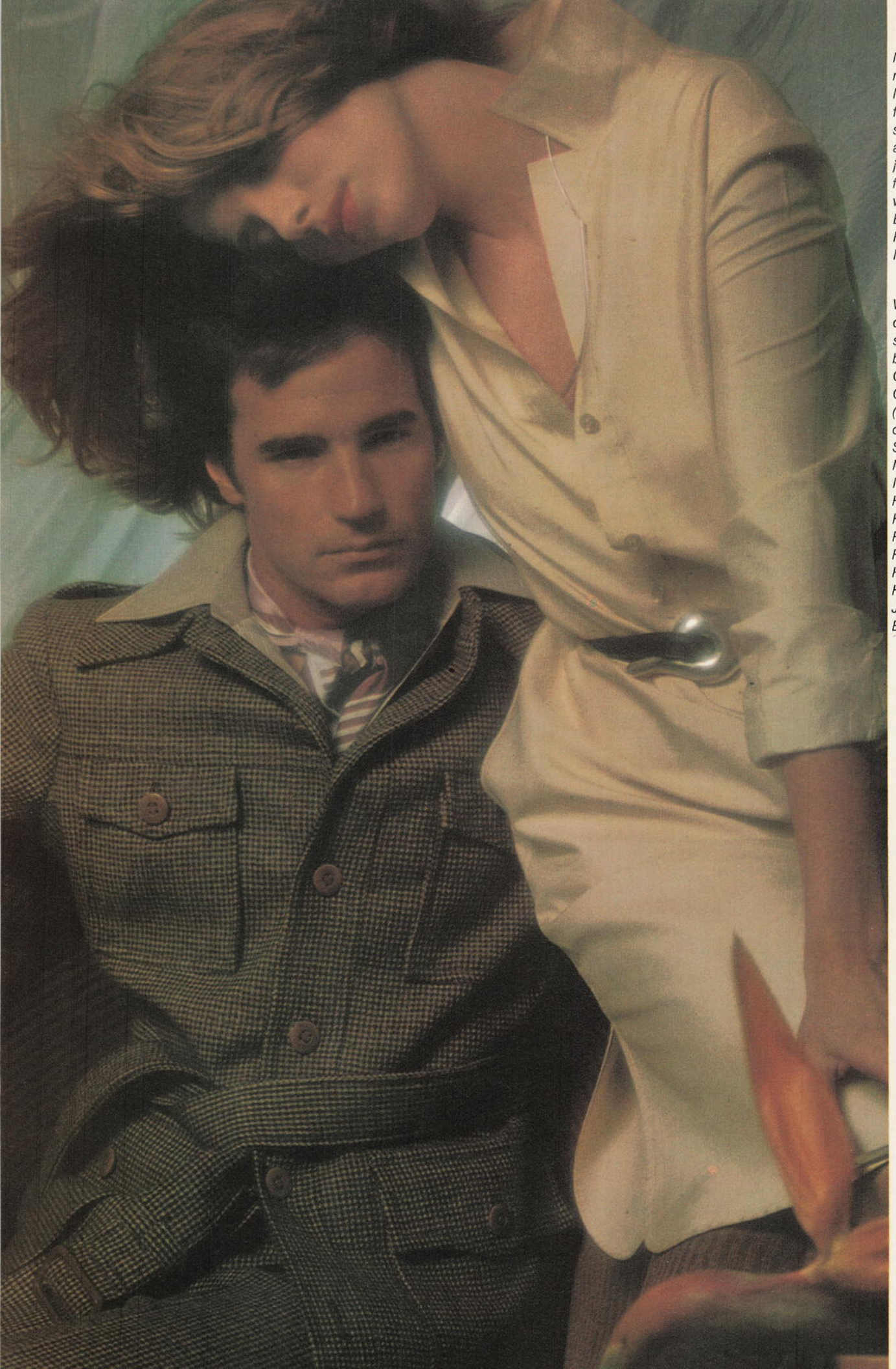
This fall the much heralded clothing designs of Yves St. Laurent and Nino Cerruti will finally become a reality for many American men. For the first time, both designers will have their fashions available "over here" through major clothing distributors.

Yves St. Laurent's look is best described as a return to the great American fashions created in the Thirties and Forties—now the dominate influence in Europe.

Photographs by Frank Laffitte

(Opposite) Double-breasted wool check sport coat ($110) with orange gabardine pants ($40), by Yves St. Laurent Clothing available at Barney's, N.Y. Scarf: YSL Rive Gauche, New York ($40). Wool cap: Kangol ($7.50). Vase: Art Deco, New York. Her clothes: Stephen Burrows. Jewelry: Olav Froen. Her long cigarette: Fantasia Collection by Nat Sherman, New York.

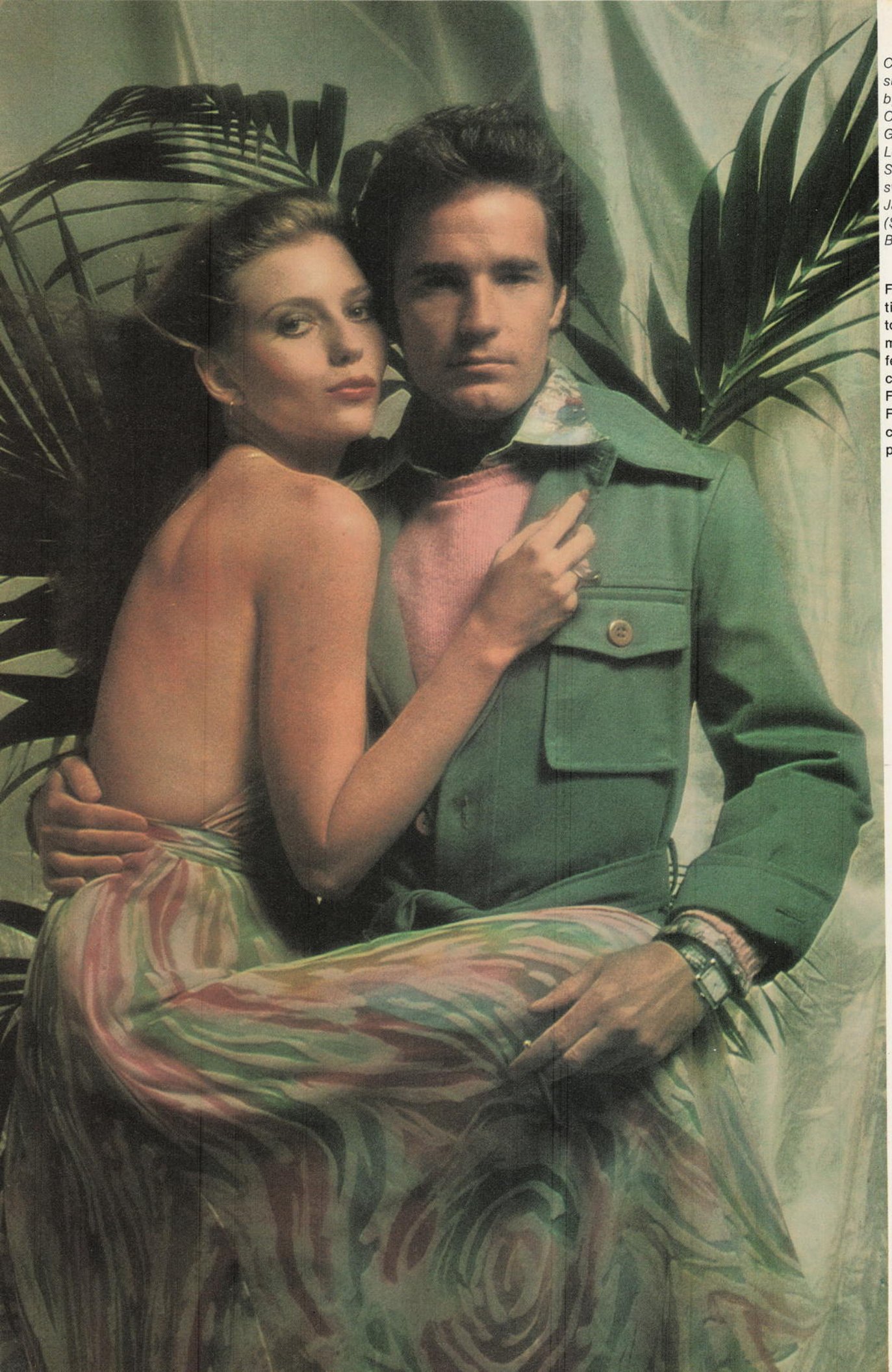
(This page) Donegal tweed walking suit with orange over-plaid ($175), by YSL Clothing; available at Barney's, N.Y. Scarf ($95) and shirt: YSL Rive Gauche, New York. Long sleeve sweater: Giovannelli ($37.50). Lucite cane: Lucidity, New York. His ring: Art Deco, New York.



Nino Cerruti's more relaxed lifestyle features sports suits and blouson jackets, using fine pure wools from England, France, and Italy.

Wool check casual sport suit ($100), by Nino Cerruti for Gleneagles (Division of Hart, Schaffner and Marx). Scarf: Imperial Handkerchief. Her necklace: Richard Rothenberg. Her clothes: Halston. Jewelry: Elsa Perreti.

Camel wool short-jacket suit ($100), by Nino Cerruti for Gleneagles. Cardigan sweater: Giovannelli. Cotton shirt: Bert Pulitzer. Scarf: Imperial Handkerchief.



Cotton safari suit ($110), by Nino Cerruti for Gleneagles. Long sleeve Shetland sweater: Jaeger Co. ($40). Shirt: Bert Pulitzer.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check off Fashion Finder coupon, page 162

When the World War II Vets came home there were bands, kisses, jobs and education for the asking.

Last year their sons came home from a war which was in many ways far worse. And they're getting cold shoulders, slammed doors, few jobs and less money for education, subsistence or anything else.

It's the basic things that hurt . . . the lack of money for rent or education or even food. But it's the little things that finally break you . . . like the late check that the VA says is due to some computer foul-up or the lack of transportation money to get to job interviews. And you don't want a public dole.

Our forgotten men can't wait. They cannot wait until it gets straightened out in Washington. That's why we've set up the Veteran's Emergency Fund. We won't be around next year asking for your money. We're just what we're called: an Emergency Fund. Set up right now to provide emergency subsistence to the Vietnam Vet while he gets on his own two feet again. Funding will be disbursed in the form of outright grants or short-term no-interest loans and will be administered by the non-profit Kharma Foundation.

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A Penthouse Social Service Ad

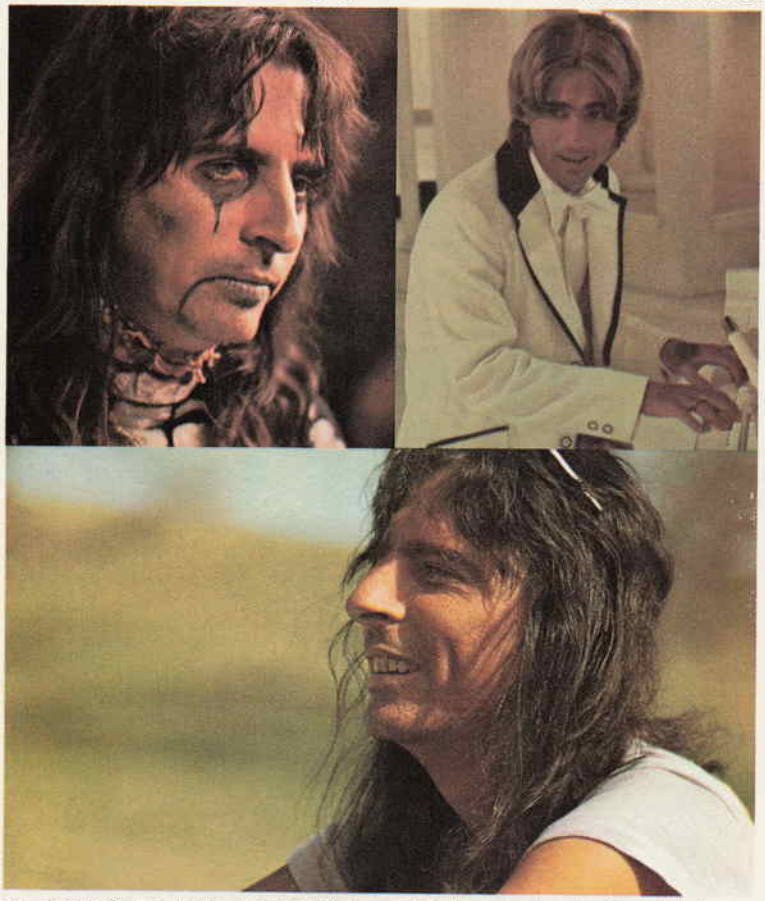
ALICE COOPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

to see *me*. I almost had a nervous breakdown when I finished the tour for the movie. I was drinking heavily every night. That was my release, so I didn't use any drugs. You know, a tour is really like hitting yourself on the head with a hammer, it feels so good when you stop.

Penthouse: Don't you worry about the effects that such an intense schedule could have on you? Couldn't that put you past the point of no return?

Cooper: I spent a week in bed after one tour. I couldn't get out of bed for a week, even to go to the bathroom, 'cause I was shaking. It was like when you turn your car off and it keeps going. That's exactly what happened. I was at home, in my apartment, and I was calling up room service. And Cindy—my girl friend—would say, "What're you doing?" I had to catch myself. It started getting serious. You can't keep on that level, going that fast all the time. A lot of people say, "Oh, they've got *girls* in their room at night." Are you kidding? You're so tired you can't even think about it. As soon as I get done with the show I go back to the room and I flop into bed. I don't even take my eye makeup off sometimes. Just so dead tired. I say, "Turn the TV on and everybody get out of here." The thing is, when you're standing up onstage you've got people 200 rows back, and you realize that that guy in the last row has got to be affected as much as the one in the front row. So instead of just playing to the front guy, you've gotta blast it to that last guy in order to cover everybody else. And when you're trying to project that much . . . that far away . . . your body is trembling with just getting it out there. Like a long-range missile, you have to get it out there.



Penthouse: It must really be hard for the rest of the band to put up with Alice onstage.

Cooper: Alice is not that hard to get along with. Alice spurs them on to a new level. They know what's going to happen anyway, and they've adjusted to it in ten years. I created Alice. He was a Frankenstein that I created. And I like him too much to leave him. I think he's too good. I really, really like him. If you look at the film you can see how powerful it is. To be Alice takes every bit of adrenaline right out of your body. And you know that he's up there manipulating everyone and he's all the bad guys in the world rolled up in one.

Penthouse: You've said that your music is political. What do you mean?

Cooper: It's political in terms of parents and kids. Alice is at the same level James Dean was at—a psychological rebellion against the establishment. I knew when I was sixteen years old that there was a general rebellion. The first time I realized my parents hated the Rolling Stones, I made sure that I went out and bought all the Rolling Stones' records. And it was just that type of thing. For some reason, I don't care what it is, if you're fifteen or sixteen or seventeen you're going to want to rebel—because you're feeling your independence.

Penthouse: It's even earlier now, it's thirteen or fourteen.

Cooper: Yeah, and the kids are much smarter now than they used to be. The great thing that is happening now, though, is that parents are *discovering* that their kids are smarter now than they used to be. So a lot more parents are coming to the concerts. I've even had letters from parents saying they'd rather have their kid coming to see my act than to see some other act that doesn't do anything, that's just dead air. At least Alice is doing a cultural type of thing. Parents used to think that I represented total violence, and that I wanted kids to go out and do all these violent things and all these perversions. But what I was really doing was a catharsis. When you get done seeing the movie, for example, you're worn out from seeing it. Same with *Clockwork Orange*. When I saw that, I was so tired I wouldn't want to go out and fight—my God!

Penthouse: You're saying that it's political to give that initial rebellion some kind of outlet?

Cooper: It's an outlet and, at the same time, it's all done by me onstage. It's not done by the audience. I'm doing all that up there and the audience is getting the satisfaction of it. At least, that's the idea. I would never take that type of thing offstage. It just would be silly to try. But onstage it's no more violent than anything that Shakespeare did. It's much less violent than *King Lear* or *Macbeth*. And that is considered classical theater. If Shakespeare can do it, why not Alice? It's all technique, the way I look at it. The audience is left with all these images. And they're thinking, they're putting their own stories together of what the whole thing was about. It's a morality play, anyway. That's the important part of it. Alice does something bad, he gets his head cut off, and he comes back to life. That's the general premise of the thing. But the way it's done, on that surrealistic level, gives people a chance to sit back and fantasize, which is healthy and better than just saying, "That was a nice loud guitar solo, yeah!" When you present something to which people add their own interpretations, it becomes a whole other reality. That's why Salvador Dali liked us so much. He said that I was the most confusing person that he's ever met in his life. He says his favorite form of art is confusion, that the only valid form of art is confusion. We did a whole press conference and he'd ask me a question (you know, he talks in four different languages at once), and I just looked at him and said, "You know, I don't know what you're talking about." And he said, "Pair-fect! Wonderful!" I just couldn't imagine that. I sat there the whole day just going, "Whaa-aa-aat?" I told the press flat out I didn't have any idea of what he was talking about. I love him. He's so great. I'm a connoisseur of absurdity. I'm a twenty-six-year-old perfect idiot. That's why I get along with Groucho Marx. He's so absurd. Jonathan Winters is that absurd. He says, "I'm a tree." And you go, "This guy thinks he's a tree. Ah-*hah*." That's why I love mental institutions. I've always wanted to do a show at Bellevue and advertise it as treatment, but we were afraid they wouldn't let us out. You know, everybody is mentally ill to some degree. It just depends what percent you are gone at. At 17 percent you're okay. If you're 50 percent, then you're getting away, you should come back a little bit. But you can be as absurd as possible as long as nobody gets hurt. I've always said that. I never wanted anybody to get hurt trying to be like me. I'm sure people must realize that what I do onstage they can't do. . . . People didn't go around biting people in the neck because they saw *Dracula* for the first time. The audience is smart enough to know that. People in a theater realize it's theater. When they go home they don't want to beat up anybody. They don't even want to know about it. They want to go home and put on a Joni Mitchell album and relax . . . or Burt Bacharach. All that violence really wears you out, which just shows how silly violence is. The show is a parody; it's a satire on violence. And it's a satire on sex. How serious can sex be? It's not that serious at all. Really. Thirteen-year-old kids today know more about sex than their parents do. When I was a kid, that was unheard of. I didn't get laid till I was twenty. But people need a menu of sex now. It's not just Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, "Hey, let's put on a show," and you never know what they did later on in life. Right now it's like, "Let's try this," and, "Hey, let's try that." I think experimenting with sex is very healthy.

Penthouse: Getting back to politics for a moment, you wouldn't consider yourself political in the same sense that, for instance, John Lennon considers himself political.

Cooper: Well, it's not that I don't care about the problems, but I think that my purpose is to entertain more than to preach. We have a lot of preachers. As Barnum and Bailey said, "Give 'em what they want." And what they want is to be entertained. And as I said, *that* is the philosophy of show business.

Penthouse: P. T. Barnum also said, "There's a sucker born every minute." Is that the way you look at the kids who come to your show?

Cooper: No, I don't think so. The kids who come to see us take us for what we are, and that's why I really respect them and their intelligence. Some kids come and see us and actually go home and say, "Wow, that was a show! I don't particularly like *them*, but the show was *great*." I hate people who go to concerts and sit there thinking, "Entertain me. You better be good." I would rather not have them there. I want a kid that's there to have fun—"Hey, man, let's have some fun. Man, there's Cooper, ah, look at that, he's got a snake."

Penthouse: One of the funniest bits in your whole routine is when you unravel your poster and say, "I'm gonna show you that you're even crazier than me." And you throw the posters into the audience and the kids scramble for them.

Cooper: But you notice it's like a John Wayne fight—nobody ever gets hurt. It's a fun competition for them. Even if they just get half a poster. And that's what makes me laugh. I'm laughing and they're laughing and it ends up being—after this real dramatic, gory thing that happened onstage—it's like a big party at the end. Everybody wants to be in the show. So I let them.

Penthouse: You're like the circus——

Cooper: Alice Cooper comes to town once a year. It's an event. Kids don't paint their eyes up to see Seals and Crofts. They don't paint their eyes up to see the Allman Brothers. When we come to town, everybody gets to have Halloween twice a year, instead of once a year.

Penthouse: Do you ever talk to these kids from the stage?

Cooper: I very rarely talk to an audience. If you talk to them, you can become human. And they don't want you to be human. They would rather have you on a level where you're not human.

Penthouse: What about dancing?

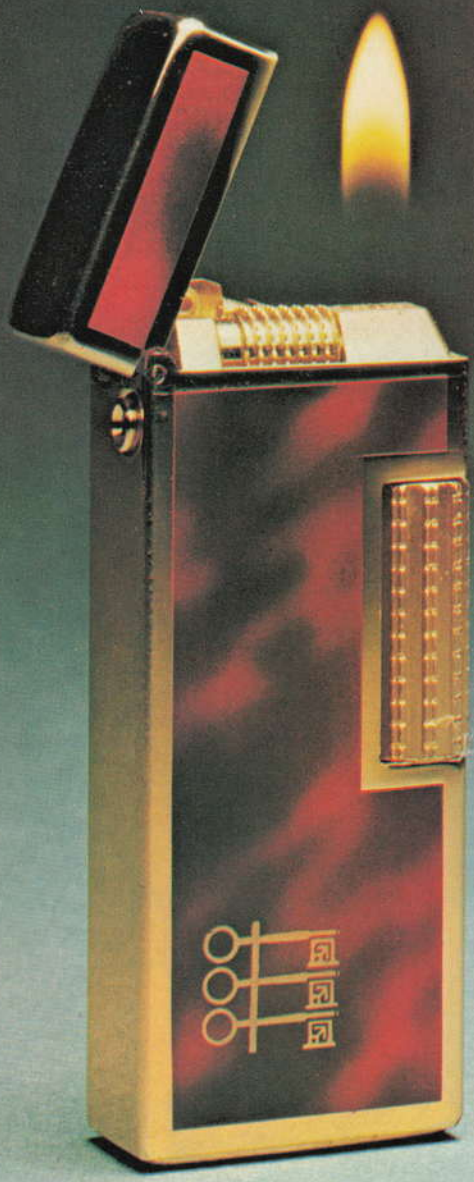
Cooper: That's also too human for me. It starts getting things too real. I just can't see myself being in a mass of people. I'd rather stay more individual. I used to love it, that's the funny thing. Actually, I still *do* like to dance—I just try to lie to myself. I do like to dance—but I just won't put myself in the position of being compared with anyone else on the floor.

Penthouse: It's been ten years since you started playing music. Have all of your band members been together since high school in Phoenix?

Cooper: Oh, yeah, we've been together ten years now, since 1964. I was sixteen years old when we started out. We were called the Earwigs. It's a little bug that comes out of the sewer and it smells real bad when you step on it. We were like any high school band. Today, high school bands listen to Alice Cooper and go to parties and play Alice Cooper and David Bowie songs.

Penthouse: Do you object to being grouped to-

you're fired



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gether with Bowie or Iggy Pop?

Cooper: I don't do glitter rock. Most people who are into glitter rock now are offshoots of what we did in the beginning. We did the glitter thing in the very beginning when people *hated* us. We showed up and 6,000 people would leave because we wore eye makeup. As soon as they started getting into us, we got more like *Clockwork Orange* and rejected glitter. But I'm very unaware of what's happening in rock because I don't listen to rock that much. I really don't follow it. I'm an escapist romantic. But the thing is, though, speaking of the other groups, David Bowie and I don't do anything alike. People like to lump us together, but it means nothing because he does a whole different thing. He's as far away from me as the Osmond Brothers are. We don't even think the same way. I like him a whole bunch. We have a nice rapport with each other—because I think both of us realize that we don't have anything in common at all. Now, *Alice* probably has a lot in common with David.

Penthouse: You think so?

Cooper: Possibly, I don't know. Go ask Alice.

Penthouse: Did you always believe you'd become a success?

Cooper: Well, I knew it in the beginning. I *knew* it. It just was a matter of waiting it out. Success always works on timing. There needed to be an Alice Cooper when it happened. There needed to be a Rolling Stones when it happened. There needed to be a Beatles, a Dylan. . . . It was just timing.

Penthouse: Who does most of your writing?

Cooper: Michael Burns and I do mostly all the writing. He comes up with the germ of a song and he has a set of lyrics and he sings the melody line and I just take the lyrics and rewrite them. That's my gig. It's really important that we have a style of lyrics, that's why I rewrite them all—so they stay consistent through all the albums.

Penthouse: You have one of the best lines in all of rock 'n' roll lyrics—"We got no print, we got no class, we got no innocence, we got no principles, we can't even think of a word that rhymes." [Copyright 1973, Ezra Music, Inc. B.M.I.]

Cooper: To tell you the truth, I *couldn't* think of any word that rhymed! And then I figured, well what a funny thing to say. The kid is just a real punk, he can't even think of a word that rhymes. So fuck you. I don't care. It doesn't have to rhyme. I'm a teenager! And that's sort of a slap in the face for the lyricists who are into the "moon in June" thing. See, that really constitutes an attitude, that line does. It's the attitude of the whole generation.

Penthouse: Did Bob Dylan have any influence on you?

Cooper: When I first heard Dylan I was sixteen years old and I thought he was hysterical. This was in 1964. I laughed so hard, I thought it was the silliest thing I'd ever heard in my life. I said, "He can't play harmonica. What're you listening to that for?" And he was singing about dogs falling off a cliff and things like that. I thought he was a comedian. I didn't know anything—I wasn't smart or anything. Until I was told by the press that Dylan was very, very good, I'd always thought he was just a really terrific comedian. And as serious as everyone wants to take him now, I still think he's a terrific comedian. And I think he views himself as a terrific comedian.

Penthouse: He doesn't laugh very much if he does.

Cooper: I don't know. But everything he does is very, very funny. I hope he doesn't take himself seriously. It's a really heavy weakness. I find myself doing it too much . . . like Nixon. . . . God, I could promote a Nixon show in Vegas. I'd have dancing girls and everything ta-da-ta-da-da-daa. I'd build up to a big finale like in *Duck Soup*. It should be like that, a big production number. He should walk out from the side of the stage and say, "Hi, I didn't do it." If he was smart, if he really wanted to do it right, he'd just write really bad jokes that nobody would laugh at. And he'd be getting paid for it. He'd be making two million dollars a year. If you were in Vegas, who would you go see: Barbra Streisand or Nixon? You'd just want to say: "I saw Nixon." He could make records. He could be the most important act in the history of theater. A lot of your real politicians are superstars. Nixon's in everything you read. You pick up a sports section, it's got Nixon's name in it. So why doesn't he resign and go to Vegas? His first show could be: "This is the first page of Tape Twenty-seven that never got out." Aaaahhhh! A lot of stars were made at the Watergate thing. Baker's a star, Ervin's a star, Sam Dash, Woodward and Bernstein. Everybody wanted to be in that showbiz thing. Those guys got up every morning and put makeup on for the hearings. Do you know how many great catch-phrases have come out of Watergate? "No previous knowledge." "This point in time." "To the best of my recollection." I never heard that phrase before. I think sneakiness is beginning to be a fad. And it's a good fad.

Penthouse: Speaking of sneakiness, why did you choose the name Alice Cooper?

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Cooper: Because people would expect a blond folksinger. Instead they get these monsters.

Penthouse: Do many people go to your concerts still thinking you're a woman?

Cooper: No, no. Kids that come, they know it's us. But lots of times the security guards don't know. "What do you mean, you're Alice Cooper?" these great big guys say. "I'll be damned. I thought you'd be a damn girl. You're guys just like the rest of us." Have you noticed that Alice has become more of a masculine name now? Because people are starting to hear "Alice," it's become like an American household word. In fact, I am probably the most American person you will ever meet in your life . . . I almost get in trouble when I'm in Europe because I'm always talking up America so much. I really am an all-American.

Penthouse: What was the letter on your high school sweater for?

Cooper: For track and cross-country. I used to be a miler. I used to run a mile in 4:52. I was about fourth place on the team. I didn't get invited back to the high school reunion, though. I was really pissed. I was all set to go and everything. I was going to ride a pink motorcycle, all dressed up in black leather. And they didn't even invite me.

Penthouse: Do you ever jog around now?

Cooper: Yeah, I'll run down to the grocery store and charge up another $400 in beer! No, really, I just don't have the time. Besides, there would just be too many people that would stop me. And if you don't stop and talk to them, they figure you're snubbing them. That's another problem with being a public figure. You've got to think of your profession. Most rock groups don't have a big sense of professionalism. The ones who are on top do, or they wouldn't be there. When I get young kids coming up, saying, "I've got a band, what do I do?" I just say to them, "Be professional." That's it. You don't go around stabbing people in the back in interviews. Because you might meet that person someday. It'd be so easy to be the Don Rickles of rock 'n' roll. But I just like people too much. I like people a whole bunch. You'd have to hit me in the face with a snow shovel before I'd hate you and then I would only hate you for five minutes. Because I'm really softhearted as far as people go. When I walk down Hollywood Boulevard I end up giving away ten dollars in quarters to winos and bums because I just am like that. And I'm not the best singer in the world, I know that. And the band is not the ultimate musical band in the world. I would put them up against anybody that's out now, as far as rock 'n' roll goes. But we're certainly not the Beatles on the level of recording and things like that. But it's such a powerful machine, the Alice Cooper machine is. It's like trying to describe a sound or a color. You just can't describe it. You can't say green looks like. . . .

Penthouse: What's your favorite color?

Cooper: Ah . . . meatloaf. Meatloaf has always been my favorite color.

Penthouse: That's the futility of trying to do an interview with someone like you because this is going to appear on a printed page. The point being that the only way to really experience Alice is not by reading an interview with Alice Cooper, or even by buying an Alice Cooper record. . . .

Cooper: It's by experiencing the show.

Penthouse: Exactly. Or, now, by going to see the movie.

LUCIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

into Masseria. He slumped over the table, face down, his blood staining the white tablecloth. From his right hand dangled the ace of diamonds. The killing had taken one minute. There were no witnesses.

When the killers left, Luciano emerged and called the police. "When they arrived I said, no, I didn't see what happened. I didn't have no idea why somebody would want to kill Joe. I said, 'I was in the can takin' a leak. I always take a long leak.' "

Masseria was given a funeral befitting his status. His body lay in state for several days, and his hearse was followed to the cemetery by cars laden with flowers and limousines filled with mourners. When it was all over, Luciano asked Genovese, "How did it go?"

Genovese smiled, "The old man would've been proud of it."

With Masseria now dead, Maranzano sent out command invitations to mob leaders and followers all over the country. More than five hundred of them jammed into a rented banquet hall where Maranzano sat on a thronelike chair, with Charlie Luciano on his right hand—a crown prince who would rule all others, under Maranzano. The walls were covered with crosses and various other religious artifacts. "Maranzano was the biggest cross nut in the world," Luciano said. "He was an absolute maniac on religion."

Maranzano accepted the adulation and the cash contributions of his followers, each of whom was required that night to donate something as a test of fealty. Luciano gave $50,000. The total take probably exceeded a million dollars.

Maranzano, still playing his "Pope" role, addressed the crowd in cries and whispers, sliding from one into the other for dramatic effect, and then, raising a clenched fist, he proclaimed himself *Capo di Tutti Capi*—that is, the "Boss of Bosses." He divided the entire organization into families that were forbidden to feud with one another. Each member was required to obey his superior without question.

The five New York families were divided among Charlie Luciano, Tom Gagliano, Joe Bonanno, Joe Profaci, and Vincent Mangano. As Maranzano's top lieutenant, Luciano was in charge of all the other *capos*.

After the "coronation," Luciano met in Cleveland with other young gang leaders from around the country. They all agreed. Maranzano had to die, and plans were laid to kill him and his followers throughout the country. But then the group went to a boxing arena where they were arrested, booked on suspicion, and held overnight.

Maranzano found out about the arrests and suspected the worst. He finally decided that his hold on Luciano was too precarious for safety, and he set up Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll—a non-Italian gunman and a lone wolf for sale to the highest bidder—to murder Charlie Luciano and some of his men.

But Luciano had his own scheme. He had four out-of-town gunmen trained for several months to impersonate federal tax agents. Thus disguised they hoped to gain access to Maranzano.

Summoned to Maranzano's office—where he knew "Mad Dog" Coll would be waiting—Luciano sent Tommy Lucchese ahead. While Lucchese distracted Maranzano with a request to talk about his own business, the four bogus federal men walked in. They disarmed Maranzano and his four bodyguards and then—to make it really look good—they disarmed Lucchese. Maranzano was taken into his private office, where two of the thugs tried to kill him with knives and failed. Then they shot him four times.

They all escaped. "Mad Dog" Coll, arriving too late, heard of the murder, and walked off with Maranzano's $25,000 in his pocket. Five months later he died in a phone booth, a victim of his war with Dutch Schultz.

Reportedly, scores of men died that day. Luciano denied it. He said that *some* had been killed before Maranzano died, but that there was no "Night of the Sicilian Vespers." He decided to call it off because, he said, with Maranzano's death it had become unnecessary.

Whatever the truth, Luciano's way to the top was now clear. He was now the undisputed boss of organized crime in America. He had only to announce it.

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THE VIETNAM VETERAN
LOSING THE PAPER WAR

BY WILLIAM H. GREIDER

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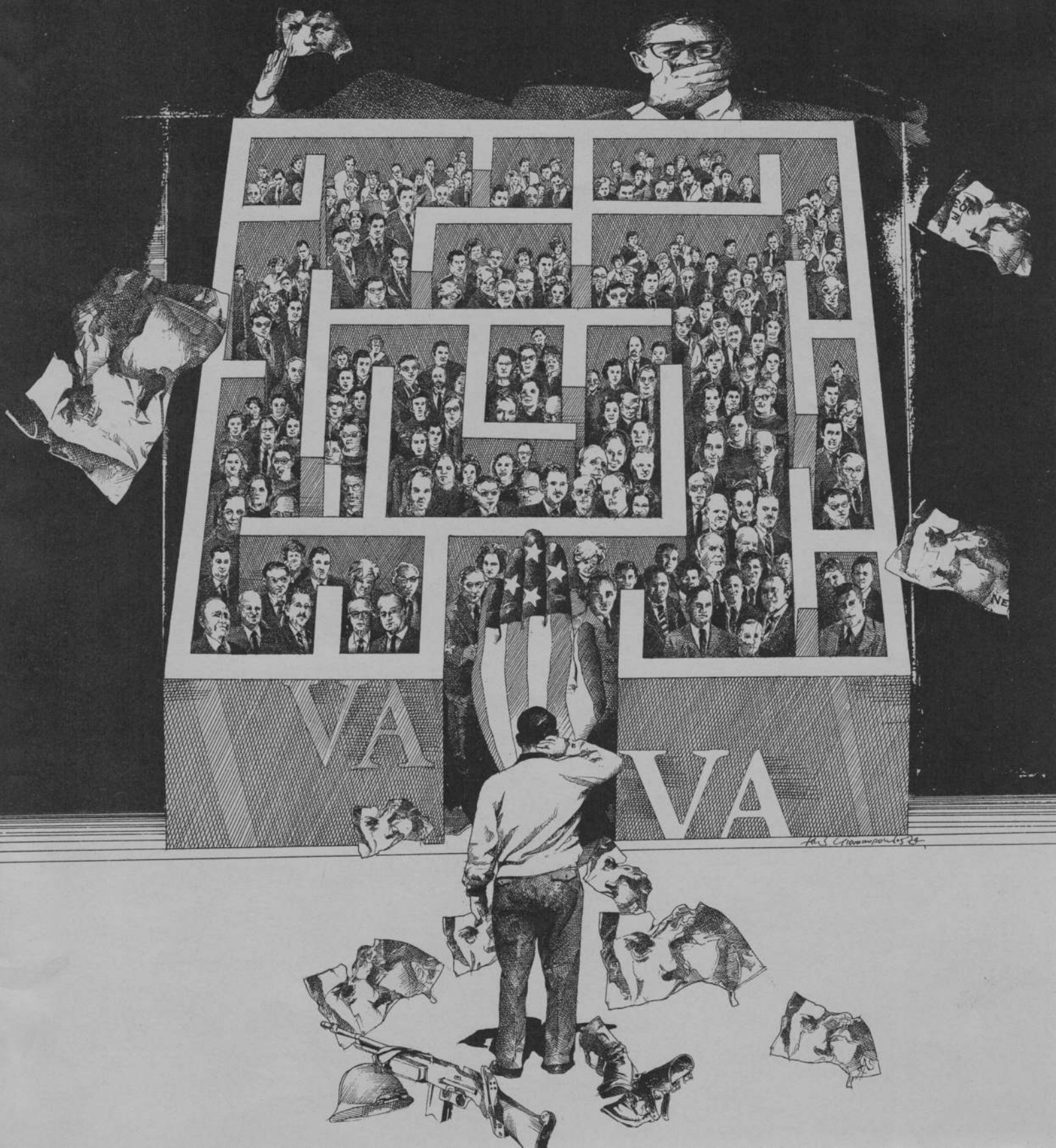

When Donald Blankenship came home from the war, he thought of himself as hardened to life's realities. At twenty-five, Blankenship shared that special knowledge of those who have been there—the grim sinew within every veteran, matured by the random quality of organized destruction. Sitting on a gunship off the coast, pasting the Vietnamese countryside with heavy ordnance, Spec 2 Blankenship came of age. Long-distance murder, he calls it now, a relatively clean and comfortable vocation. "Rockets, torpedoes, electronic warfare," he explains casually. "There's not a helluva lot of demand for it out here in District Heights, Maryland."

Still, Blankenship had a lot to learn. He realizes that now. He was not prepared, when he returned to life in the Washington suburbs, for the nasty little lesson that the U.S. government was about to teach him.

"That 'for the people and by the people' is a bunch of garbage," he says. "The government is for a few rich people who can buy it. I'd like to do it, too. The American dream—make a buck. That's the kind of attitude I'm coming to."

When he got out of the navy, Blankenship had a more idealistic notion of his future. He wanted to go to college, study physics, perhaps become a teacher. He enrolled last winter at Montgomery Community College, a suburban junior college, where other veterans helped him wade through Veterans Administration paperwork to get his GI education benefits.

The weeks and months passed, and no check arrived. The bank repossessed his car, and without his car he lost his part-time job. In March he dropped out of school, still waiting for that first VA check. He doesn't want people to feel sorry for him, because he really got something out of the experience—a lesson as brutal as anything learned in Asia.

"The VA hasn't done anything for anybody for so long, it's ridiculous," Blankenship says. "Unless you owe them, that's it. They couldn't care less. I know by now not to be dependent on anybody. I was dependent on them. I learned my lesson.

"I'd like to stand up and spit in the government's face," he continues. "I'm sure the United States government is the most important government in the world, but I don't like it. It's not just the VA. The VA is only a small part of the government. It's the whole government's handling of social problems. Anytime the government has to interface with little people trying to solve their problems, you find the same thing—this big muddle, with people trying to dig through the paper and red tape. It's about time somebody tried to straighten things out."

Bernard Payton, a twenty-seven-year-old black veteran, has watched this same fury building up in others. Payton is in charge of veterans affairs at Federal City College, which serves Washington's black majority, and he helps scores of young men and women stumble through the labyrinth set up by the Veterans Administration. This semester, 550 veterans at Federal City were certified for benefits, but only 304 checks showed up. The rest were stranded—most of them poor and black and already living on the edge.

"The VA seems to have a wholesale attitude of 'you need me, I don't need you,' " Payton said. "It's like one big coffee break. The vets know they can't count on a check coming on a specific day. We've had to go to apartment managers to get them to hold off on eviction. We've had to get food stamps and emergency loans. It's a major morale problem, keeping these guys going. They've fought for something in another country and then they have to come back and fight this paper war. That's what it is. It's a paper war right here."

A paper war? Yes, but with real wounded, young men like Donald Blankenship, tens of thousands of them, who are the unrecorded casualties in the bureaucratic battles. They are scarred or wasted in very real ways, simply because government functions ineptly, or sometimes not at all. In some ways, the conflict resembles the war that they all came home from, only this time there is no body count. It is a game of wits, filled with vicious little surprises. It is a battle that often seems petty and purposeless, a string of maddening episodes that leave the young combatants with the same frustrating question that so many of them screamed in Vietnam: "Why? Why is this happening to me?"

This is a report from the front, so to speak, a glimpse of the action in that paper war. There are some answers to that question; there are some explanations for the needless suffering. But like the real war and its causes, the explanations for the VA's paper war do not necessarily make it seem sane or worthwhile.

"The VA seems to have a wholesale attitude of 'you need me, I don't need you,' " one veteran said. "It's like one big coffee break."

What can you say about a government agency that doesn't answer its phones? Yes, that's right. The Veterans Administration doesn't answer the phone in St. Petersburg. It doesn't answer the phone in Chicago. It doesn't answer the phone in Los Angeles.

"It used to be exceedingly difficult to get answers by the telephone," said the veterans coordinator at Cal Tech in Pasadena. "This year it is impossible, because they are not even answering the phone. If we write letters, it takes one and a half to two months to get a reply."

The veterans at West Chester State College in West Chester, Pennsylvania, reported the same problem: "If a man is ever able to get through with the telephone number used by thousands of veterans, his problems really begin. Unidentified workers barely listen. They take your name and number and promise to return the call. Several days later, the veteran repeats the process."

Ron Cordell, an air force veteran at Gadsden State Junior College in Alabama, now the president of the Alabama Veterans Affairs Association, described what it's like to dial the VA for help:

"They would say, 'Call the assistance line,' and I would call it and it would ring and ring and ring and nobody would answer. I'd call the guy back and he'd say, 'Call the assistance line.' I'd say, 'Goddamn, I already called it and nobody answers.'

"We had a meeting in Tuscaloosa with the regional director and everybody was telling him the same thing, only he couldn't believe it. Somebody dared him to call in. He called the number four times in thirty minutes, let it ring three minutes each time, and he never got an answer."

Under prodding from young campus coordinators like Cordell, the VA office in Montgomery set up fifteen people on a phone bank, the kind of remedy any normally creative enterprise would have found on its own. Cordell thinks the federal VA is beginning to shape up, but he still finds a morass of indifference in the Alabama state veterans offices, the place where much of the paperwork is supposed to be handled.

"I had a man call from the Anniston office," Cordell said. "He called up and told me to stop the radio ads because too many people were coming in and asking him questions. He said if I was going to advertise, I should make sure they come to me, not him."

The telephones that don't answer are, indeed, only the beginning. A Vietnam veteran has to fill out triplicate forms ad nauseam in order to hook up with the system—a form to certify that he's an honorably discharged veteran; a form to affirm that he's enrolled in school; a form to retrieve his records from somewhere else; another form to list his dependents; the DD 214; VA1995; VA6858-C; marriage certificate; birth certificate . . . his life story compiled in a bulging dossier of government forms. The more paper, of course, the more opportunity for mistakes, the more possibilities for something to be lost, the more senseless churning by the bureaucratic mill. The stories of screw-ups and personal suffering are commonplace.

Jim Freed, a thirty-year-old student at Montgomery Community College who served with army security in Vietnam, waited and waited for his first check for two months. "Then I called the VA and they said the check had been issued and it would arrive in ten days. By the end of March, there was no check and we started again. Finally, after four days, I got through to the guy and he discovered the checks were going to Colorado."

Philip Hammond, veterans coordinator at Temple University in Philadelphia, told a stranger story: "We had a guy whose father had the same name and who was a World War II vet. The father kept getting checks and he kept calling up, saying, 'What the hell are you doing? I'm not going to Temple University—I'm working.' It was his son who was attending the university—but his son wasn't a veteran, he'd never applied for anything!"

Marjorie Craig, veteran and mother, enrolled

in Portland Community College in Oregon last August. Three months later, when her first check for $327 still hadn't arrived, she discovered after a tedious investigation that it was sent to the wrong school. That was in November. She filled out a Treasury Department form certifying that she never got the money. In January she signed another form, a stop-payment on the check. In April she was still waiting for the money. "Why am I made to suffer for a mistake that the VA made?" she asked.

There are thousands asking the same question. In many cases what they discover is that the folks at their local VA office could not care less about their inconvenience. This is unfair, of course, to the thousands of conscientious VA people who try earnestly to make the system work. But the pattern of sloth and indifference is encountered by so many veterans that it has to be regarded as a serious symptom of bureaucratic decay.

Erroneous terminations, Bernard Payton said, are a common problem. It usually takes a minimum of twenty-one days to get the veteran back in good standing. Charles Russell, the coordinator at San Francisco State College, thinks that sometimes the bureaucratic games are intentionally vicious.

"These contact people at the VA," Russell said, "are really something. They give out false information: they blame it on the college, or they tell a guy that his check is on the way when it hasn't even been issued. If the university makes an inquiry, then the VA pulls the file. That stops everything cold. The next time you call, they say they can't do anything because the file has been pulled."

Once, Russell recalled, he was personally slogging from office to office, trying to track down some missing benefits. "They gave me the name of this guy in the contact office," Russell said. "When I went downstairs to the contact office, the secretary said, 'Oh, Mr. Black. Well, he retired six months ago.' "

In Philadelphia, Philip Hammond reports, the work-study grants that provide veterans with modest part-time jobs are impossibly scarce. But in San Francisco, says Charles Russell, they are so abundant that the VA can't fill all of the available slots. From coast to coast, the complaints continue.

"The overriding problem is just sloppy work," said Ted Berg, a twenty-nine-year-old coordinator at Montgomery Community College, and a veteran of army intelligence. "If they're overworked, every piece of paper is just a piece of paper, not a person. So if they screw up, so what? Piss on it. They don't have a philosophy of service to people. They are just moving paper around. They don't give a shit."

Charles Russell makes the same point: "They have no feeling for the veteran as a human being. They look at him as an account."

The boiling point for all of this came with the advance-payment system that was started last fall, supposedly so a veteran would have a large enough chunk of money to cover tuition and other expenses when the school semester began. Thousands didn't get the checks on time—or for weeks and months afterwards.

At City University of New York, only one in every eight veterans got his check on time—and 760 CUNY veterans didn't get their advance checks at all. At California State in Chico, 900 requested advance payments—only 300 checks arrived. At Penn State, 57 percent of the 1,000 veterans got late checks.

The pattern was repeated, less dramatically, in January and February, when the spring semester began. There is nobody keeping score, but the problem goes deeper than mere inconvenience or temporary hardship—thousands of students had to drop out. In the long run, they will pay the price for VA inefficiency all their lives.

John Ripper, a veteran at Mt. Hood Community College near Portland, Oregon, estimated that, by the end of the fall term, about 200 out of 1,000 enrolled veterans had quit because of the hassle with late checks. "That's actually double the number who dropped out before," Ripper said. "As the advance-payment system worked out, it was worse." The experience at Mt. Hood was repeated to greater or lesser degree on campuses all over America, especially at the junior colleges, which draw many of their students from working-class and poor families.

The side effects are beyond calculation, but clearly such experiences will discourage others from even trying. "It has the effect of a poisoned well," said Stuart Feldman, who guides the National League of Cities' veterans program. "If guys tell you they had to drop out of school and they had to go into debt, then that turns off all the guys in the neighborhood. It looks like a bad deal."

> "It used to be exceedingly difficult to get answers from the VA. But this year it's impossible, because they're not even answering the phone."

Yet the Veterans Administration brushes all this aside as inconsequential. Yes, a few minor problems here and there, they admit, but it will all work out, nothing to get upset about. The VA doesn't get upset by these problems because, according to the unwritten rules that govern bureaucratic performance in Washington, the agency is doing just fine. The nation's capital lives on statistics, and the VA mimeographs churn out reams of them to show the success of their programs. Record numbers of participants, record dollars, and so on.

But the VA doesn't keep count of the losers—the casualties. If a young veteran enrolls in school, he is forever counted in the "success" statistics. Never mind if he dropped out two months later because his benefit check didn't come. Or if he found the GI allowance too skimpy to live on with a wife and kids. The VA statisticians aren't interested. Indeed, if he drops out, the agency actually has it both ways—the VA saves money, which always pleases budget-cutters at the White House, but it has the drop-out counted among the millions of Vietnam veterans who used the GI bill.

The VA headquarters on Vermont Avenue is a short mortar round from the White House. The design is GSA dull, monumental, and gray, a concrete warren of paper handlers, undistinguished from all the others in Washington except for the large motto by the front door: "To care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan." On the tenth floor, the Administrator of Veterans Affairs enjoys one of the choicest office locations in town with a marvelous vista that sweeps across the White House, the Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial, to the Potomac River and the green hills of Virginia beyond.

Until very recently, an Iowa seed-and-fertilizer entrepreneur named Donald E. Johnson enjoyed the view. His office was appropriately overdecorated with Nixonian symbols of loyalty and patriotism—flags all over the place, big flags and tiny little flags, American flags and Legion flags, and pictures of Richard Nixon, six or seven of them, plus a couple of tiny elephants on his desk and a big bronze coin issued to commemorate Nixon's reign.

Donald E. Johnson, a big man, 6'5", hale and hearty in manner, father of ten, with a big puffy nose, addressed his agency's problems with all the confidence of a great general who knows his army is winning, who sees the light at the end of the tunnel.

"I don't think we're as screwed up, to use your phrase, as the critics would have you believe," the commander said cordially. "There are difficulties which we have acknowledged over the past several months."

That same afternoon, Nixon fired him. After five years of loyally taking punches on behalf of the White House, Johnson became the ultimate fall guy. Nearly everyone was glad to see him go, from the Veterans of Foreign Wars to the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. The complaints ranged from late checks to deteriorating hospitals. Johnson's administration was speckled with little political droppings, moreover, the kind of borderline scandals that might have finished him off long ago if he hadn't been such a gracious front man for the chief executive, taking the heat for the man, yielding so easily to the budget cuts imposed from above. Still, the more thoughtful critics wonder how much will really change now that Johnson is gone. He was, after all, more a reflection of the VA's institutional decay than the cause. Genuine change, likewise, will require more than canning a few scapegoats.

To grasp what has happened to the Veterans Administration over the last generation, consider this simple comparison. After World War II, when Harry Truman was president and the nation had 15 million men and women coming home as honored veterans, the man chosen to run the VA was General of the Army Omar Bradley, a war hero himself. In 1969, when Richard Nixon looked around for someone to fill the same job, his White House patronage advisers settled on Johnson, an obscure Republican

politician from West Branch, Iowa, a former commander of the American Legion. Johnson was a sergeant in Patton's Third Army when Omar Bradley was wearing five stars. That gives you a measure of how official Washington regarded the Vietnam veterans.

They put this man in charge of an agency that already suffered from tired blood. Around Washington, the VA's career employees are sometimes referred to as "the class of '46," because so many of them came aboard in those halcyon days of rapid expansion after World War II. An extraordinarily high percentage will be eligible for thirty-year retirement benefits in the next few years. It was and is a huge operation, second only to the Pentagon, with a $13-billion budget, with 185,000 employees scattered around at 170 hospitals and 73 offices outside Washington.

Even before the Nixon administration, the VA was known as a place where people kept their heads down and did things in the old way unless someone forced them to change. The old-line veterans organizations—the Legion and the VFW—provided a rock-solid political constituency in support of those traditional programs that the VA does best—pensions, compensation for the disabled, housing loans, burial benefits.

The agency, moreover, had been burned by scandal and controversy back in 1950 when Rep. Olin "Tiger" Teague of Texas, a young congressman and a Medal of Honor winner, had exposed how colleges and schools were ripping off excess profits from the GI bill. The trauma of that scandal is burned into the VA's collective memory. Teague is still in Congress, the most powerful single member on veterans issues, and whenever anyone suggests doing something bold or innovative with VA programs, the old-timers invariably bring up that old embarrassment. In Washington, nobody gets much of anything without a fight and the VA has learned it is easier to survive if you never ask for much of anything.

The commander from West Branch, Iowa, adjusted comfortably to that attitude—and introduced his own peculiar flair for management with political flourishes. The Republicans, of course, were not the first to use the VA for politics, but as in so many other areas, the Nixon administration seems to have been preoccupied with milking petty political profit rather than conducting the government's business of caring for those who have borne the battle.

By most accounts, Johnson's appointment in 1969 was a political accident. The late Sen. Everett Dirksen, never one to put performance ahead of patronage, literally forced out William Driver, a VA career man, merely because he was a holdover appointee of LBJ's. Just as the White House began looking around for a replacement, the Iowa Republicans started squawking about not getting their fair share of the federal patronage. White House agents were directed to find someone from Iowa for a visible job to shush up the complaints. Enter Donald E. Johnson, a one-time loser in state politics, who was defeated in the 1968 GOP primary for governor but still nursed ambition. His choice pleased his old buddies in the American Legion. Elsewhere there were groans and yawns.

As administrator, Johnson promptly began receiving "Dear Don" letters from friendly Republicans. Gene Anderson, executive director of the North Carolina Republican Party, wrote, for instance, to complain about the appointment of VA appraisers in his area, the people who collect fees for VA home-loan appraisals.

"Those persons currently on the approved list," Anderson wrote, "are, to the man, prominent active Democrats and major contributors to the Democratic party. It is absolutely imperative that they be removed from the approved list and that our seven men, whom we believe are well-qualified, be substituted."

Such political scrounging is often harmless enough, but sometimes it gets in the way of the agency's true business. "From time to time," said Gene Howard, staff official of the House Veterans Affairs Committee, "we run into problems where they give all the appraisal business to one Republican and he gets behind. The veteran is the one who suffers, because he can't get his loan processed. When we check it out, we find an appraiser sitting on 200 loan applications because he's too greedy."

Politics has filled many key jobs in the agency. Odell Vaughn, the new director of benefits, is an unexceptional career administrator, a disabled veteran of World War II. Everyone understands that he got the job because his senator sponsored him—Strom Thurmond, the South Carolina Republican. Morris Nooner, director of education under Vaughn, is Donald Johnson's old Legion crony. His principal qualification seems to be that he was adjutant of the Illinois American Legion.

"After World War II, Harry Truman chose a war hero to run the VA. In 1969 Richard Nixon picked an obscure Republican politician from West Branch, Iowa."

More important, other key positions were filled after the 1972 election by an influx from CREEP, the Committee to Re-Elect the President, the folks who gave us Watergate. Thirteen former CREEP employees moved into VA headquarters, ranging from secretaries to Frank Naylor, who hustled veteran votes for CREEP, and who then became Johnson's executive assistant or, as some think, the shadow administrator. This was part of the White House's general plan to establish tighter political control over the far-flung machinery of government by seeding it with true believers in strategic places. It failed at the VA, as elsewhere, only because of Watergate.

The commander, meanwhile, was leaving his own mark on the agency, including a penchant for stylish travel. He took thirty trips out of Washington at government expense in fiscal 1973—eleven of them to his home state of Iowa. He liked to pack up with his entire central-office staff and move to out-of-town motels "for concentration." Apparently the din of Washington was distracting, so they would tool off together to Hagerstown, Maryland, or Leesburg, Virginia, for group meditation on the problems of veterans. The day after Nixon's election triumph in 1972, the administrator felt so distracted that he and five of his staff flew to St. Petersburg, Florida, for five or six days of sun-soaked conferences.

Johnson got burned for some of his decisions—particularly the way he handled contracts. The Government Accounting Office, Congress's watchdog agency, criticized him for authorizing six management contracts for professional services without making any effort to see if competing firms could do the job better or cheaper. Two of those contracts were personally awarded by Johnson. One of them, a contract for $270,000, went to a data-processing consultant who happened to be Donald Johnson's neighbor.

Official eyebrows were also raised over the way Johnson's people generously settled claims on "cost overruns" that contractors ran up on construction of VA hospitals. In particular, the VA was eager to settle for $10.3 million on a claim from the Blackhawk Heating & Plumbing and Donovan Construction Company for their work on a 480-bed hospital at Northport, New York. Some lower-rung officials inside the VA thought that amount was more than twice what the contractor deserved. Two well-connected Republican lawyers—Harry Dent, who was a White House political agent during the first Nixon term, and the late Murray Chotiner, Nixon's longtime pal—reportedly urged the VA to settle without a long court fight.

Johnson said okay, but that decision was too much for Lowell G. Schweickart, a career contracting officer, who didn't like the smell of it. He filed his objections "for the record," in an internal memorandum that was made available to *Penthouse*.

"As a responsible government employee," Schweickart wrote, "I have been in a position to recognize what I regard as grievous errors in judgment which have enriched these contractors for practicing what has seemed to be willful distortions of facts, deliberate fabrication of disruptive problems, contrivance of delays, incredible inefficiency, pressures of venal character, and misrepresentations so gross as to appear fraudulent. I failed in such efforts as I made during the past four years to discourage the excessive settlements and to permit the appeals procedure to run its course."

The Senate, after a long wrangle, succeeded in trimming the claim back to about $6 million and added tight restrictions on Johnson's power to settle these things on his own.

The real political game, however, is played on a much larger scale. To put it crudely, Johnson's role was to be the man in the barrel, serving at the pleasure of the White House. If the Office of Management and Budget wanted to hold down GI benefits, Johnson peddled it.

When Congress endorsed 13 percent increases, he held out for 8 percent. If someone proposed ways to stimulate greater participation by veterans, Johnson looked the other way.

The spirit of his tenure was best expressed by Johnson when he addressed a closed-door meeting of VA hospital administrators and regional directors to warn them that loyalty was the first rule of survival. He told them to swallow severe budget cuts without going public with their complaints. "I expect each and every official in the VA to actively support our budget as requested," he said in the secret speech.

As for questionnaires that directors had to fill out for congressional committees: "I don't want to find any surprises on these forms—and it's only fair to tell you that I do review them. These questionnaires are not your opportunity to make an end run on the Central Office."

In case anyone was too stupid to get the message, Johnson's general counsel followed with a more explicit lecture on "team responsibility," a warning against anyone sneaking up to Capitol Hill to tell friendly congressmen about the real problems within the agency.

"The presentation of a bootleg program," said John J. Corcoran, "is the height of irresponsibility. It is advocated by people who do not want to be on the team—who place their judgment above the Administrator's and the President's—who subordinate the President's decision to their parochial interests. Such action is reprehensible."

Corcoran went on to warn the VA directors that, notwithstanding the free speech guaranteed by the First Amendment, the VA has the power to discipline employees whose "public criticism of an employer is destructive of staff morale and serves to make working relationships within the agency impossible. . . . I believe that the circumstances would probably have to be extreme before we would venture into this type of action, unless, of course, there was a continuing pattern of disloyal activity by the employee. Nevertheless, I feel you should be aware of the possibilities."

The impact on morale and creative thinking was obvious. Anyone who spoke up risked his neck. Those who meekly took the company line were rewarded. This heavy-handed atmosphere has created a general paranoia among VA employees, according to career people inside the agency. It goes a long way toward explaining why so many veterans get frustrating "nonanswers" when they try to find out what's wrong with the way the VA works.

Jim Mayer, a disabled vet who is president of the National Association of Concerned Veterans, explained: "The rank-and-file people, when you talk off the record, are very open about the problems. But when they go public, they adopt the Washington line. There's a big morale problem because they know things are screwed up—that they don't have enough people and so forth—but they keep saying in public that everything is great."

Often, because of the fear Johnson instilled in VA employees, the veteran was cheated. The VA's experience with educational benefits is one glaring example. In many federal agencies, the top people spend half their time developing arguments for expanding their programs. If they can't make the pitch directly themselves, they supply the statistics to those who can, either friendly congressmen or outside pressure groups. Not the VA under Johnson. Instead of collecting the data to demonstrate the inadequacies of the present GI bill, the VA sat by grumpily while private groups like the National League of Cities developed the case.

When the VA refused to do an in-depth study on the subject, Congress finally forced it on the agency. The 1972 legislation ordered Johnson to complete a major study by April 24, 1973. The commander didn't sign a contract with the Educational Testing Service until a month after that deadline. That meant the ETS study wouldn't be ready until late in the legislative year—thus postponing the inevitable increase in GI benefits. Even then, when ETS found serious deficiencies and inequities, Johnson sent his people out to disown the report's conclusions. Veterans, of course, are still waiting for those increases, which they should have gotten a year ago.

Dr. Marc J. Musser, ex-director of the VA's hospital system, was a victim of a similar squeeze play. He quit in disgust in April after a long struggle with Johnson over the sagging quality of VA hospitals. Congressman Teague and colleagues have been building fires under the VA for several years on the hospital issue, insisting that the nation's best and largest hospital system was in danger unless the Nixon administration acted quickly. To ensure action, Congress established a fixed hospital employees-to-patients ratio. To comply, the VA simply started trimming the number of patients—giving the impression that it was improving the level of care while it actually deprived veterans of service they deserved. When the budget squeeze got worse last year, the administration's solution was to cut $160 million from the benefits for disabled Vietnam veterans. Donald Johnson espoused that cheap maneuver until it blew up in his face. Then he blamed Olney Owens, the director of benefits.

"The Nixon administration's heavy-handed tactics created a general paranoia among VA employees—anyone who spoke up risked his neck."

Nobody was fooled. Those are the games people play when heavy-handed political mentors take control of a timid bureaucracy, encrusted with age and inexperienced at aggressively defending itself. That is the situation at the Veterans Administration, and from this situation all the other problems flow. When all of the grievances became too explosive, the White House simply offered up another scapegoat, the commander himself. Johnson got to stay on until June—so he could qualify for a federal pension.

It doesn't have to be this way. But genuine reforms require leadership that is a good deal tougher than a flag-waving legion politician. Someone with independent clout and stamina must stand up to those VA workers who are dozing at their desks and to the White House budget examiners. Here are a handful of good ideas, all suggested by young veterans familiar with the administrative foul-ups:

- Clean house, from top to bottom. That means informing regional offices that the present attitudes of indifference will be penalized, not rewarded. A few symbolic firings would make the point. Most VA employees would probably be delighted by the change in atmosphere.
- Make people responsible for the papers they are shuffling and cut down the paperwork required. Again, this would probably improve morale. Instead of the office-to-office shuffle that veterans go through, VA workers should be reorganized into teams, each responsible for a given number of cases, from start to finish. If Donald Blankenship doesn't get his check, the blame could be fixed squarely instead of resorting to buck-passing games. The VA has tried this approach in a few smaller cities with good results.
- Be a responsible advocate for veterans, not an apologist for the Office of Management and Budget. Other agencies of government function this way. They don't win everything, but at least their cases are clearly made before Congress and the White House. It means the VA would develop its own viewpoint of the problems, backed by its own research, and then speak forcefully in behalf of its own proposed solutions. This would require changing the habits developed over a generation and reinforced by the Nixon regime. It would be made easier if some of those young Vietnam veterans who are sharpshooter critics on the outside were brought into key management positions.

None of this will happen because of political rhetoric from the president or even from Congress. If Vietnam veterans have learned anything from their struggles with the commander and his troops, it is that "raising hell" can be effective—if it is sophisticated and informed and aimed at the right target. The veteran coordinators on campuses around the country are proving that. One reason the commander is going back to Iowa is that so many of those young veterans have zeroed in their fire and anger. If they keep up the pressure, things will continue to change.

Ron Cordell, president of the Alabama Veterans Affairs Association, summed up the battle plan:

"We're stirring these old people up. They think we're after their goddam jobs. We don't want their goddam jobs. We're here to do something for these veterans. What we're trying to tell these old guys is: 'If we can't work with you, we'll work around you, we don't care how, just whatever the job takes.' "

That is the kind of tough, tactical approach that this strange paper war requires.

Rock Rape

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

gold overnight and two hit singles currently riding the top of the charts, we packed the auditorium. We were the same people, with the same sounds. But we were sold out.

Such strange, strange alchemy.

Steve was trying now to quiet the audience so we could get into "Making It." The crowd was unreal—a seesaw seething of bodies.

Bill glanced up from a wing nut he was screwing tight on a snare head. "It's encouraging, Arthur."

"What is?"

"That little white chick in the dressing room."

"What's so encouraging about that?"

"You know, trying for some soul."

"Soul! You think she's got any?"

"She got some of my skin," Bill said, squirming on his stool. "That's a start."

Steve clutched the mike, both hands cutting into the gray static guard, voile shirt plastered to his back like another skin. Bob counted us into the song, tromped on the wah-wah pedal, and his full-volume guitar introduction drove hard through a new burst of enthusiastic applause.

I stared down at the faces in the first few rows where the light reached back from the stage. What did they dig? What brought them here? What moved them? What sent them crazy inside? I couldn't imagine myself wedged down in those rows, with shoulders on each side cutting into mine. I knew the feeling on stage. I knew those vibes. I knew when they were right, when the notes were traveling the fibers, when a song was making it.

What made it work tonight? Or any night. Expectations? Some of these people had lived this concert for weeks. They'd memorized our albums, each word moving on their tongues as we sang it. They'd worn out the records, playing them for hours, stylus chewing its slow spiral until the grooves went chalky, until the blunt spindle scratched the type off the Head label.

Tonight, the whole thing was happening someplace else. The telephone, the needle cutting the groove, the bed, the dreams of seeing us *in person* tomorrow, next week, next month. At least once every hour on through the night hundreds of hip DJ's would spin the Machine. Multiply that by the number of listeners at home, the number in cars, on beaches, at parties, in closets, muffled under blankets, pillow, and we were in a lot of heads. All day, all night. Dizzying . . . dizzying.

Just thinking about it, trying to remember who I was, who I might be, I grew tired. So much shit, for so long. For what, Arthur? If I ran my life before my eyes to review it, I ended up plunged into a long period of profound depression. Blackness. Because my life was not my life.

Drumsticks chewed the steel edge of the snare. Bill, trading fours with Bob, picked up the solo. The spots trailed Steve back to the bank of speakers.

Steve started singing again, his tenor strained to a shout. Steve two years younger than Bob, than me—twenty-one—and totally different. Bob was calculated; Steve, a poet, explosive and cool at the same time. Steve needed coaching, watching. Crouching, clutching the mike, spine standing out under his shirt like a fin, he seemed to be trying to turn himself inside out. Head twisted sharply to one side, listening to his voice over the monitor, the light cutting into his chiseled cheeks, picking out the flare of his nostrils; his whole being seemed etched with the pain in the song. How long could he last? How long would it be before he couldn't find words that would say it? And you, Arthur?

I saw something move. A spectral figure dashed up the aisle. The rerun of an old bad dream—silent, foreboding. A girl clutched a bouquet to her breast. Roses. A flash of white blouse and blond hair made me think of the knifer. A chill spread down my spine into my legs. Light flashed across her face—her features coarse, coarser than the knifer's. The hair—everything—different. But she seemed blinded by the same determination, by the cunning, the drive.

Half a dozen cops and ushers sprang out to catch her. "Please!" she shrieked. "Please!" One booted foot landed on the stage, high stacked heel digging for purchase. Her free hand, short fingers heavy with gaudy rings, clawed at the footlight trough. Her frizzy hair rose slowly above the blue riot helmets like some huge damp tumbleweed. Tears of triumph shone in her eyes.

One girl—solitary, small—was lifting and straining and dragging at least six men right up onto the stage with her. But then the balance swung. They were overpowering her, pulling her down. Desperately, she fought free of them long enough to raise one arm and toss the roses. They fell at Steve's feet, like an afterthought, sad, beautiful. Three pair of handcuffs flashed in the air. And the flower girl was gone.

At that moment, in the same spot, I saw a face. It startled me. A girl too soft, out of place. I knew I'd seen her before. Somewhere. Was it Seattle—last night? Vancouver—the night before?

The face hung momentarily, hung in the light—familiar, haunting. Only to vanish again. Pushed back by the police. Lost in the crush, in that mass of humanity seething at the edge of the stage.

Steve ripped the mike from the stand. His wild hair flew as he flipped his head. He swung the chrome stand onto his shoulder and balanced on the edge of the stage. Spread-legged, tall body towering, mike stand lifted like a spear that he was weighing before a long throw. Suddenly the vibes broke down. During one frenzied moment of indecision, everything hung inert, then the audience freaked and rushed the stage.

Déjà vu. It was the repeat of a nightmare, the endless horror of concert nights in a score of cities. I heard the enthusiastic hiss in thousands of throats, the sinister scratch and whisper of eager shoe leather. Theatre seats gave with tortured twangs; screws and fasteners strained in the floor. People poured out of the dark, beating their way blindly through the barricade of police and ushers. They came driving at us in a wave, rolling up fast, ebbing at the edge of the stage. The houselights came up like an explosion. Hundreds of hands started reaching . . . grabbing.

My mouth going dry as parched clay, I jerked the jack out of my bass. The coiled cord snaked back across the stage. I ran. The heavy velvet curtain caught at my face and clothes. Spinning to free myself, I caught one last glimpse of the audience. That single thin white face remained frozen in my vision. It was the ghostly reminder of something . . . a promise . . . perhaps a threat. . . . But fleeting, unexplained.

Roaring, the crowd crashed against the stage. So many mouths open—screeching. So many gleaming teeth snapping in that turmoil of flesh. Teeth bared in love, in hate—tenderness, violence.

"They'd kill us!" I put my hand on Bill's hot sweat-soaked back, trying to push him faster through the door into the corridor.

"Yeah," he grinned, a hand pawing at his black brow, "and call it love."

I sank into the safety of the leather-cushioned limousine as the first rush of fans thudded against the doors. The heavy body of the Cadillac shook—such a thin wall between me and that insanity.

"Little girls with hot pants," I said, bored.

"Little boys with hot pants," Steve shot a grin down into my face. His eyes burned into mine, breath acrid with whiskey.

"Just people, man," Bill leered. "People with hot pants."

"What's that?" Baby asked from behind the wheel.

"Oh, it's Arthur. He's out of sorts."

"For chrissake, Arthur!" Baby scolded, "get a grip on yourself." He laid on the horn, trying to move them.

"Just run over their asses!"

"Now, Arthur, don't be morbid."

The big car was moving now. Creeping. Baby was attempting to nose it out of the driveway. Desperate faces clustered at the windows. *The youth market*, I thought bitterly. It was like a strange TV screen: mouthwash, cosmetics, cola, uncola. Hands, somehow convinced they could reach right through 32-gauge steel and touch us, squeaked hard along the polished finish.

"Watch it!" Bill cried.

A hand clutched at my face. I ducked. My window was down a couple of inches. A chick had thrust her hand through the opening.

She clawed for me. Tight little mouth pushed up to the crack, she screamed, "Give me something! Artie, give me something!"

"Give her something!" Bill giggled.

My hand shot to the arm rest. I pressed the button. The closing window caught the girl's empty hand, crushing it hard against the top of the door. I heard knuckle joints crack before the glass ground to a stop. There was an unbelievable look on her face.

Bill flashed on this, "Look!" A whisper, wonder—"My god, man, she's getting off!" he squirmed with delight.

"Forgive her."

"Come on, Arthur. She's had enough."

"No—she'll come again."

"Arthur!" Bill grabbed my hand.

He released the pressure. The girl took the crushed hand delicately in the palm of her other hand, drawing it away. There was a dazed look on her face.

The car rolled into the street, gaining speed. Leaving how much of us? I wondered. I turned to look back. The last straggling runners chased the limousine until they finally fell fatigued against a car or sprawled on the curb. What was left?

After a concert, when the electricity of our songs died in the air, what was our legacy? What could they grasp? What could they take away? Could I blame them for wanting to rip something from us to remind them of why they had made us?

Whatever—finally—we were.

"Man," Baby giggled, "it feels like this buggy's about ten feet off the fucking ground. And hardly moving. I mean," Baby gesticulated wildly with one arm, "that's what I feel—floating."

I pushed myself away from the door, bracing my feet on the floor. "You want me to drive?"

"You kidding?" He gave me a gap-toothed grin. "I fucking *dream* about drives like this."

He was quiet then. Suddenly, abysmally quiet. And after a moment his right hand reached up, haltingly, almost as though he were not absolutely certain of what he was going to do, and he pushed the partition shut, firming the thick glass into the felt stripping. The Cadillac kept moving, the long black body weaving its way along the serpentine streets into the city. I felt suddenly like a shell adrift in the void.

Was Baby, I wondered, sharing the feeling that had plagued me all night? We glided down out of the hills, driving into the night. But driving without destination.

"Baby—" Silence. I heard my own voice coming back to me, going dead in the hollow of the car. I considered the intercom phone, the circumstances. I picked it up. The receiver made a cool ring against my ear.

"Arthur?"

"Something funny keeps happening, man."

"Mm-m?"

"I keep seeing this face."

Baby's foot eased off the accelerator. "Now?"

"No. Not now. At gigs. I don't know how many times I've seen it—a few. I saw it again tonight. The same face . . . white . . . slender. Kind of beautiful."

"Must symbolize something."

"What?"

"You've seen it, Arthur. You tell me."

"She's probably just trying to get to me."

"Like the chick with the knife."

"You know about her?"

"I saw her climbing the wall to get in."

"Christ, man, why didn't you stop her?" I pushed myself forward in the seat. "She might've killed us."

"Come on, Arthur! I knew you weren't fools."

"Damn." My forefinger found the slit in my shirt to remind me what kind of fools we were.

"Besides," Baby continuing, "a knifer's one thing. But what's a face in a crowd?"

"Who knows, man? Maybe everything."

Baby didn't answer and the limousine went faster and further on into the night. ○—■

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"I said mouth-to-mouth Miss Quimsley."

Turnpike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"So that's why we had our work stoppage. We were goin' fuckin' broke. I don't know how you can say it better."

When the independent truckers stopped driving and began blockading highways and dumping boulders from overhead passes, then other drivers—company drivers—began staying home, too.

"Well, I sympathized with 'em," says Don Robinson, who hauls carpets for a company out of Salem, New Hampshire. "But, then, I didn't want to have my head blown off either."

And suddenly a strike by about 150,000 independent drivers was joined by tens of thousands of unionized and company drivers. The whole of industry shuddered at the probable consequences of a prolonged strike, and so did the Nixon administration, which slowly awakened to the problem. High government officials began openly to predict economic disaster if the revolt continued in high gear. With over 35,000 miles of interstate highway in America and hundreds of thousands of state and county and city roads, the nation's economy has come to rely on trucks and truckers in the same way it once relied on railroads. Trucking is big, big business:

- In 1972 more than 2.4 million new trucks were registered in the U.S.
- In the same year trucks earned $19 *billion* in revenues.
- In 1971 trucks paid more than $5.9 *billion* in federal and state highway-user taxes.
- Trucks run up more than 470 *billion* ton-miles each year.
- Total truck mileage in 1972 was between 230 and 240 *billion* miles.
- Truckers drive an average of 230,000 miles a year. A long-haul trucker will sometimes go more than 350,000 miles a year, more than the average citizen drives in his lifetime.
- Trucks carry 99 percent of the cattle, hogs, and calves shipped in the United States; 70 percent of the dairy products; 97 percent of all dressed poultry; 100 percent of the ice cream; 82 percent of all clothing; 68 percent of the drugs; 98 percent of both fresh and frozen seafood; 75 percent of the radios, TVs, and phonographs; 82 percent of all aircraft parts; and 96 percent of all bottled and canned soft drinks.

Of course, trucking wasn't always big business. Back in 1940, trucks accounted for only 10 percent of the total ton-miles hauled in this country. Railroads, still strong then, hauled over 60 percent of the freight.

But things changed. During the 1940's, 50's, and 60's, America was awash in cheap fuel. A massive highway building program transformed the nation's landscape into concrete and asphalt highways, overpasses, and cloverleaf exits, and it was all to the benefit of the trucking industry. Better diesel engines. Bad railroad management. By 1972, railroads had dropped to only 38 percent of the total ton-miles, and the trucking industry was there to take up the slack, doubling its cut of the transportation business. All this happened in the context of fierce and sometimes bloody battles between the Iron Horse and the trucking industry—legislative infighting, hijackings, court cases, millions upon millions of dollars in lobbying and payoffs, union warfare, goons, and guns.

So now it's the truck. And the truck driver has replaced old Railroad Bill and Casey Jones as the great legend of motion, the hero plowing on through the night. Of course, it's partly a false legend, for truck drivers are not heroes. They rush to meet deadlines, they are lonely, and they can be arrogant. They are often boors. Not many truckers stand behind justice, except when justice merges with self-interest. Not many of them would lead a civil rights march through downtown Selma. Some are outright bigots. Others are gentle, kind-hearted fellows who genuinely love their jobs.

Don Robinson is one of these. He knows the roads like a farmer knows his land, the details, the slopes and angles and textures. He climbs into his big Ford truck, and there inside the cab he shows off his toys: eight different gauges and dials peer out from the dash. Four brake systems. Switches, lights, pedals. An air conditioner. Buttons and levers. A stereo tape recorder and headphones. A citizens-band radio.

Robinson starts the truck and lets the pressure build; then he releases the brakes and the rig hisses and trembles, and he takes it to the road. It is midnight. The truck is primitive inertia. The road comes rolling at you like hot lava. Speed combines with power, 70,000 pounds of gross weight.

"Like riding a comet," Robinson shouts.

A certain rhythm controls everything—the sway of the truck, fifty-five feet of truck swaying and rocking, rocking and swaying.

"It's the open road," Robinson shouts. "Open road feels good." The open road seems to explain it all—wagon trains, cowpokes on the Chisholm Trail, the Northwest Passage, the Seven Seas. . . . "Feel it?"

Country-and-western music plays . . . "King of the Road" . . . Jim Croce singing about Ol' Speedball Tucker, *got a broomstick on the throttle* . . . Johnny Cash . . . Del Reeves singing "Truckers' Paradise." And the road flows by, the engine whines like an animal. Robinson feeds it diesel fuel and controls it with his arms and wrists.

"My father drove a truck," he says. "So did my brother. It's a family thing. You get it in your bones. It's not easy to explain. It's a sense of freedom—gettin' out on the highway. Your wife kind of gets to be second best, y' know? The truck comes first. It's a heckuva thing to say, but you get a strong feeling for the road—for your truck, for the other drivers. You enjoy workin' with them, it's a group feeling. My wife comes along sometimes. I love her. But I love the open road, too."

The citizens-band radio jumps with static, and Robinson grins and holds the mike to his lips: "Hey, any southbound diesels out there? This is New Hampshire Mickey Mouse, northbound. . . ." New Hampshire Mickey Mouse, Flying Dutchman, Toilet Paper, River Rat—the nomenclature of the open road, names to call in the night: "This is New Hampshire Mickey Mouse, northbound, carrying a load for Boston. Anybody southbound out there?"

"The C-B is really a useful thing," Robinson says. "In some states they're trying to take 'em away from us. They claim we use 'em to alert each other about Smokey—state troopers. Well, shit! Sure, we do some of that. Why not? Ol' Smokey's got his radio; why can't we have ours? Fair is fair, you know. Nothing wrong with that.

"Besides, the C-B radio keeps you awake. Better than popping dexies, isn't it? Sometimes we report accidents, using the C-B. Saves time, saves lives. I love my C-B. I love trucking. It's mighty hard to explain, you've got to feel it, I guess. You've got to feel it.

"Sure, it can get lonely. I mean, you sit there for ten hours or so . . . you're looking straight ahead . . . and you see the road coming and coming, you know, and you can get bleary and hypnotized by it. I mean, it's not all that glamorous. It's a job, but it's a pretty good job. You get used to it. You get to like it. You're always on the road, seeing things, and I like that. I like it."

Another buzz of static, and Robinson grins and picks up the mike: "Mickey Mouse here. Anybody out there? Looking for a southbound diesel. . . ." He talks like a hard-sell disc jockey, mile-a-minute, making contact, searching the road ahead, reaching out. . . . "Heading north, looking for a southbound diesel. Anybody there? Anybody out there?"

In a sense, it was Don Robinson's citizens-band radio that led to the Great Truckers Revolt.

From the very beginning, the revolt was a grassroots, word-of-mouth operation. The nation's independent truckers, scattered like seeds across the country, were not organized in any broad comprehensive sense. Many of them belonged to no organizations at all. Others had loose ties with local or regional groups, but the regional groups either ignored one another or feuded over petty jurisdictional problems. Small, independent businessmen—some of them fiercely antiunion—they viewed organizations as a threat to their freedom. But as inflation and ballooning fuel prices took their toll, they grew angry. And over the waves of the citizens-band radio network, the word passed: "Shutdown at midnight, January 31!" "Roger, gotcha, shutdown. Damn right!" "Fuckin' Nixon!" "Fuckin' oil companies!"

The man who sparked the revolt, it is generally acknowledged, was a sandy-haired, cherubic-looking fellow named Mike Parkhurst. The owner and editor of the nation's leading magazine for independent truckers,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

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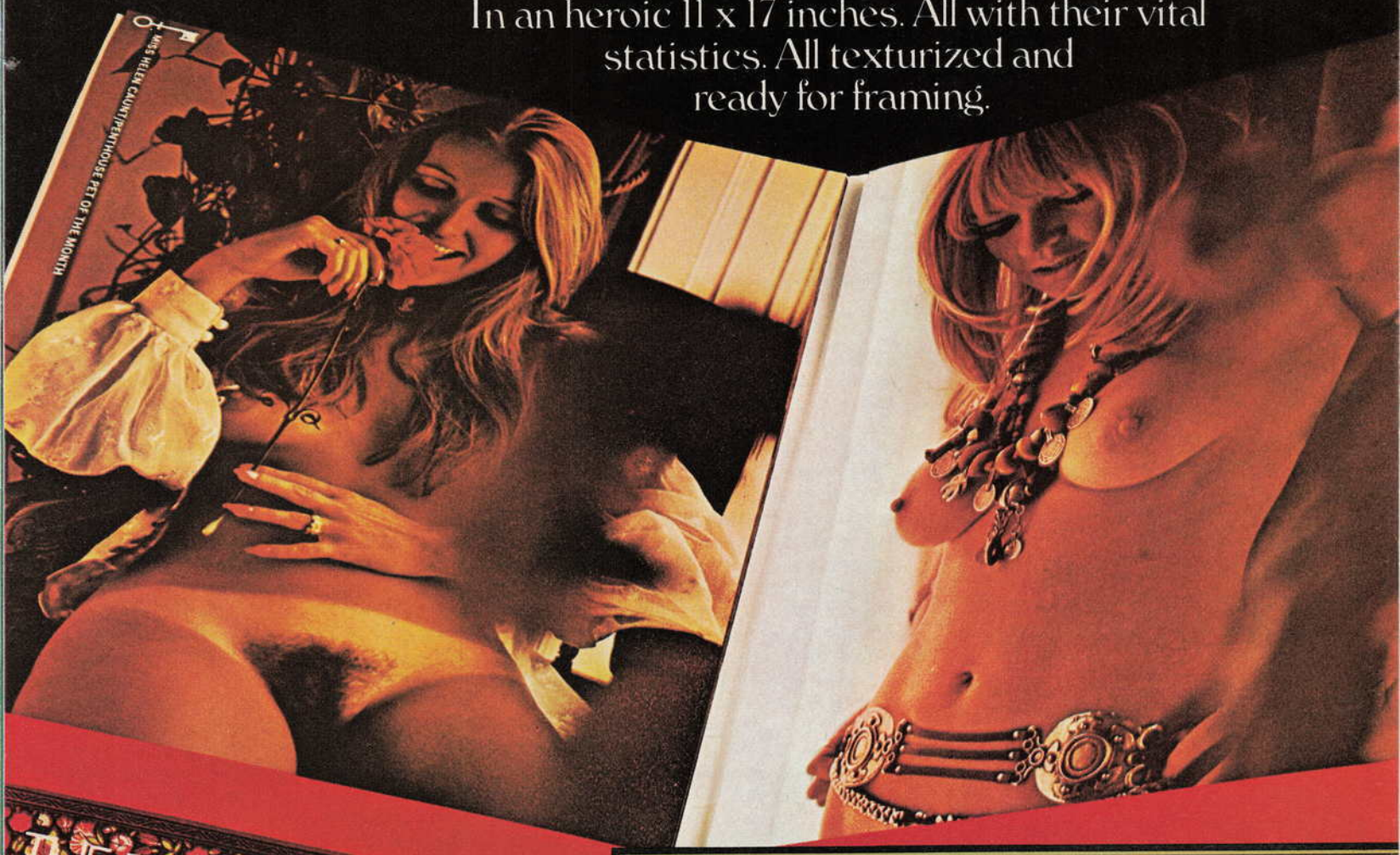

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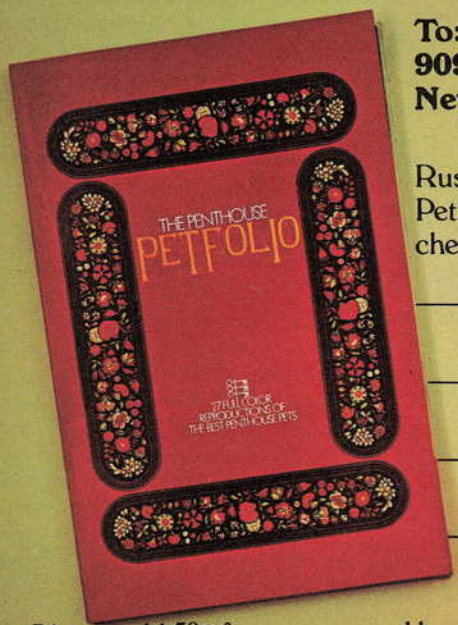

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LESSONS IN LOVE

I've been married for over a year—I'm seventeen years old. My problem is that I had to teach my husband everything he knows about sex (he's nineteen) and he still doesn't satisfy me. I've been balling guys for more than three years, and usually when I have sex, it's like heaven. But no matter what my husband does to me, it's a waste. He's very square about sex, so we usually don't have oral sex, even though I love it. I have to fake orgasms with him, just so he won't lose hope and quit trying. What can I do? Will it always be like this? I feel bad when I go out on him, but I feel like I'll go nuts if I don't get a good fuck at least once in a while.—C.D.

Forgive my unsympathetic reply, but why did you bother getting married? My perception of what you really want is merely an excuse to go on balling other guys. You say that you "feel bad" when you go out on him, but you also say "no matter what my husband does, it's a waste." What, then, do the other guys do that your husband doesn't, or is it simply that you are not married to them? Why don't you stop punishing your husband and try working together on a solution? As the circumstances now exist, if sex is bad for you, it must be hell for him.

ONE, TWO, THREE; UP, IN, OUT

I suffer from a lack of sexual self-control. Although I can control myself during foreplay, the minute my cock enters my girl friend's vagina I become so excited that I climax before I even get all the way in. This is unbearably frustrating. I can't find fulfillment if I can't satisfy the woman I love. She loves me, but how long can her love last under these conditions? Not long, I imagine! Is there anything I can do?—D.M.

Your problem is called premature ejaculation, and it can be prevented by applying the so-called "squeeze technique." I will try to explain briefly how to apply this method of sexual therapy.

Your girl friend should be sitting up in bed, leaning comfortably on a pillow and supported by the headboard. Meanwhile, you must be lying on your back, facing her, with your legs positioned between her legs and your feet placed on the mattress on the outside of her thighs. Once you have achieved an erection, she should hold your penis between her thumb and first two fingers. The thumb is placed on the frenulum (the underside of the penis, just where the shaft ends and the head of the penis begins) and the two fingers are placed on the opposite side, one on each side of the ridge that separates the glans from the shaft. She then squeezes her thumb and first two fingers together with a fairly hard pressure for three or four seconds. The pressure makes you lose your urge to ejaculate and may also make you lose some of your erection. After fifteen to thirty seconds, she should manipulate you to another erection and use the squeeze technique again to prevent ejaculation. You should continue this procedure for about twenty minutes.

She should apply the technique on other occasions when you feel that you are about to ejaculate too quickly. Soon you should be able to control the ejaculation by yourself. After she has applied this squeeze technique, your girl friend should mount you very carefully without any sudden deep thrusting movements. She ought to remain motionless while your penis is inside her vagina, so that you don't feel any immediate urge to ejaculate.

Once your girl friend starts moving her body and you feel ejaculation coming on, she should get off and apply the squeeze technique for a couple of minutes. After you have relaxed, she can mount you again and add some more thrusting movements to your lovemaking. When you feel secure enough to be in control of the situation, *you* can start making the thrusting movements.

Finally, when you feel that you don't suffer

from premature ejaculation anymore, you can start changing positions. But understand that it takes a very considerate and patient girl friend to help you overcome this problem.

Another solution to premature ejaculation is the application of certain creams that will prolong your erection. These creams usually contain a certain amount of novocaine that will cause a slightly numbing sensation on the tip of the penis.

One other solution is the so-called pubis, a rubber ring that is attached to the penis. The pubis acts to prevent premature ejaculation and to stimulate the man to keep an erection. There are several kinds of rubber rings on the market—some with an attachment to stimulate the clitoris and others that are simply worn over the shaft of the penis near the basis. The pubis ring was designed in cooperation with sexologists Inge and Stan Hegeler of the University of Copenhagen. It prolongs erection as desired and is simple and discreet in use. The patented constructions allow for normal ejaculation.

TAKE IT ALL OFF

In your book The Happy Hooker *you mention that stretch marks on women who have had children can be removed by plastic surgery. Could you elaborate on this? I consulted a supposedly reputable plastic surgeon, who informed me that it was impossible and literally pushed me out the door. I'm only twenty-one and am not overweight, but I gained fifteen pounds when I was pregnant. Now that I've lost the weight, I'm left with a mass of stretch marks, which not only inhibit me, but have left me miserable. I'm not worried about the cost; I just want to know if the surgery can indeed be done.—C.R.*

A girl friend of mine wanted to be a call girl and had an operation in which the plastic surgeon not only removed her heavy stretch marks from having three children, but also gave her an entirely new waistline. The surgeon also lifted her sagging breasts, not with silicone but through incisions underneath the breasts. When the scars had healed several months later, she looked and felt like a different person.

I suggest that you see some of the top plastic surgeons in your area of residence. With the tremendous number of transsexual operations being performed today, you can well imagine that the removal of stretch marks is no longer a major operation. After all, if they can make pretty women out of men, why couldn't a doctor make better-looking women out of women?

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

I hope you won't ignore this letter—it is genuine. I am sixteen and have been married four months. Until I met my husband, I had never had any sexual experience. Everything I know has been learned from him. Just about all there is to our lovemaking is basic intercourse. Sure, he goes down on me, and I on him, but I don't think I'm doing all I can to make him feel good. There must be more to lovemaking—on both sides—be-

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cause I just feel like something isn't there. I hope you'll be able to help me, as I have no other way to learn. My husband doesn't talk about these things and is against my buying books that might help.—C.B.

Don't expect too much from your sex life at the tender age of sixteen. I have found that, even after a steady love affair of two years with one man, there are still new, exciting ways of lovemaking. Sex has never become dull or boring with that one particular man. If both partners are well endowed, in good spirits and health, and have good sexual appetites coupled with vivid imaginations, they should never have to depend on sex manuals. Let things happen naturally by exploring each other's body, and try to find new ways to please each other.

In your case, it seems that your husband is far from imaginative and is not even tolerant. I leave it to your discretion to initiate him into the wonders of a fully stimulating and satisfying sexual relationship.

But remember, don't expect bells to ring and sirens to go off. You are the one who is supposed to go off, not the sirens.

SUBMISSIVE MASOCHIST?

I am a twenty-three-year-old college student and have been dating a beautiful chick, to whom I've become very attached. We have had intercourse frequently since our second week together, and we have both enjoyed it immensely. Recently, however, while we were fooling around on the floor, my girl friend straddled my face and sat down on it. My first reaction was to push her off and get on top of her. But I felt such a thrill go through my body that I totally submitted to her. She worked herself off against me, pressing her vagina heavily upon my face while I beat off. We both came, and I have never felt such satisfaction as when I squirted all over her back! Since that time, we have done it more and more frequently—at my demand. I've become uninterested in normal intercourse, although she still wants it very much. Now I cannot get a hard-on unless she is somehow dominating me, either sitting on my face or on my chest. And I make her put her full weight on me! I feel humiliated yet thrilled when subjected to her hot vagina. How can I become interested in fucking normally again? Am I a submissive masochist? My girl friend has indicated that our relationship cannot last much longer in this manner.—J.T.

I do not think you should classify yourself as a submissive masochist just because you like eating pussy while your girl friend sits on your face. After all, that is a rather common technique of foreplay for "advanced lovers" who like oral sex.

It seems she is the first girl with whom you have indulged in such activities, and I think you are simply very excited about this novelty. If she were a two-hundred-pound woman, I'd call you something of a masochist—but not in your case.

But you really shouldn't stick to the same position all the time. Variety is the spice of life and it is a rather one-sided position that you prefer. If you still insist that she sit on your face, how about turning her around 180 degrees so that her buttocks are turned towards you? In this position she can bend her body towards your penis, and rather than jerking yourself off, she can actively participate by giving you head while you do the same to her. I'd suggest you try to use this form of oral sex as an appetizer rather than as a main course.

PRETTY PUBIC PATCH

I am a twenty-year-old housewife who has a very embarrassing hair problem. I have so much hair down below that I can't even wear a bikini without hair showing. My husband says that it's sexy looking, but it's not his problem! I have tried shaving but this always leaves razor burns, and these look like some kind of disease. Can you help me?—Hairy

There are several ways to get rid of your hairy problem: electrolysis and waxing of the hair, trimming short by means of scissors, shaving with either electric razors or razor blades, or female hormone injections.

Concerning the first two solutions, I recommend that you see a good beautician who specializes in electrolysis and the waxing of hair. The advantage of removing hair by electrolysis is that the hair, once removed, generally does not grow back. The disadvantage is the time and pain that's involved. The process is rather time-consuming, particularly if done in areas where there is a lot of hair. Removal of hair on arms, legs, and pubic area takes a number of sittings. However, in Dutch there is a colloquial saying that I freely translate into English: "She who wants to be beautiful, has to suffer." When you have your hair waxed away, it usually won't grow back for approximately three to six weeks.

If you shave your hair off, I'd recommend that you use a razor blade and a good shaving cream or foam. The red rash usually disappears after a day, and though the hair tends to grow back within a week, it is still the quickest and easiest way to remove hair. If you apply some nonperfumed body lotion or baby oil, you will take the itch and rash away. Also, some talcum powder used right after shaving will help relieve discomfort.

The way I trim my own pubic hair—particularly during the summer, when I want to look good in a bikini—is with a pair of straight surgical scissors, not the tiny nail scissors. I carefully trim the pubic patch very short, about an inch long. And I trim it as short as I can just above the triangle where the bikini bottom ends. Whatever hair shows below my bikini pants on the sides of my thighs, I shave with a razor blade. I don't have any rash and the whole procedure is quite a turn-on. Some men love to assist their girl friends or wives during this trimming session. If a man is imaginative, he will even do an artistic job with some tweezers and make the pubic patch into a heart-shape. The use of tweezers might be rather irritable to that particular area, but his kisses should make up for any discomfort.

I also use this technique with the female

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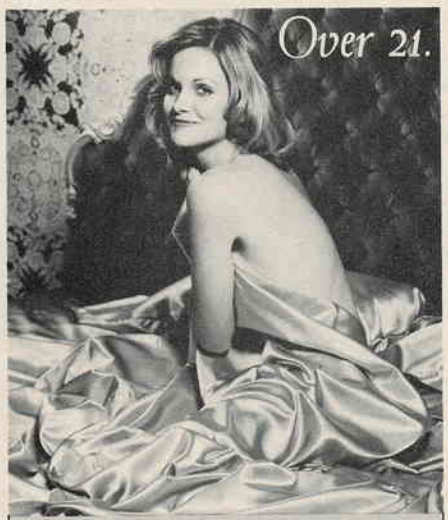

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lovers whom I occasionally have in my life. The moment I notice a luscious bush down there, I first teach the girl—if she is young, naive, and ignorant—how to douche. Then I submit her to a nice warm bubble bath. Last but not least, I trim her pubic hair short, especially around the clitoris so that my tongue can have an easy access to her pleasure chest.

Getting back to your problem—you could see a doctor about female hormone injections. But I would do this as a last resort. First, try some of the aforementioned methods. Some men like women with a lot of pubic hair, just as most men like women to have long, feminine-looking hair rather than short, masculine haircuts. To each his own. But I suggest you come to the following agreement—that as long as you feel like wearing a bikini in the summertime, you do it your way. Maybe your husband will want to assist you in reshaping your crotch. In the winter, you can always do it his way and let it all grow back again to its old glory.

GOING NUDE IN PUBIC

The other evening my husband suggested that I shave my pubic area. Since it is so delicate, I hesitate to shave without any knowledge of what I am doing. Can you give me any instructions on how to achieve the smoothest look in the safest manner?—K.T.

First of all, read my answer to the previous question. Then, if you wish, see *Deep Throat* with Linda Lovelace. There is a scene where she sits on top of a table and shaves her vaginal area completely bald. She is obviously rather experienced at it, but in your case I think you had better be very careful and use some good foamy shaving cream. Maybe your husband can assist you, especially when you cut or shave around the frilly outerlips. Watch it so you don't hurt yourself. It might not be worth the effort. Why not just trim it short and neat, rather than having it look like a plucked chicken? Besides, if you shave you can be assured of a very itchy pussy within a day.

One final way of removing hair, either from armpits, legs, or pubic area, is the following Arabic custom: Take one cup of brown or white sugar and mix it with half a lemon or lime and one ounce of water. Put this mixture in a pan and boil it, slowly stirring. When it boils, you leave the liquid in the pan until it cools and begins to thicken like a dough. Take it out of the pan while it is still warm and apply it to the vagina. Roll the doughlike mass back and forth on the same spot a few times. This automatically removes the hair along with the roots. The result is a smooth surface, and the hair will only grow back after a couple of months. I have not tried this method myself, but was told to do so by an Arab friend of mine, whose mother had taught him the custom.

THE SAME OLD VIRGINITY

I am seventeen years old and have never really had sex with a girl. The closest I came to it was feeling up some girls who didn't mind. Sometimes I have fantasies of fucking some girls at school or some of my girl cousins, who are really good looking. I've read both The Happy Hooker *and* Xaviera! *and I wish I could have your luck with sex. Is there anything I can do to improve my situation?—T.B.*

Your story reminds me of something that happened to me while I was at a large Canadian university giving a lecture entitled, "A Better Understanding of Human Sexual Relationships; Or, The Dos and Don'ts of Sex." After I had finished my speech, there was a question-and-answer session with the audience. All of a sudden a gorgeous young man, barely eighteen years old, got up from his seat and asked me the following question: "Miss Hollander, why don't you come to our town and open up a whorehouse rather than talk about sex?" I answered: "Honey, I am retired from that profession and besides I am making more money vertically than I ever used to make horizontally. But tell me, why would you want me to start a whorehouse here?" Upon which he blushingly answered: "Because I am getting awfully sick and tired of falling in love with my right hand every night."

This goes to prove that there are thousands of other virgin boys your age who are either too shy to chat up a bird, or are too clumsy to screw. Maybe the so-called "new morality" does not really exist. There are still plenty of virgin girls waiting to lose their virginity *once* they get married. However, I would say that you are still very young. Give it some time. Stay away from fooling around with your cousins. Stick to schoolgirls. Try to date a girl for a while without feeling her up the first night out. Step by step I am sure it will all fall in its place, whatever and wherever that may be.

MYSTERIES OF THE ORGASM

My girl friend and I are both twenty and we've been making love for two years. We enjoy it tremendously. There is one major problem, however, in that neither of us has had an orgasm. We've tried a little foreplay and a lot of foreplay, she'll give me a blow-job while I eat her, and we've tried many different positions. We get very hot and just keep pumping away until we can't go on. I don't believe it is physical, because I have wet dreams and also come after masturbating. What do you think?—L.H.

If I were going to take your letter seriously, I'd say you should see a shrink. I have never heard of two grown-ups having sex for two years without ever reaching an orgasm. Let's get this straight! Where do you put what, in her navel or in her ear?

But I'll be serious now. From your statements it seems that you two never get over the stage of foreplay. You say that you are both simply "pumping away." To me this suggests that you both act very immaturely and do not know what true lovemaking is all about. Right now you are obviously both too concerned about having a climax. Try to let sex happen without thinking or worrying about your performance.

A girl friend of mine was nineteen and had

never achieved an orgasm with either man or woman. We once had a threesome with a boyfriend, during which she carried on like crazy, faking orgasms as she pumped away. The result was that neither he nor she reached an orgasm, since he felt that she was faking. He could barely maintain a hard-on. Perhaps you should each try a different partner and see if your reactions are still the same.

IN THE CLOSET

I am a fifty-year-old man who enjoys sex with his wife. I also masturbate about once a month. But lately I have had a strong desire to suck on another man's cock. Is this feeling natural? Also, what are the possibilities of catching VD from oral sex?—S.F.

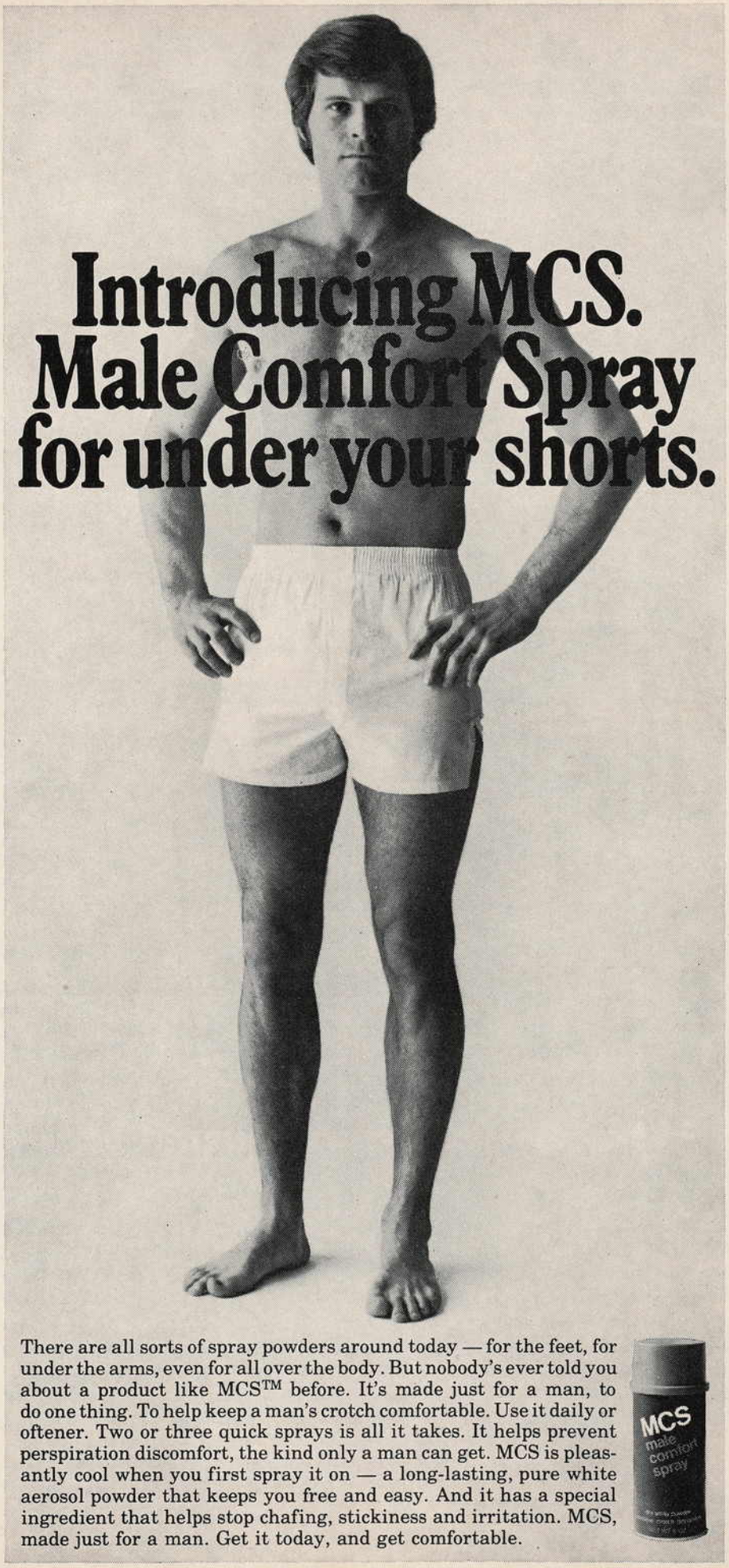
You obviously belong to the category of so-called closet-homosexuals. Your wish to have oral sex with another man must have been latent all these years. Maybe the greater degree of permissiveness and a greater social acceptance of homosexuality in our society today has finally made it comfortable for you to realize these desires within yourself. In all probability you've already experienced sex with another man, as many men do during adolescence.

It is not for me to answer whether your wanting to suck cock is a natural feeling. Some men feel very guilty about their homosexual desires and push them into their subconscious. They get married and maybe never again think about another homosexual act. Others go straight and get married, but during the down periods of their relationships at home they search for men in gay bars to compensate for their bad marriages. There are also men who are either heterosexual, homosexual, or bisexual and have an understanding girl friend or wife who accepts their sexual option.

It is hard for me to make a judgment on your future behavior. Is your marriage a good and stable one? Are you happy with your wife in every aspect, both emotionally and physically? Is the urge to suck cock so strong that you feel you must pursue it? Do you think you can see this urge only as a fantasy, without becoming frustrated for not acting it out? Consider all these factors. And if you really feel like doing it with another man, try to be as selective as possible. I would suggest that you don't tell your wife about it at this point. Only if you have several affairs and find yourself to be a true bisexual should you tell her about your other sex life.

VD can be contracted by having oral as well as genital sex with both male and female partners. In the case of male homosexuals, it has been shown that VD is on the increase primarily because of anal intercourse, since the anus seems to be a breeding place for more than one type of bacteria.

Editor's note: What was your greatest sexual experience? What are some of your most-exciting sexual fantasies? Xaviera is interested in finding out—and will publish some of the more compelling answers. Please, no put-ons!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OILMIGHTY DOLLAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

the town. They took over the subway, Consolidated Edison (praise Allah!), the Guggenheim Museum (praise Frank Lloyd Wright!), the boathouse in Central Park, the Shubert theaters, the Loew's hotels, etc., and, within six months, had all the Jews on welfare.

Methodically, Islam proceeded to buy up the more productive parts of the Western world. There were many changes, of course. *Penthouse* magazine became the *Belly-Dancers' Digest*. All canned dog food was relabeled. Labels now read, "for the consumption of humans . . . provided that they are Christian dogs." Toronto's 1800-foot CN tower was turned, with practically no changes, into a minaret. Saudi schoolchildren contributed their pennies to the United Jewish Relief Fund of Far Rockaway. Christian Dior was abolished by law. American engineers were flown to Kuwait to learn "Arab know-how." Mail deliveries were speeded up in Canada by substituting men on stallions. Of course, camels were used in the dry runs.

Well, you may ask, what happened to the gre-e-at state of Texas? After the Arabs bought it they made one stipulation: any Texan who went on unemployment had to wear a ten-gallon djellaba.

The Rockefeller brothers were bought in a package deal, melted down and made into just one. He was called a "Nellie" and was awarded annually (in memory of Alla Nazimova) to Reza Pahlevi.

At any McDonald's, you could buy a "Big Shish" for a quarter. Hollywood was moved to Mecca. The sunshine was much better, of course, and the movies consisted mainly of Near Easterns. At the annual awards each year the winners were given little shrouded figures called "Fatimas."

Rome was torn down in a day.

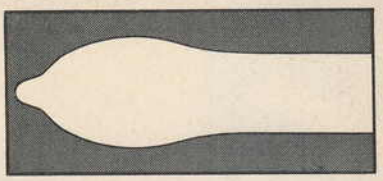
All over the world it was necessary to change the names of various places . . . for obvious reasons. We needn't go into the lot, but a few will give you the idea. Saint Paul became Ibrahimton. Corpus Christi was simply burned, while . . . but this becomes too obvious.

Few things of any interest are left to tell. The oil barons bought everything there was except China and India, on the grounds that they should be saved for dickering purposes. (Arabs love to dicker.) And, since each of those countries had cleverly bred itself up to a billion people, the Arabs were amused to have half the world left over in case they needed something.

Twenty years later, in 2004, the oil had all run out. The entire world came to a dead stop, three billion people died, and at last it was possible to get a place for the summer for around four hundred dollars.

And everybody lived happily ever after. "Everybody" didn't amount to a hell of a lot, but still, it was all there was.

Contraceptive scientists introduce a dramatic new shape.



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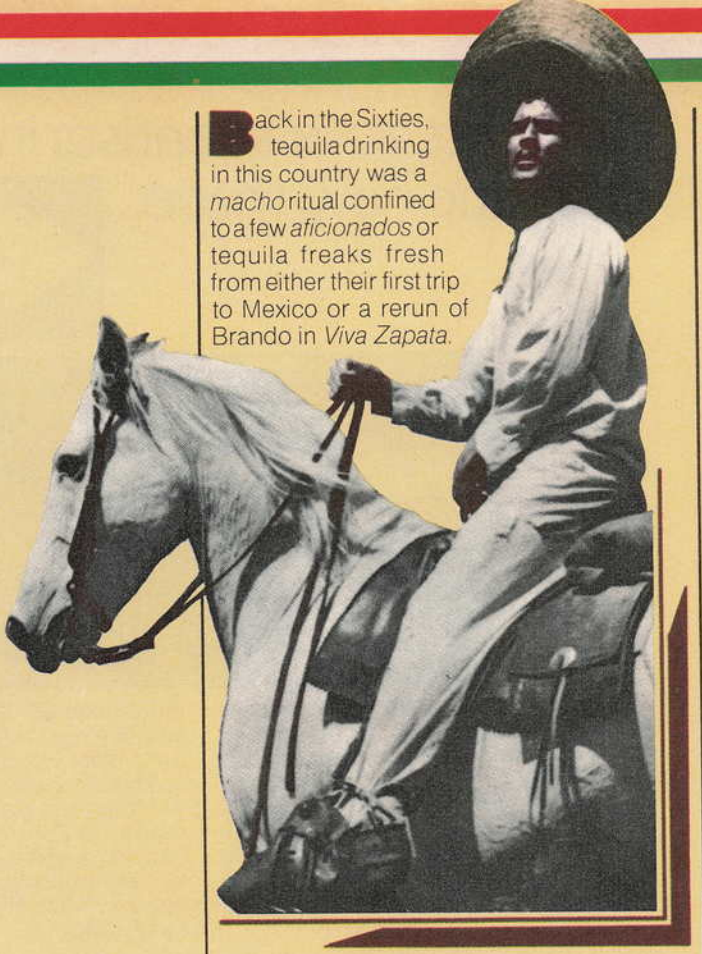
UP, MEXICO WAY

By Ken Gouldthorpe



Back in the Sixties, tequila drinking in this country was a *macho* ritual confined to a few *aficionados* or tequila freaks fresh from either their first trip to Mexico or a rerun of Brando in *Viva Zapata*.

THE CACTUS CULT

But all this has changed. At the dawn of the Seventies, collegians discovered the versatile nature of this ancient Indian liquor and drummed it up into a new cult. Nobody quite knows how, but the trend could have been a backlash from Acapulco Gold. Certain young prospectors found bottled Jalisco Gold equally palatable—give or take a sensation or two—and brought back the habit.

TAKE WITH A PINCH OF SALT

The ritual is simple and very effective, and when prolonged it separates the men from the boys and the brain from the body. The drinker wets the base of his thumb and sprinkles salt on it. He then licks the salt, takes a shot of tequila, tosses it down, and bites into a wedge of lime. It's an acquired taste, and one which may well have accounted for the slow growth of tequila's popularity north of the border.

TEQUILA TAKES OFF

The sale of tequila in the U.S. has skyrocketed, and it is not confined to California, Texas, and Arizona, where you might expect the boom because of sheer proximity to the source. The demand has doubled in Ohio, Michigan, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania, and even in the state of Maine—all states with heavy college populations. While collegians in the Southwest may have led the way, they needed a lot of help to boost tequila's growth rate into the largest of any distilled spirit in recent years—up 70 percent in twelve months.

THERE'S GOLD IN GUADALAJARA

All this has led to frenetic activity in the Mexican state of Jalisco, the one place in the world where tequila is made—officially. Here, in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, about thirty-five miles from Guadalajara, *campesinos* are mining new treasure in the shape of a spiky-leaved plant some three feet high, known botanically as *Tequilana weber*. This good provider is a member of the agave genus of the amary llis family, a genus which also includes the mezcal, sotol, and pulque plants—all sources of Mexican spirits.

The tequila plant has a heart of gold, and it's from this *piña*, as it's called, that the end product is distilled. The *piñas*—the word means pineapple, which is what the tequila heart looks like—are baked and crushed and the juice fermented in wooden vats. It is then distilled and stored in oaken barrels to age. The end result is a colorless or pale gold liquid, about 80 proof for U.S. consumption.

RITE EVEN THEN

There's little new in this process, of course. Tequila was being distilled on this continent long before Cortez landed in 1519, and, at least according to most historians, systematically destroyed an Indian culture so advanced that it rivaled anything the Spaniards had ever seen. The Aztecs and Mayans not only ruled empires and built the first great cities in North America, but were also people who knew and indulged their pleasures. The Aztecs had long since discovered the secret of distillation, and in remote parts of Mexico *mezcal* is made today much as it was then. It's use is still part of ancient ritual, and the contemporary Mexican reveres fine tequila much as we respect a fine bourbon or a great cognac. No tequila connoisseur would ever dream of taking an aged tequila any other way but straight—with or without salt and lime.

If it's been around so long, why the sudden urge for tequila tripping? The current craze has its roots in that insatiable American thirst for something different, for taking something and experimenting with it, and for spreading the word. There are now almost as many tequila-based drinks (see box for samples) as there are for vodka.

SOME LIKE IT STRAIGHT

It's not expensive—nationally distributed brands range in price from about $4 to $7 for both the white and gold varieties, depending on age and quality—and it mixes beautifully. The tang of Tequila is as distinctive and unique as the charred-oak edge of a good bourbon. It can be subtle, or heavy, or mild—it's simply a question of sampling brands until you find the one that fits your personal requirements.

Tequila is fast becoming—for collegians and grads alike—a standard summer refreshment. Paradoxically, it's the continent's oldest spirit and newest trend, and it comes to you from the southern cousins of those same friendly people who gave you tobacco, mocassins and Manhattan Island.

TEQUILA TRIPS AND TIPS

Tequila mixes well with almost anything. Here are some recent variations on a few old themes, plus some new innovations for good measure:

MATADOR

1 oz. tequila in 2 oz. pineapple juice, juice of ½ a lime. Shake with cracked ice and serve in ice-filled glasses.

BLOODY MARIA

Substitute tequila for vodka.

SUNRISE

1 oz. tequila, 2 oz. orange juice, dash of grenadine to taste.

CLASSIC MARGARITA

1 oz. tequila, ½ oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. lime juice. Shake with shaved ice and serve in a salt-rimmed glass.

SILVER BULLET

1 oz. tequila, 1 oz. creme de menthe. Shake with cracked ice: strain and serve.

TEQUILA AND TONIC

Substitute tequila for vodka or gin, and lime for lemon.

TEQUILA MARTINI

1½ oz. tequila, dry vermouth to taste; add lemon twist and olive.

CANDYBAR

1 oz. white tequila, 1 oz. Pernod, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake and serve over cracked ice.

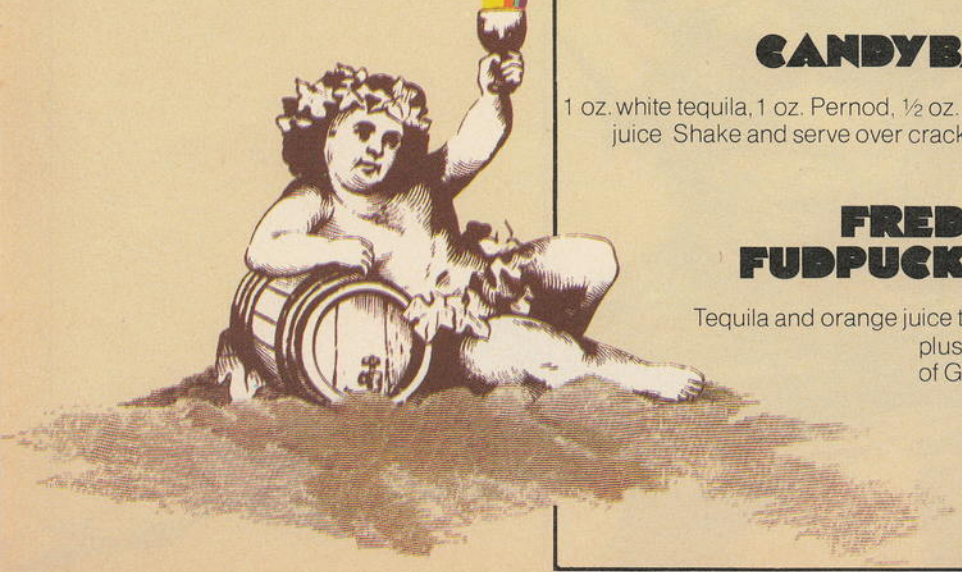
ROSITA APERITIF

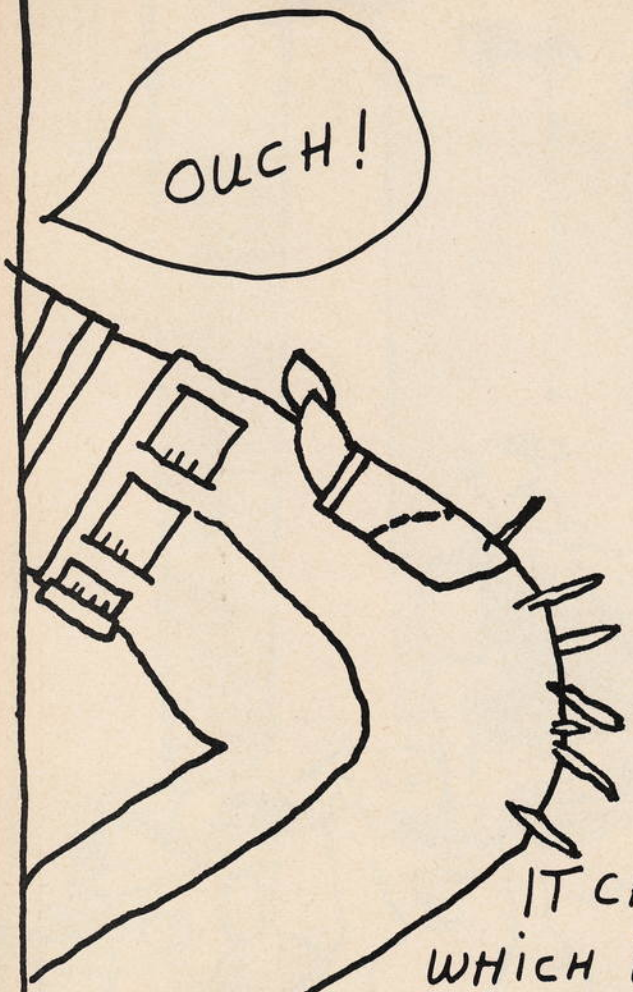
1 oz. gold tequila, 1 oz. Campari poured over the rocks. Add ½ oz. each of dry and sweet vermouth, a lemon twist, and stir.

FREDDY FUDPUCKER

Tequila and orange juice to taste, plus a dash of Galliano.

Try this one in the blender: 1½ oz. tequila, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ¾ oz. fresh lime juice. Pour over cracked ice in the blender; blend smooth, serve in champagne glass and top with cherry.





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"...But, I know you didn't come here to hear me talk."

Turnpike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

Parkhurst is part con man, part evangelist, part hard-nosed editor, part crusader, and part shrewd businessman.

He sits in a bar up on Capitol Hill, a block from the New Senate Office Building. It is about two weeks after the revolt ended. Parkhurst won't admit it, but he's angry that other truckers stole his thunder during the shutdown.

"It was *my* idea," he declares. "*Overdrive* magazine promoted it, *we* paid for a lot of the posters, *our* people passed the word. It was *Overdrive*. *We* were the first to call for it." He accents the pronouns and possessive adjectives—our, my, we, *Overdrive*. He is a smooth, constant talker.

Even after a negotiating team for the striking truckers arranged a settlement with the federal government, Parkhurst urged the drivers to stay off the roads. But by then other truckers had taken control—partly because Parkhurst refused to work with them—and his clout was gone.

"It was a damn sellout," he says. "All the talks and negotiations—it was a smoke screen for the government to continue screwing us. Well, it won't work. It just won't work, damn it! The oil companies—Nixon's buddies—they're making a mint off truckers, huge profits, and we're footing the bill.

"Mark my words," he says, motioning with his fist. "Mark my words, there's gonna be another shutdown. And it will make the last one look like a game. The next one will be real . . . like a guerrilla war. Lots of hit-'n'-run tactics. Now, I'm not advocating violence, don't get me wrong. I'm sure not advocating violence. I'm just predicting what's gonna happen. I know truckers. I used to drive a truck myself, so I *know*. We laid and played dead for too many years. I drove trucks off-and-on for a long time. Maybe I racked up 800,000 miles, all total. So I know when the trucker is getting screwed."

But a May 13 strike called almost alone by Parkhurst fizzled, and the only result was to strengthen the already strong hold of Bill Hill over the nation's independent truckers.

It was Bill Hill who stole Parkhurst's revolt and emerged as the undisputed leader of what could become a major new American labor organization. With the massive appearance of a heavyweight boxer, and with shining black hair and black moustache and black eyes, Hill has the charisma and authority that it takes to lead American workingmen. He started driving trucks back in 1958, hauling gravel and cement and finally steel. He started his organizing work in 1967 during a steel-haulers' shutdown, becoming a picket captain and then a unit chairman; and he rapidly went on to become leader of FASH—the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers. It was then that he began his long, continuing battles with the Teamsters Union and big business.

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"To understand what happened during the big shutdown in February, you've got to know the cast of characters," Hill says, ordering another drink. He leans forward, jabbing at you with his index finger, practicing leadership.

"Okay, you got me—head of FASH. Then you got Nixon and the Teamsters Union and the big oil and trucking companies. I put them all right there together, holding hands. Then you got guys like Parkhurst, standing off on the sidelines. Parkhurst doesn't trust me, and I don't trust him. Then you got all the independent truckers out there, losing their shirts to inflation and high diesel prices. Well, something had to be done about it, right? So we did something.

"It's all pretty confusing," Big Bill goes on. "Maybe we should go back and start from the beginning. . . ."

It *was* confusing. When the nation's independent truckers went on strike, few people in Washington really understood. Who were they? What did they want? Who were they striking *against*?

Part of the problem was that this was a revolt by a large, amorphous, and unorganized group of independent businessmen. Like a strike by corner grocery store owners. There was no national organization, no experienced bargaining committee, no apparent cohesion.

Part of the problem was that the shutdown was directed at the federal government, not at a company or group of companies. No contracts had expired. No traditional labor laws applied.

And part of the problem was that the Nixon administration did not seem to care. Although an effort was made on the eve of the strike to talk to a few truckers, the federal government never convened a formal bargaining session.

In the end, it was a relatively unknown governor—Milton J. Shapp of Pennsylvania—who saw the catastrophe coming. Acting on his own, the soft-spoken Shapp called Bill Hill and other trucking leaders and asked them to come to Washington to talk things over.

Shapp had met some of the trucking leaders during a short-lived strike a few months earlier, and when he saw the highways of his state turning into a battleground, with little federal effort to resolve the revolt, he decided to act on his own to fill the vacuum. A diminutive, ashen-faced man, Shapp had a reputation as a progressive Democrat, something of a maverick, and a man willing to take action while others wait. During the truckers' revolt he added to that reputation.

Shapp fired off telegrams, asking various truckers to meet him in Washington, and as the revolt began, he started talks with Bill Hill and several other truckers, meeting first in the Statler Hilton and later in the Mayflower Hotel, just a few blocks from the silent White House. The reporters who came to cover these talks were bewildered. Who the hell was Bill Hill? What was the governor of a single state doing in Washington, trying to mediate a strike that was both nationwide and aimed at the federal government? How many truckers did Bill Hill's negotiating team really represent? Who elected them? Who gave them the authority to bargain for 150,000 unorganized drivers? And where was the federal government? Reporters buzzed about the hotel, desperately trying to make sense of it all. "Bill Hill?" a reporter puzzled. "Sounds like a shortstop for the Montreal Expos. A nobody." Another reporter told his editor, "It's a gang-bang. Absolutely disorganized. It will be a miracle if this thing is settled."

And throughout all this confusion the voice of Mike Parkhurst, who was boycotting the talks altogether, could be heard. Although he had been invited to take part in the talks, he issued statements from his headquarters on the West Coast: "The truckers' negotiating team does not speak for the majority of the independent owner-operators. . . . I and my magazine will continue to urge that the strike continue even if a settlement is reached."

In the end, all these complexities boiled down to a few key facts.

First, the Nixon administration showed little interest in sitting down for formal talks with representatives of the striking truckers. Had it not been for Governor Shapp, it is possible—even likely—that the federal government would have continued its stubborn refusal of formal negotiations.

"Not once prior to the strike or during my stay in Washington was it apparent to me that either the president or his top aides were fully aware of the true dimensions of the truckers' strike," Shapp says. "Nor was it apparent that they were willing to take the bold action needed to bring the strike to an end."

Shapp compares the "openness" that characterized the Kennedy and Johnson administrations to the sheltered, almost paranoid Nixon outfit. "I saw the exact opposite—isolation, inaccessibility, and an unwillingness on the part of the president to come to grips with reality," Shapp says. At one critical point in the negotiations, he actually begged for an opportunity to meet personally with the president. But Richard Nixon refused.

During the first hours of the talks, it was touch and go as to whether the government would show up at all, Bill Hill says. But eventually the administration dispatched its chief labor troubleshooter, William J. Usery. Described by George Meany as a "country slicker," Usery has built up a reputation as one of the smoothest negotiators around, based on a sharp intellect and a disarming Georgia accent. And he can be tough, too. And as a representative of the Nixon administration, Hill says, he *was* tough.

"What we were after was actually pretty simple," Hill says, jabbing with his index finger to accentuate his points. "One: a rollback on diesel fuel prices to May 1973 levels. Two: a complete audit of the oil companies. Three: full allocations of fuel to truck stops. Four: a flat rate increase for carrying freight."

From the outset, Hill says, Usery and the Nixon administration refused to consider the key demand—a rollback on diesel fuel prices. "They just wouldn't budge. We had a helluva time getting them to the bargaining table, and when they finally came they already had their minds made up."

On the third day of the talks, the administration finally moved. Nixon froze the price of diesel fuel and promised the trucking industry all the fuel it needed to operate. Energy chief William E. Simon said his office would take steps to make sure that big trucking companies did not hoard diesel fuel.

But Hill and the negotiating team were angry. They flatly rejected the offer, noting that diesel prices had already been frozen until the end of the month. They wanted a rollback. A spokesman for the bargaining team said that the government's offer was a "total deviation" from the written proposals delivered to Simon by mediator Shapp. The truckers were also angry because, they claimed, Simon had violated an agreement that the proposals of the two sides would be kept secret. Governor Shapp was angry too, and he did not appear at an afternoon press conference at which Simon announced the government's offer. A Shapp aide said, "Governor Shapp is mad as hell. Simon and Nixon violated the whole spirit of labor talks. They went public and tried to whip the truckers into submitting."

In the end, the administration's pressure was too much.

"Hell, I knew our guys couldn't stay off the roads much longer. They had to eat, for Pete's sake. There couldn't be any protracted negotiations," Hill says. "We aren't a big union. We didn't have strike benefits and all that Teamster stuff."

Hill drains his glass. "So we accepted the final Nixon offer. We got a promise for full fuel allocations—all we needed. And we got a 6 percent rate increase. Considering everything, I guess we got the best we could."

Hill orders another drink. A waitress puts some potato chips on the table but Hill ignores them. His cheeks are glowing red. "Now come the big questions," he says. "*Why* did the Nixon people take so long to talk with us? *Why* did they pull those dirty tricks? *Why* did they refuse straight-out to give us price rollbacks?

"I'll sum it up in two words: Teamsters Union."

With a total membership of about two million—some 400,000 of them truckers and dockmen—the International Brotherhood of Teamsters is one of the nation's most powerful labor organizations. Certainly, it is the dominant force in the American trucking industry.

The history of the Teamsters Union forms a collage of investigations and trials involving every variety of extortion, bribery, theft, and corruption. The late Robert Kennedy, who served as counsel to the McClellan Committee, told some of the stories in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

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STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money, I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically pennyless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

UNUSUAL $1000 GUARANTEE

This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you - The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 8¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about, but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not, you only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember "nothing ventured nothing gained" and there's absolutely no way you can lose.

JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY THE RICH GOOD LIFE:

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily learn what I taught him and now his money worries are over, so why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast, already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept, you will too. But I will not promise you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet, it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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Address .....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

OH, WICKED WANDA!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
LITTLE CANDYFLOSS, ADJUTANT-GENITAL TO WANDA VON KREESUS, HAS DISAPPEARED. BUT GERMAN CRRRR AND HER PUSS COMMANDOS NOW HAVE THEIR HANDS ON LOLA LUVZITT, THE DOXY WHO DECOYED CANDYFLOSS AWAY FROM THE SCHLOSS. NOW REEL ON.....!
I'M YA FAIRY GODMOTHER—COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS!
WHADDYA MEAN SHE WON'T TALK? FETCH ME SOME MORE OF MY RAWHIDE PERSUADERS!
NO DICE, CHIEF. WE ALREADY TRIED THAT. SHE LUVZITT!
A RIGHT HANDFUL, THIS ONE!
NO COMPLAINTS FROM THE LEFT, COMRADE!
GET THESE BUTCHES PAWS OFF ME 'AFORE I DO 'EM BOTH AN INJURY!
REMEMBER THE ALAMO
PAT PENDING
GOD! WHAT AN UNLADYLIKE DISPLAY!

ALL RIGHT—INTRODUCE HER TO OUR TUMESCENT ANTHROPOID—UTANG PRIAPOS!
POOR PRIAPY! RIGHT OFF HIS OATS HE'S BEEN, SINCE CANDY-FLOSS DISAPPEARED!
FAIRY GODMOTHER! YOU'D NEVER GET A REAL FAIRY COMIN' HERE!
WHATEVER LOLA WANTS nnnn THIS SURE AS HELL AIN'T IT!!
THIS SPACE FOR RENT
Doggie
AND IN CANDYFLOSS'S ROOM, AMIDST HER TOYS AND TREASURES nnnnn
NY LITTLE PUSSCAKE! WHAT FIEND WOULD DARE YOUTH HER FROM ME IN THE BLOOM OF HER SNATCH!
REPORTING LOLA LUVZITT READY TO SING, CHIEF!

CANDYFLOSS WAS JOINT BALLERINA~ASSOLUTA WITH ME WHEN WE WERE STAR ATTRACTIONS OF PARIS'S INFAMOUS BALLET~ROSE
RECENTLY OUR EX-IMPRESSARIO, THE UNSPEAKABLE DOCTOR JACHIMO WEIN, GOT IN TOUCH WITH ME AND MADE ME AN OFFER I COULDN'T REFUSE
IN TER
LE WD
YOU CAN KEEP YA DYIN' SWAN, MATE!
"LURE YOUR DEAR FRIEND CANDYFLOSS OUT OF THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS" HE SAID, "THERE'S FORTY PIECES OF GOLD IN IT FOR YOU, LOLA~BABE"
WHAT'S THAT? YOU'RE DARN RIGHT SHE NEVER SAW ME. SEE, THERE WAS THIS SECRET DOOR CONNECTING WEIN'S VILLA TO THE EMBASSY OF THE MIDDLE EASTERN KINGDOM OF RAM~RAM!
SO I MADE THIS DATE WITH HER IN GENEVA, AT A VILLA BELONGING TO WEIN. SOON AS SHE SHOWED UP I SPLIT—AFTER COLLECTING, OF COURSE

HOMER SAPIENS, WANDA'S RESIDENT BRAIN, SPELLS IT OUT ~~~~~
~~~ HEREDITARY RULER, SHEIK MUSTAPHA RAM~RAM ~~~ VAST NEW OILFIELDS ~~~~~ FIVE HUNDRED CONCUBINES ~~~ INSATIABLE SEXUAL APPETITE ~~
SO THAT'S WEIN'S CAPER! FROM BLUE BALLET TO WHITE SLAVERY! WELL, STAND BY, CREEP, FOR SOME BLACK RETRIBUTION!
I THINK I'M BEING DISCRIMINATED AGAINST!
WANDA ADDRESSES A HAND PICKED PLATOON OF HER PUSS INTERNATIONAL FORCE COMMANDOS ~ THE FAMILIARLY DUBBED PIFCOS ~~~~~
OUR FIRST STOP IS JIGGA-JIGGA, MEN, CAPITOL OF SORDID~ARABIA. THEN A FORCED DESERT TREK TO THE KINGDOM OF RAM~RAM. I'M CALLING THIS "OPERATION SNATCH~BACK!
GOODBYE DOLLY GRAY
OKAY, YOU CREEPS—WHEN I SAY "CHEER" START CHEERING!
~~~

OUTSIDE THE SCHLOSS, LITTLE TONIO, PUT ON WANDA'S TAIL BY BURPO BOSSOTUTTI, CRAPO DI CRAPI OF COSA NASTI, BEAMS IN
BOOBY TRAPS
MINES
NO MILK TODAY THANKS
ELECTRIC FENCE
BEWARE!
AND REPORTS TO MIAMI
IT'S BIG, BOSS! SHE'S HEADIN' FER RAM-RAM WITH A BUNCH OF REAL BUSTY CHICKS!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
DON'T LET HER OUTTA YA SIGHT, TONIO! REPORT EVERY MOVE!
24 HOURS LATER, IN JIGGA-JIGGA
TELL HIM I WANT FAST CAMELS AND PROVISIONS. AND YOU CAN AIR FREIGHT THIS LITTLE BAGGAGE BACK TO THE SCHLOSS
JUST TRY IT — THAT'S ALL!
OH NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS PLANT A LETTUCE!
MMM! YOU JUICY ENGLISH TOURIST!
SONS OF ISLAM GUN TRADERS ASS'C.
RENT A CAMEL
DECK CHAIR CORP.
BROTHERHOOD OF BROTHEL KEEPERS
YE GODS! THIS IS WORSE THAN THOSE OLD JON HALL-MARIA MONTEZ FILMS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE PALACE OF MUSTAPHA RAM-RAM.....
THE AD SAID —"AU PAIR WANTED"!
I WONDER WHAT THE OLD GANG AT WHITE HORSE STREET ARE DOING NOW?
HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO WAIT TO SEE THIS NYMPH WITH THE SECRET OF INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE INDEFINITELY PROLONGED?
LET'S SEE..... WE'LL NEED 87,000 DISPOSABLE DIAPERS..... 4 TONS OF READYMIX BABY FOOD.....
GOT THE KEY TO THE DIAPER STORE?
THAT'S ABOUT ALL HE HAS GOT!
AND TO THINK I COULD HAVE BEEN PRINCIPAL CASTRATI IN THE VATICAN CHOIR!
BABY SERVICE
CONTRACT
SHE IS BEING PREPARED RIGHT NOW FOR YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE, YOUR MAJESTY. MEANWHILE IF YOUR MAJESTY WOULD BE PREPARED TO SIGN OVER THIS MISERABLE OIL CONCESSION.....
PLUMBER'S JOURNAL
FAGS FIT FOR A KING
PENTHOUSE
YOU KNOW, I DIG THIS "LIBERATION" KICK— EXCEPT THAT I MIGHT HAVE TO WORK FOR A LIVING!
CAN WANDA AND HER PIFCOS SAVE LITTLE CANDYFLOSS FROM THE RAM-RAMIFICATIONS OF THE DESPICABLE WEIN? OIL IN FAVOR SAY "AH!"

Turnpike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

book, *The Enemy Within*: "Local 27 of the Teamsters [was] run by Joe Parisi, secretary-treasurer, a member of Murder, Inc. . . . Henry De Roma, twice convicted on narcotics charges and once for murder, [was] a trustee of Local 805 in New York City, in charge of preserving union funds. . . . Shorty Feldman was Hoffa's chief lieutenant in Philadelphia. He had been arrested fifteen times and convicted four times, and served a term for burglary in Sing Sing. . . . Abe Gordon, vice-president of Local 805, was a close friend of Hoffa. His local was used often as the headquarters of Johnny Dioguardi and other underworld figures. . . ." The list is endless.

When Hoffa was finally sent to prison on a jury-tampering and fraud charge, a fellow named Frank Fitzsimmons took over. Today Fitzsimmons stands alone among big-time labor leaders as a staunch supporter of Richard Nixon. Even while the Watergate scandals were crashing down around the president's head, Fitzsimmons said last November: "I think he has done a great job for this country."

Fitzsimmons put some financial muscle behind his kind words. He and various Teamster committees and officials donated at least $40,000 to the Nixon reelection campaign, according to a *Washington Post* investigation. But the reporter and researchers who conducted the study say they have no idea how much additional Teamster money went to Nixon from various secret sources.

Meanwhile, in December 1971, Hoffa's thirteen-year sentence was commuted by President Nixon.

Two years later—last winter—Jimmy Hoffa charged that the Teamsters Union had put far more than $40,000 into the president's campaign treasury. Hoffa said he learned that Teamster business agents had been assessed $1,000 each for the contributions and that "friends" in the gambling capital of Las Vegas, who had borrowed from the union's pension fund, had also been urged to contribute. Asked about the Las Vegas connection, Hoffa replied, "We do business with them. Friendly relations—let's put it that way." *Newsweek* magazine reported that Senate Watergate Committee staffers Sam Dash and Terry Lenzner made a secret trip to Las Vegas to "trace the alleged movement of Teamster-related money into the Nixon campaign."

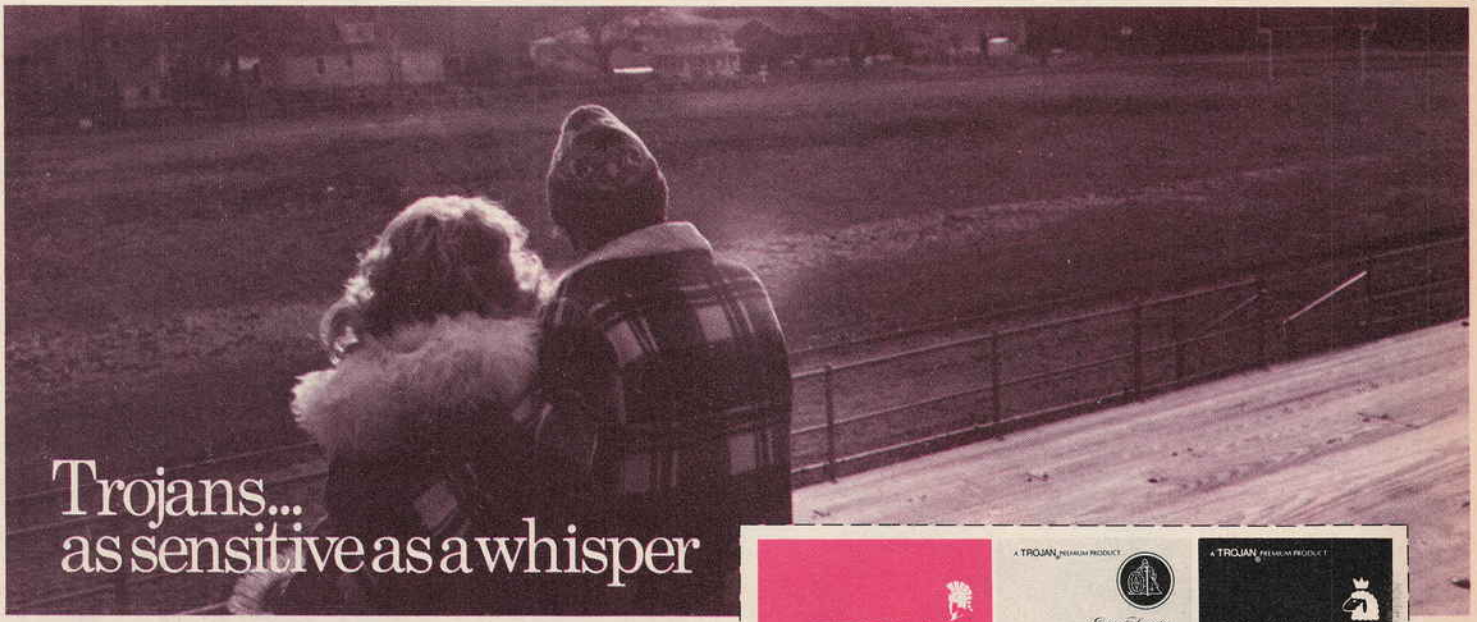
With this background, it isn't surprising that Bill Hill charges that "Frank Fitzsimmons is in bed with Nixon. The crooked smell of the Teamsters Union goes right into the Oval Office."

Hill crosses his fingers. "They're just like this. Cozy, cozy, cozy. Fitzsimmons feared that the independent truckers would become a new labor movement. He was scared shitless that we'd take over some of his jurisdiction, swipe some of his power. So he and Nixon teamed up on us. Makes me sick."

And the connection between the Teamsters Union and the White House goes even deeper. For instance, Charles Colson—the president's former chief hatchet man and indicted Watergate conspirator—is now a Washington lawyer and his biggest client is the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. It was Colson who handpicked a man named Peter Brennan to be Secretary of Labor, and it was Peter Brennan who, at a sensitive point in the negotiations, blasted the striking independents as "a few dissident owner-operators" who created "this needless trucking halt."

"Needless?" Bill Hill bellows. "Brennan has the gall to call it *needless* for God's sake! Our men can't make a decent wage, trucking costs are jumping out the fuckin' ceiling, fuel prices are like goddamn balloons, and Brennan has the guts to call it *needless*? I mean, it's insane. Brennan is supposed to be *Labor* Secretary, for Pete's sake. He's supposed to be on the side of the *working* man. Jesus!" Hill drains his glass.

And the connections don't end there. Columnist Jack Anderson reported a year ago that another Watergate figure, presidential aide H. R. Haldeman, pulled strings to free Hoffa from jail, "after hundreds of thousands of dollars had been contributed to the Nixon campaign and after Hoffa pledged to 'deliver' the Teamsters Union into the Republican fold in 1972. . . . One source close to the



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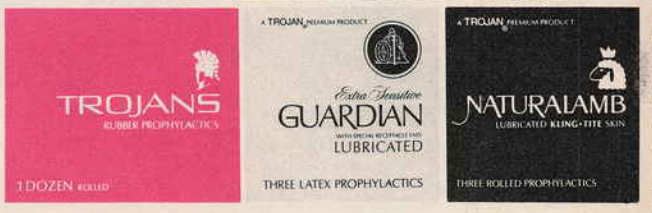

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Teamsters claimed that the union had raised more than $750,000 for Nixon, the major part of it in cash, during the 1968 and 1972 campaigns . . . all sources agreed that a huge cash collection was turned over to former Attorney General John Mitchell, in behalf of the Teamsters. . . ." Mitchell, of course, denied it.

The chain goes on and on—the White House, Nixon, Haldeman, Colson, Fitzsimmons, organized crime. The *New York Times*, for example, quoted from an FBI document that says that Fitzsimmons met with California mobsters early last year, while columnist Jack Anderson wrote that "Fitzsimmons flew back to Washington with President Nixon" after the meeting. (For further information about Nixon and the Teamsters, see "Richard Nixon and Organized Crime" in the July 1974 issue of *Penthouse*.)

Another big contribution to Nixon's war chest, some $30,000, came from a man named Cal Kovens, who had been convicted of fraud back in 1965, along with Jimmy Hoffa. Kovens, too, had been granted clemency by President Nixon—in a move that is now reportedly under investigation by the Watergate Special Prosecutor, Leon Jaworski. Kovens, the president of a Miami construction company, was a major beneficiary of fraudulent Teamster loans.

Considering all these strong ties between the Nixon administration and the Teamsters, it is not surprising that Nixon came down hard against the striking independent drivers: He took to the airwaves, denouncing the striking independents as a "handful of desperadoes." He vowed that, "in no instance will we tolerate violence from those with grievances," and he offered "no sympathy" for lawbreakers. He praised Fitzsimmons and the Teamsters Union "for their responsible actions during this period," but he did not even mention Governor Shapp or the truckers' negotiating team.

Meanwhile, Attorney General William Saxbe held a news conference to threaten the striking drivers with an investigation by the Justice Department into the legality of striking in the first place. "Illegal action will not be condoned," Saxbe declared.

Frank Fitzsimmons himself joined in the chorus. Clearly fearing that the independent drivers would develop unity and forge a rival drivers' organization out of the strike, he declared that the Teamsters would not support their fellow drivers. In a scarcely veiled reference to Governor Shapp—who was standing almost alone among government leaders trying to settle the revolt—Fitzsimmons said that he "deplored" officials who "kowtow to those who perpetrate violence to gain their goals."

And energy czar William Simon, in a televised statement, commended Fitzsimmons—who was not even involved in the strike or negotiations—for adding to "our understanding of the problem." Simon did not mention Bill Hill or the independents' negotiating team.

"You see what we were up against," sighs Hill. "It was us against Nixon, Fitzsimmons,

AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstanding, effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

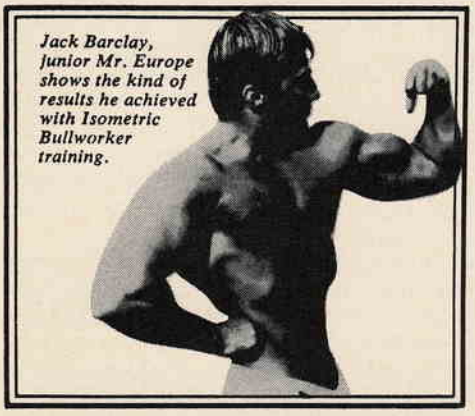
Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day . . . and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

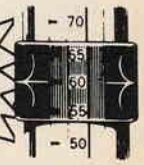


Jack Barclay, junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps . . . using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually *measure* your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.



Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training . . . it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds*, and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere . . . even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle . . . build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves. . . . And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters . . . every inch a man . . . bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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Brennan, Usery, Simon, and Saxbe. The whole federal government. None of us on the negotiating team had any big-time bargaining experience.

"It was our first real go-around with the feds. Maybe we didn't get everything we were after, but we got something. We made 'em talk to us. They know they've got a new force to reckon with. Frank Fitzsimmons knows we'll be around awhile.

"What really scared the shit out of me was this. It wasn't the Teamsters. It wasn't Frank Fitzsimmons. It was Nixon. At our last bargaining session, the feds made their final offer and said that if we didn't accept it, well, they'd just have to use government people—troops, I guess—to move the freight. Hell, that's martial law! That's what scared me. Technically, maybe the government had the power to take over our trucks, but I knew damn well that a lot of truckers would have stayed and fought for their rigs. That meant guerrilla war. I had to exercise some fuckin' responsibility. I didn't want a goddamn guerrilla war, for God's sake."

Governor Shapp essentially agrees: "We barely averted martial law in this nation," he says. "Let's hope that by presidential negligence we don't place our nation too close to the fire again."

Shapp's assessment of Nixon echoes and echoes—isolated, inaccessible, unwilling to come to grips with reality. Martial law.

Bill Hill leans back. His eyes are glowing. "So that's the Teamsters connection. Helps make sense of the whole thing. But the Teamsters Union isn't the *entire* story. You've got to consider Nixon's attitude toward big business in general."

Especially big oil. According to Common Cause, oil industry officials and committees contributed about $5 million to the Nixon reelection coffers. The contributor list reads like the Fortune 500 of oil: Jean Paul Getty ($125,000); Armand Hammer of Occidental Oil ($46,000); Arthur E. Johnson of Midwest Oil ($104,150); Claude C. Wild of Gulf Oil Corporation ($100,000); Orin E. Atkins of Ashland Oil ($100,000); W. W. Keeler, Board Chairman of Phillips Petroleum ($100,000). . . . (The last three contributions were illegal. Gulf admitted that its $100,000 gift was made under "intense" political pressure.)

In the light of these heavy contributions, the president's refusal to roll back diesel fuel prices becomes more understandable. And the contributions also help explain a sign stuck in the window at a Maryland truck stop: THE NIXON CIRCUS—YOU CAN FUEL SOME OF THE TRUCKERS SOME OF THE TIME. And another sign pasted to the mudflaps of a 70,000-pound Peterbuilt truck in New Jersey: NEXXON.

"We learned a lot during this thing," Bill Hill says. "Now the job is to continue organizing. We've got to build an organization that can stand up to the federal government, the Teamsters, and the oil companies."

Already, Hill has developed the machinery for such an organization. After the strike

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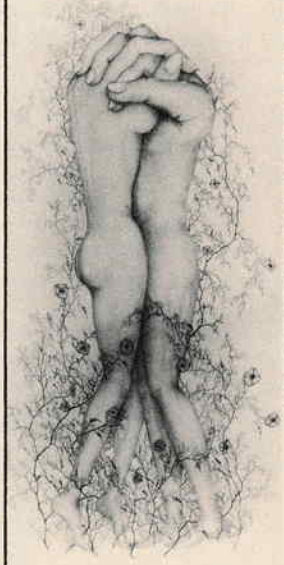

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settlement, he convened a meeting in Chicago and established a group called the National Independent Truckers' Unity Committee. Seventeen certified regional groups of drivers belong, and together they represent truckers from all across the country. Bill Hill was elected Temporary Chairman, but you get the decided feeling that it will be permanent.

"What we've got to do now is sign people up. Independent truckers are not the easiest to get to join. They're really *independent*. And of course we've got to battle the Teamsters Union. It'll take some old-time labor organizing, like back in the Twenties and Thirties and Forties. We've got to convince guys who are basically loners—small businessmen—to join us. They're not like workers in a factory."

For Bill Hill, the truckers revolt was a personal victory. He showed the government that he's the man to deal with. He showed other independents that he has the charisma and authority to keep the control that he has gained. And he showed the Teamsters Union that a framework can be built for a potentially strong new truckers' organization—something that Frank Fitzsimmons will not take lightly.

Hill's critics shy away from his loud, gun-toting ways. Some of them have charged that he may have a bit of Jimmy Hoffa in him.

"Sure, there's some violence involved in this sort of thing," Hill says. He packs a gun himself sometimes. "Back in the old days I tangled with the Teamsters a lot. Hell! Back in 1967 we were involved in a dispute with the Teamsters and one day our organizer in Gary, Indiana, came home and found his fuckin' house blown away. Tom Gwilt was the poor guy's name. His fuckin' house was just blown apart. And another time we started this magazine for independent owner-operators. We called it *Teammate*. We based the fuckin' magazine right in Jimmy Hoffa's backyard [Local 299 in Detroit]. Well, two weeks later they blew up *Teammate* magazine. Blew the fuckin' thing right off the fuckin' map. *Pow!*

"Shit, I could tell a thousand stories. One time we had a fuckin' shoot-out with the Teamsters. That was in 1969. We were picketing this steel factory in Youngstown. Well, the Teamsters were pissed 'cause we were taking over their territory, so they called in goons from all across the country. It was like a fuckin' convoy coming into town. They were doin' calisthenics out in the fields. Buying up ammo. Shit, they had drill sergeants and an obstacle course and all that stuff. I mean, *shit*! It was like maneuvers before a big war. Well, they drove into the area where we were picketing, and the shoot-outs started. Like a fuckin' war." His eyes glow. "Twelve of our guys got wounded. About the same for the Teamster goons. One of their guys got plastered right between the eyes. *Splat!* He's dead now."

Hill's story is substantially backed up by newspaper accounts of the episode. A *New York Times* report put the casualties at one dead, and five wounded. The only discrep-

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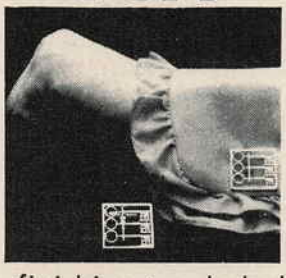

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ancy—an interesting one—is the newspaper's statement that Hill's people "attacked" the Teamsters, who came to escort drivers into the plant.

"Anyhow," Hill says, finishing his last drink, "I ain't scared of the Teamsters or Richard Nixon or nobody. We're going to keep building."

Even with this optimism, Hill has a rough road ahead of him. In the first place, he has Mike Parkhurst to contend with. "I don't trust Bill Hill," Parkhurst says. "And I think he did a big con job in his talks with the government. Nixon and Simon and Usery buffaloed him into accepting a settlement that was basically horseshit."

Calling the settlement a "first-rate copout," Parkhurst and his *Overdrive* magazine urged truckers to reject it and continue the revolt. A few other trucking leaders agreed with him. George Rynn, president of the Council of Independent Truckers, called the settlement unacceptable and said that his members would stay off the road. J. W. (River Rat) Edwards, another trucking leader, also urged drivers to stay on strike. In Bartonsville, Pennsylvania, Governor Shapp went out to ask drivers to accept the settlement, but he was told by one driver, "You did a wonderful job for us, but we can't accept this agreement. It's all right for a three-year-old kid, but we're grown men with families. . . . We want a [price] rollback and we want it now." In fact, thousands and thousands of truckers across the country did vote to reject the settlement.

But in the end the truckers went back to work. Slowly, at first. Then in droves. Bill Hill showed that he had command. But the nation's independent truckers showed Bill Hill that they will vote against him and that they will not be easy to unify.

Don Robinson's truck lumbers through the dead of night. It is far away from politics and strikes and labor organizing. It is the Open Road. The broken line that divides the two northbound lanes is endless; it goes on all night.

"Feels good," Don Robinson says. "I love trucking. Once I went off the road for a while, and pretty soon I got that itch. I had to get back to the road again. I know one thing: if you stopped doin' what you're doin' and just drove a truck for a month, you'd never go back to anything else. You'd just drive truck. That's how I feel, anyhow."

The road is always there. You feel it beneath you. The scars and potholes and tarred-over parts, the grade and slope. It is the trucker's real home.

"You can see it all from up here," Robinson shouts. "See how the traffic patterns are developing? You see it all. You've got control of the road. It's *all* yours!"

He slides the transmission through its thirteen gears. He keeps the monster running smooth, keeps the RPMs steady.

"It really feels good, it sounds good—this truck," says Robinson. He hears a purr inside the roar. ○+

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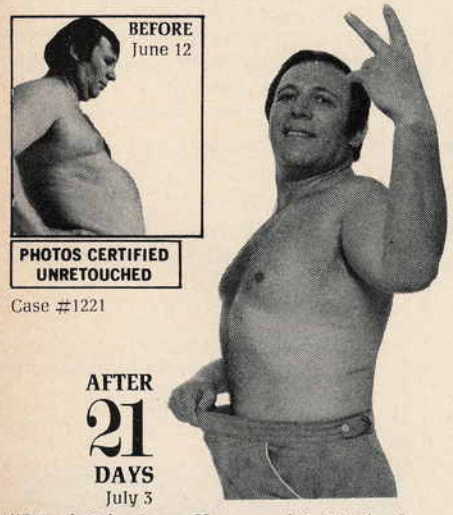

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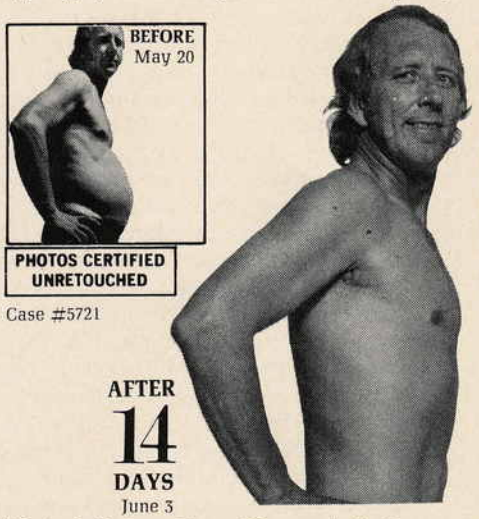
"I took 6 inches off my waist, 4½ inches off my hips, and lost 19 pounds in 21 days — thanks to the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Jimmy Lewis**



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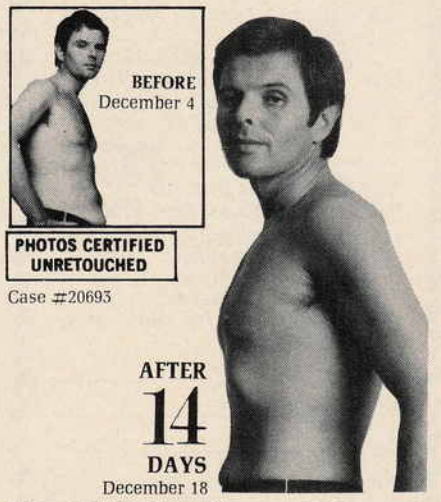
"In just 14 days, I was 25 pounds lighter, lost 5¾ inches from my waist — just using the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Gordon Cox**



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Results vary depending upon how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These people have given from 5 to 15 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, even while watching TV—(and just cutting down about 20% on the foods they eat — without giving up the foods they love). Naturally, their impressive results vary. **But, we guarantee that you, too, can expect to lose up to 10 pounds and up to 4 inches in 14 days —or your money back!**

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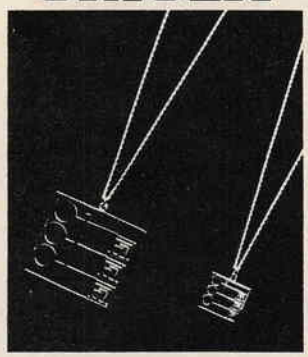

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

clear. So I was just sitting there, feet up, while the other customers were coming and going. It was just a spur-of-the-moment thing and all the while we were doing it I kept thinking, why? Why are we doing this crazy thing? Now, every time we drive past Howard Johnson's we have a memory to relive. What a memory!

Another thing, we were lucky no one was in the john while Jason was coming because we both make a hell of a lot of noise when we come. God, if anybody had been in there they would have thought he had a terrible infection that burned him when he urinated because there wouldn't have been any other way to account for the amount of noise he was making.

We do it in the office, too, and we have the same problem there because if the people were ever in the upstairs office while we were having our orgasms they'd probably come running down to find out who was getting murdered.

I can't say our lives are nothing but fun. We do have problems. I think the biggest problem is not so much on my side as it is on his. You see, I come from a rather strict, old-world kind of family. They think their daughter is still a virgin at the age of twenty-four. Jason visits my house quite regularly and my parents have no idea he's married. If they did, that would be the end of it. God forbid their daughter should ever go out with a married man.

Actually, it's kind of amazing how well we've been able to keep up the front. He comes by as often as possible and he tries to make a point of spending some time at my house on the big holidays to avert suspicion. He was even able to come over on Christmas, believe it or not. He came down in the evening. He had a friend who had been quite sick and who had been in the hospital. So he just told his wife, "I better go down and see him because, after all, it's Christmas." Actually, his friend had gotten out of the hospital a couple of days before.

When Jason can't come by for a week or more we account for the absence by telling my parents he's on a business trip. So there's quite a bit of subterfuge, unfortunately.

I met Jason's wife very early in our relationship. She came into the office and we met and became friends. You see, I live some distance from the office and in bad weather it's kind of difficult getting back and forth. So Nancy often calls me on bad days and says, "You're not going home tonight. You're staying with us." So I stay overnight quite a lot and, as a result, I'm kind of like a member of the family.

Jason and I never have sex in the house when she's there. But we've had it in my parents' house while they were home. Once, when we came home from a date and he stayed over, we did it upstairs in my room. My mother would have thrown him through the door if she had found out. She actually did that to one of my brother's girl friends.

The funny thing is, she trusts Jason. I could tell her I'm going out with him and I could come back a week later and she wouldn't say anything. And she still pretends to think I'm a virgin.

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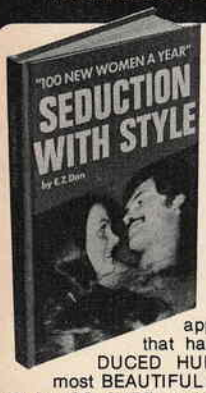

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If Jason were going to Puerto Rico on business, she'd say, "Oh, and why doesn't Terry go with you?" Can you imagine that?

I can't say I'm always relaxed with our relationship, but mainly it's because I get uptight about my parents. My mother is always on my back saying, "Why isn't Jason here on Sunday? Call Jason up for dinner tonight." At times I feel like I want to scream or something. Also, Mother makes no bones about asking Jason when we're going to get married, which makes the situation a little tense. He's always having to remember to take off his wedding ring when he comes to the house. And in the summertime when you can see a ring mark against the tan, well, it gets a little tight. Most of the time we sort of cross our fingers, in more ways than one.

What's even worse, of course, are the relatives and close friends. I don't know whether they suspect, but they're always saying little things like, "Gee, we notice that you and Jason only go out during the week. What about weekends?" That fact had never dawned on my mother, until recently. So, when she started pounding on *that* subject, I had to come back with something like, "He's working late at the office." Or, "He's out of town." But how many "working lates" and "out of towns" can you have? The same with Jason. How many "away for a few days" can he have from his wife?

Jason is very fair with me. He honestly tries to encourage me to go out with other guys and to look for a more lasting relationship because he doesn't think our current arrangement is fair to me. Up until about a year ago I did go with some other men. But then I went out with one guy and Jason really should have stopped me. Well, I mean he tried. That is, he told me about the guy and his bad points because he knew him. But he never really said, "Don't go out with him." And he should have because the guy wound up almost beating me up. It was very bad.

Jason did kind of check out the other guys I went out with, when I used to go out. He's quite protective without being possessive.

I know that some day I want to get married. I really do. But right now I'm very happy I'm not tied down. I'm having this relationship with Jason that I never had with anybody else. I'm sort of on my own. If you date a single guy he keeps tabs on you and wants to know, "Where are you going? Who are you going with?" You know? Right now I don't have that with Jason and I'm happy to be going where I want to go and doing what I want to do and, maybe, as a result, I don't want to go with anybody else. I still have Jason. He's usually there when I need him or he can be soon, if I'm in real trouble. That's exactly the way I want it. When I finally do find *someone*, I'll get married. But not now. And once I get married, well, that will be it. I'll be faithful and I'll be a good wife.

As for my future husband, well, I feel a man is only human and if he goes away on a business trip and some chick walks up to him and he gets turned on, I know he's going to plop into bed. It just happens. So long as he doesn't come home and tell me about it and try to unload his guilt on me, I won't care. Because I know he's got to do it.

I guess I would like to marry a man like Jason. We get along so well, even though our relationship has never been tested over a long period. We have spent, at most, three consecutive days

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together. But we have never really quarreled. I think we had some kind of argument about a year ago but I really can't remember what it was about.

I figure I never really have a right to get angry with him if he can't see me when I want him to. I accepted the situation that he was married; right from the start. So how can I get annoyed now? Obviously there are some times when what I want to do is, well . . . I want to scream. Really scream. I want to yell at somebody. But I've never reached the point where I would say, let's end it. It never gets that bad. It gets to me most of the time because of Mother's nagging. Also, working with him makes it hard. No one in the office knows that we're going out but it's awfully hard on Jason to treat me the same way he treats the other girls in the office.

Jason being sterile makes our sex a lot more relaxed, of course. When I first met him I didn't know he was sterile. I was on the Pill and we made love for about two months before I found out he couldn't have children. So now I don't take it. But if I start having sex again with other guys, I'll have to take it again.

I've thought about it many times—what I would do if I had been Jason's wife or if I had married a man who was sterile. Would I have had a child by another man as Nancy did? I don't know. I don't think *not* having children would bother me if I loved the guy. Of course, I do want children and I might adopt.

I think Jason's wife is great. She's wonderful. I feel guilty, though, because I'm over there so much—overnight, weekends, popping in at all times. She treats me fantastically. I'm so much a part of the family that I even have a closet there for my clothes! Weird. We don't do anything in the house when she's there, though she didn't miss us by much the last time she was out. She was with her girl friend or something and I volunteered to cook dinner, being that I'm a good cook. Jason and I hurried home from the office and had sex in the house and we had just finished and were heading into the kitchen when Nancy drove up. I often wonder what she would do if she ever caught us.

She suggests things, sometimes, that kind of get me. Like, I'll be there and Jason will say to her, "Honey, I'm horny." And she'll say, "Well I'm not. Terry, you better take care of him." Try keeping your face straight when that happens!

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

Down deep Jason has guilt feelings about his relationship with Terry. Time and time again he seeks to justify it. He says, "In a way Terry is a good thing for Nancy because our affair takes a demand away from her that she's not particularly interested in fulfilling, except maybe once or twice a week. She knows I enjoy sex a lot more than that."

He is really guilty about all his extramarital sexual activities. If he were not, why should he insist on telling even his partners on one-night stands that he is married? Jason realizes that, when he urges Terry "to go out and find somebody else," he is attempting to salve his conscience. Basically, Jason shows himself to be a decent man. I believe he is truly concerned about what is going to happen to Terry, because he knows he will never divorce Nancy to marry her. He realizes that he cannot expect a girl, who is much younger than he is, to forgo the extra emotional satisfaction that can accrue from a good marital relationship just in order to satisfy himself sexually.

He also has guilt feelings about his wife Nancy, as a result of his relationship with Terry. He insists that he has Nancy's go-ahead for an extramarital affair and goes to great pains to impress on us that she is a very considerate woman who would not mind if she knew—"If she thought it through she would realize that for the past couple of years, since Terry, I haven't been as demanding of her sexually. This should tell her something." But he is also very confused, for he has said, "I don't think she'd be happy if she knew I had a real love affair on the side. But on the other hand, I don't think it would break her up if she found out."

And again, he says, "I've always urged her [Terry] to go out and find somebody else because I feel guilty in many ways about our relationship. We love each other. There's no question about that. But there's also no question that I'm in love with two women."

I have heard that phrase a great number of times in my consulting room: "I'm in love with two women." I have thought about it a good deal, trying to figure out whether it is possible for a man to be in love with two women (or a woman with two men) at the same time. It really depends on how you define love whether it can happen or not.

There is no space here to expand on this, but it does make a subject for a very interesting discussion. However, where Jason is concerned, this "love for two women" is another form of justification—a salve to his conscience—for his simultaneous involvement in long-term relationships with two women.

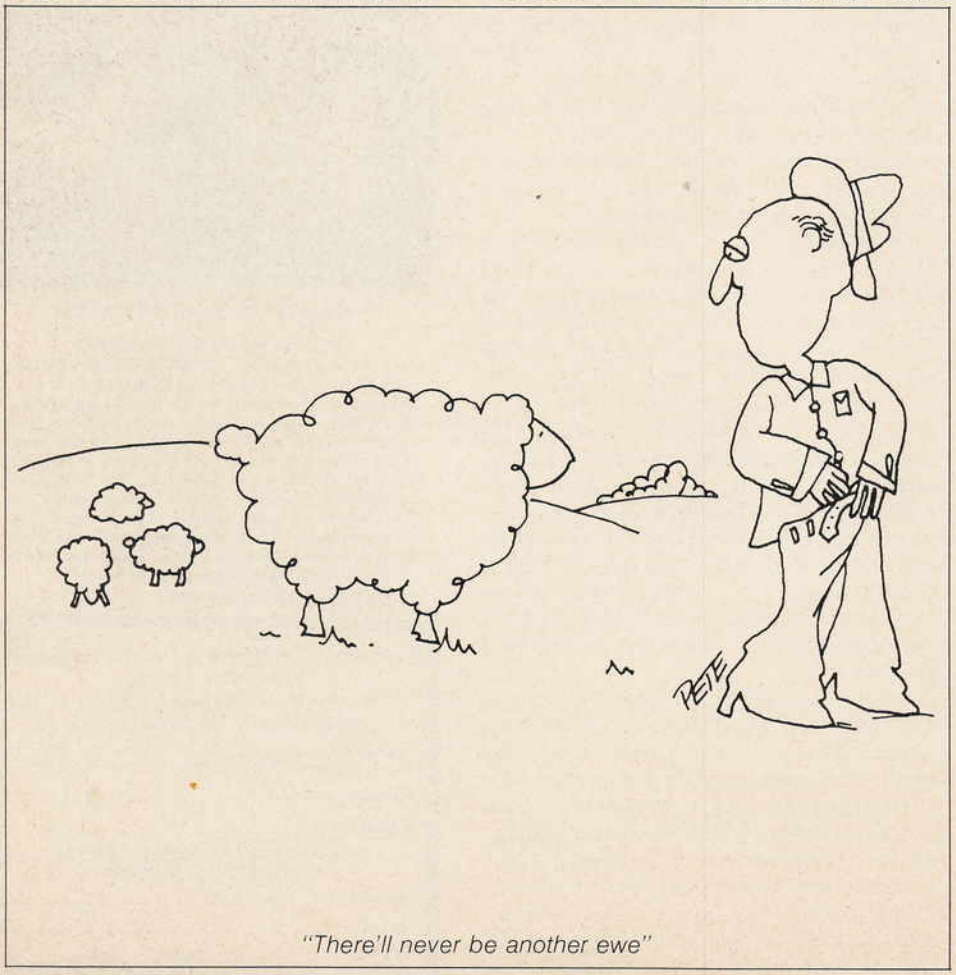
The one who has the real hard time in this situation is Terry. The pressures are all on her. How long is she going to keep the secret that Jason is married from her mother? How long is she going to be able to live with the moral attitudes to sex under which she has been brought up and which still pervade her home and, undoubtedly, are deeply imbedded in her subconscious?

She admits, "I can't say I'm always relaxed with our relationship, but mainly it's because I get uptight about my parents. . . . At times I feel like I want to scream or something."

Will this, I wonder, be the rock on which her relationship with Jason will eventually founder? However well they may get on together, however well they may enjoy one another's company and all the rest, the relationship for Terry is based on a physical contact rather than an emotional one: "I think the main reason [for the two of us hitting it off] has to be our mutual attraction for oral sex. I know that personally I'd rather suck cock than have intercourse, any time. And I really enjoy the way Jason goes down on me."

Delightful, delicious, and physically satisfying though it may be, I don't think she will find that this type of relationship will be a strong enough bond to hold firm when the pressures begin to mount; as they surely will. Jason and Terry face a complicated future.

I wonder if the complexities involved with this relationship have occurred to Jason?



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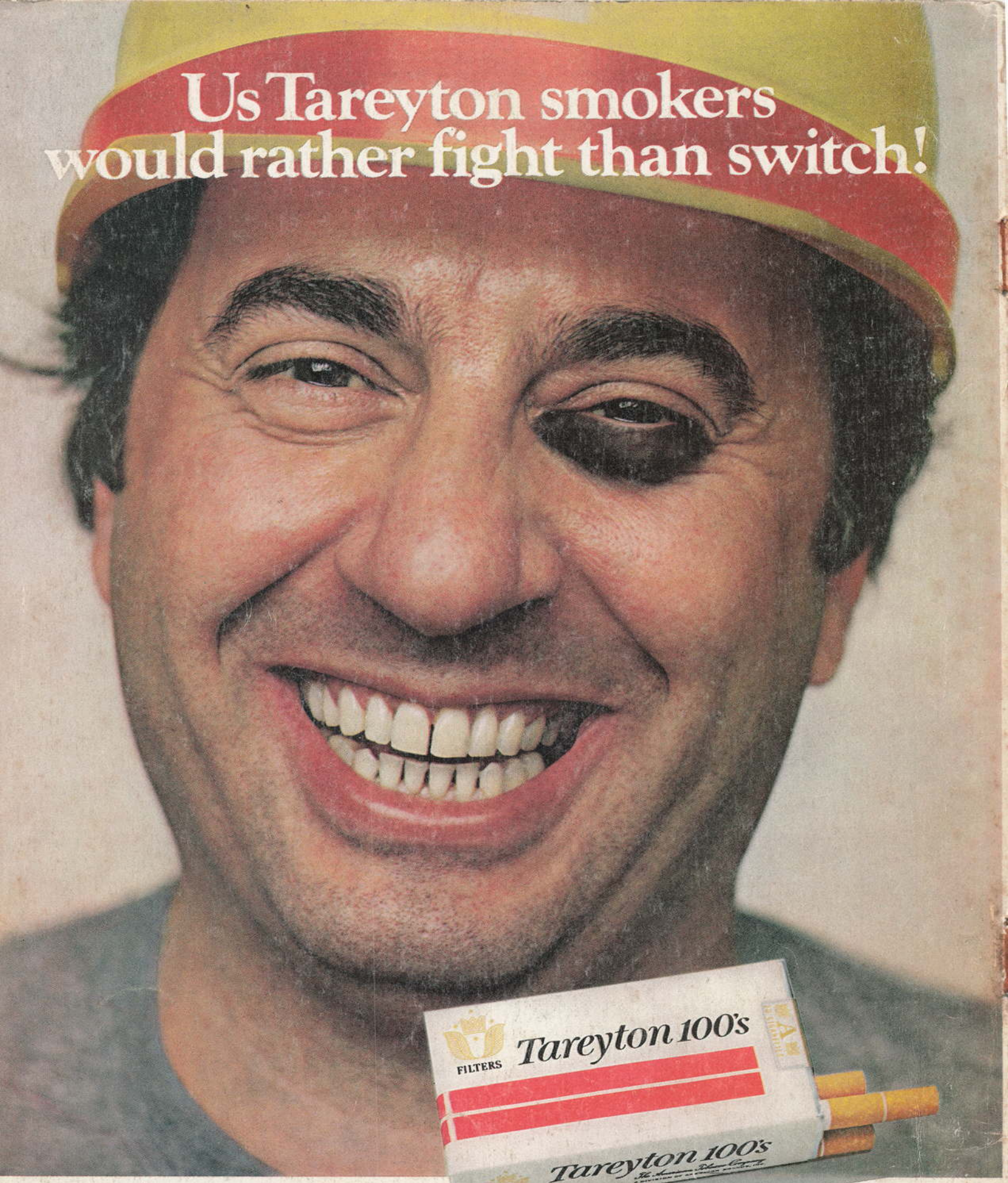

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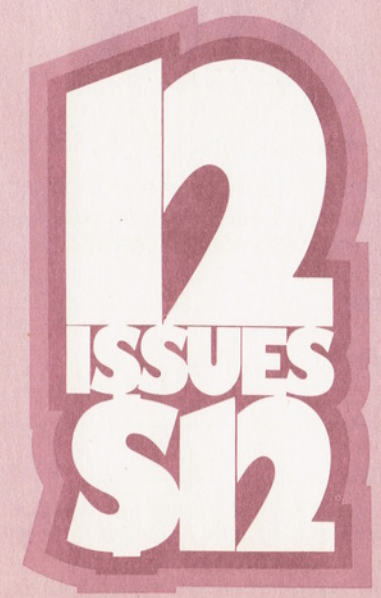

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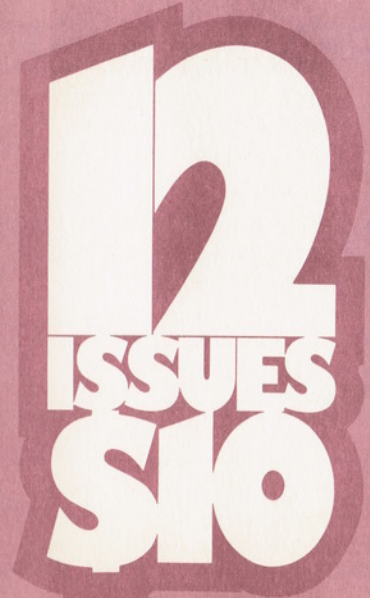

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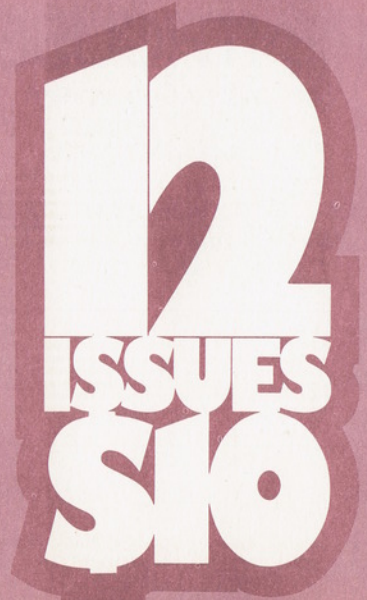

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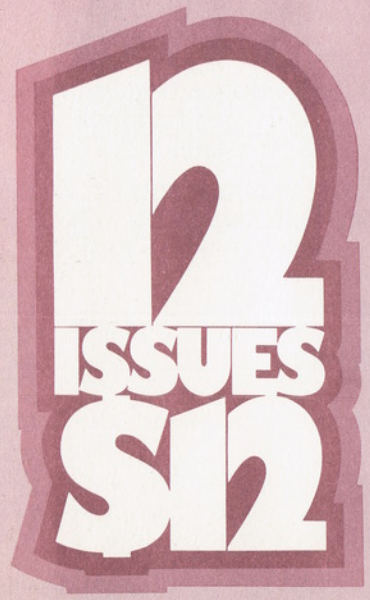

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